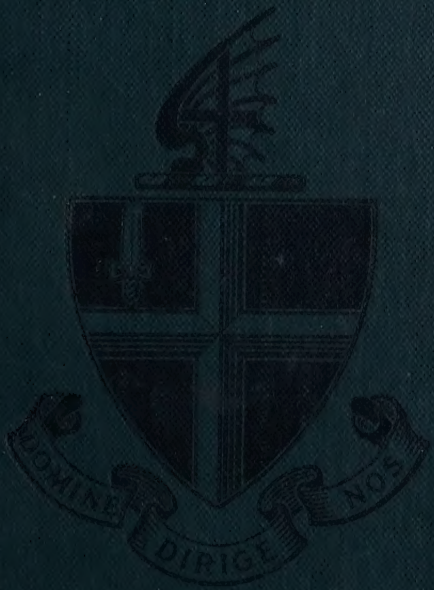
OUR GREAT CITY



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OUR GREAT CITY

OR

London the Heart of the Empire

BY . .

H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER

AUTHOR OF "THE CITIZEN READER," "THE LAWS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE," "THIS WORLD OF OURS," "THINGS NEW AND OLD," "A HISTORY OF ENGLAND," "THE COMING OF THE KILOGRAM," ETC.

EIGHTH THOUSAND

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Dedicated

TO

MERVYN NEVIL ARNOLD-FORSTER,

A YOUNG LONDONER.

PREFACE.

It is a good thing for a man to know something about the land in which he lives. He may care about it without knowing much of its past; but he will probably care about it more, and he will certainly serve it better, if he has some acquaintance with its history, and some knowledge of its institutions.

What is true of a great country is also true of a great city. London is a very great city, with many needs and many duties. Among its principal needs is that of a due supply of citizens able and willing to serve it. It is with the object of stimulating the interest, and increasing the knowledge of some of the future citizens of London, that this book is written.

It is necessarily incomplete. A book in fifty volumes would not exhaust the subject. A book of three hundred pages cannot pretend to do more than give brief extracts from the great volume of the ideal book which, perhaps, has yet to be written. A mere outline only of London's long history can be given. The principal Institutions of the Capital can be, and are in these pages shortly described, the elementary facts with regard to London government can be stated. But that is all; and to those who refuse to make allowance for the necessity of compression, the gaps and omissions in this little volume will perhaps appear to be more striking than the chapters which have survived the process of selection.

About the picturesque and romantic side of London life and London history many books have been written; many more will doubtless be written. The pages devoted to these subjects in "Our Great City" are lamentably few, but it is the hope of the author that, if they be few, they

will at least prove suggestive, and will suffice to indicate to young readers the pleasant paths down which they may stray if their fancy so pleases, and to prove to them that in the midst of a world of bricks and mortar, of dirt and smoke, of bustle and din, there is a wealth of association, romance, quaint history, and live modern interest which is worth seeking for, and which any well-equipped and intelligent explorer can certainly discover and enjoy.

The scheme of the book is simple. The position of London in Geographical and Historical space is explained, and, as far as may be, accounted for.

A summary of the part played by London and Londoners in the history of England follows.

The chapters entitled "Pictures from the Book of the Streets of London" are intended to show that the student of London's history need not confine himself to the printed page, but that in the truest sense "he who runs may read."

The chapters which follow contain short descriptions of some of the great buildings and Institutions of the Metropolis. St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, the British Museum, and the National Gallery have been selected for special mention. The list by no means exhausts the famous buildings and great Institutions of London, but to do even the roughest justice to the whole would have involved the production of a book far exceeding in size the present volume.

The London Parks and Open Spaces are a great feature in the Metropolis, and to them, therefore, and to the birds and animals which they contain, reference is made.

Some space is given, as is due, to the famous river on which London stands, and which in so many ways is identified with the past and present life of London citizens.

The Government of London also claims attention. The City Corporation, the London County

Council, the Vestries, the new Borough Councils, the Guardians of the Poor are all referred to, and the principal duties of each body briefly explained. The London Police and the administration of the law, criminal and civil, are matters of vast importance to Londoners, and in Chapter XXXV. some account of them will be found under the title of "The Peace of London."

In a book which the author hopes may find its way into London schools, a chapter on Education in London, and on the "educational ladder" by which a pupil may mount from the Elementary Schools to the University, is clearly in place.

It cannot be said that London has hitherto occupied the same position in relation to the country of which it is the Metropolis, as Paris and Berlin have occupied, and still occupy, in relation to France and Germany respectively. Whether it be a good thing or a bad thing for the Nation that London has never asserted its individuality in any very aggressive fashion need not be discussed here; but it is well that Londoners should realise that they live in the Capital of a great country, and of a great Empire: a position which has its privileges and its duties. A chapter, therefore, has been devoted to London in its aspect as the Capital of England, the Capital of the United Kingdom, and the Capital of the British Empire.

Lastly, the author has decided to include a chapter which, if the reader desires, he may regard in the light of an unnecessary appendix, and may omit. This chapter appears under the title of "London as it Might Be." That London is capable of vast improvement in every direction, moral and material, practical and æsthetic, no one will deny. But there will naturally be much disagreement as to the particular direction in which improvement is most desirable, and also as to the direction in which it is most possible. Despite the difficulty arising from this diversity of opinion, the author has ventured to put forward

some suggestions in the belief that they are of a kind which will not raise serious controversy, but will meet with universal acceptance. Few people doubt that London smoke, and London dirt, are enemies to be fought against. Few people would deny that in many respects the appearance and amenities of London may be enormously improved; few would be found to condemn a municipal regulation which would give a chance of peace and quiet to weary workers in their London homes; and none who value the beauty and purity of English speech would refuse to share the hope that the common speech of London, which is every day becoming less worthy of the noble tongue from which it has degenerated, should be restored to a form worthy of such masters as Chaucer, Johnson, Lamb, and the other great Londoners who have enriched our literature. It is these subjects, therefore, that have been chosen for inclusion in the chapter entitled "London as it Might Be." They are selected as examples only, in the hope that they may induce future citizens of London to be discontented with every institution which is capable of reform and improvement, and may help them to realise that much may be learnt from others, and that it is only by striving after the ideal that any improvement, however small, is likely to be effected.

The author has to acknowledge his indebtedness to various gentlemen who have been good enough to assist him by their suggestion, criticism, and advice. Among them must be named Sir Joshua Fitch, LL.D., and the Rev. A. W. Jephson; and also Sir Alexander Binnie, the Clerk to the Corporation of the City of London, the Clerk to the London County Council, the Clerk to the London School Board, and the Secretary to the Thames Conservancy, who have been good enough to supply or to verify some of the simple statistics which are included in this volume.

March, 1900. H. O. A-F.

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THE THAMES, FROM THE TOWER BRIDGE.
(*Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.*)

Our Great City.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND ON WHICH LONDON STANDS.

THE AREA OF LONDON — LONDON STREAMS AND VALLEYS—THE LONDON CLAY—THE CHALK RING.

If we look at a map of London, and set to work to measure the extent of the great city from north to south and from east to west, we shall find that it stretches no less than eleven miles in the one direction and eleven miles in the other; and if we consult any book which contains figures about London, we shall learn that it covers no less than **121 square miles** of ground.[1]

These facts are interesting in themselves, though, save to those persons who are very quick at understanding the exact meaning of figures, they do not perhaps mean very much. If anyone wishes to understand clearly what is the length of London from east to west, let him start to walk from Hammersmith to Limehouse; and, if he keeps up a steady three and a half miles an hour, it will take him over three hours to accomplish

[1] Area of the County of London.

his journey; while to travel in the same way from Crouch Hill in the north to Norwood in the south will take him just as long.

But we have not only learnt that London stretches so many miles from east to west, and from north to south, but we have also learnt that it covers 121 square miles. Undoubtedly it does. For mile after mile nothing save the closely packed houses can be found, until, except in a few open places, such as the parks and squares, we forget that underneath this great network of streets, and under this vast burden of houses, lies a portion of our English land, once open to the sky, untouched by the hand of man, with its hills and dales, its streams and swamps, its forest and its open ground—the home of wild beasts and birds—traversed at rare intervals, perhaps, by the savage hunter who sought his quarry among the reedy marshes of the Thames.

In some great cities which now play an important part in the world, the citizens can picture to themselves without difficulty what the site of their homes was like before the houses covered it. The history of these cities is written in a few crowded pages, and the present generation has seen the wonderful transformation take place. But the history of London begins in the far-distant past; and when Julius Cæsar, two thousand years ago, marched his troops across the Thames at Brentford, the feet of our British predecessors had already begun to tread down the paths across the marshes and through the copses which covered the ground on which Fenchurch Street and Cornhill now stand, and

which were to be the thoroughfares of London in the centuries to come.

But, though we must go back far, there was undoubtedly a time when London did not exist, and when it would have been possible to see what was the true character of the piece of English land which is now covered by tens of thousands of houses. Can we picture to ourselves what this bit of country was like? Can we see the ground on which London stands without London upon it? See it with our own eyes we cannot, but at the same time we know enough to be able to form a picture very clear to the mind's eye; and, moreover, if we cannot see the actual ground upon which London stands, we can see something so like it that we really know all that we want to know.

London lies in the lower part of the Thames Valley, and occupies a part of four different counties, namely, **Middlesex, Surrey, Kent,** and **Essex.** Year by year the woods and fields of the four counties have been swallowed up by the ever advancing buildings, but the part which is now covered with houses is really only a continuation of that which still remains unbuilt upon.

The rolling hills of Middlesex, the high ground of Kent, with the flat marsh land at the foot of it, the undulating country of Surrey, and the rich, open valley of the Thames, do not stop short where the houses begin. On the contrary, they are all of them continuous, and their peculiar features are to be traced under our streets, if we know how and where to look for them.

There are hills in London, there are valleys, there are streams, and there are flats which have only ceased to be marshes because they have been drained and built upon.

If we want to know what these hills and valleys, these streams and marshes, looked like before the houses were placed upon them, we have only to go to the suburbs and see for ourselves how Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, and Essex are being eaten up by the advance of the streets; and when we have done so we shall understand at once that the great town hides but does not alter the character of the land upon which it is built. The old features of the country still remain, though it is not easy to recognise them.

Besides the Thames and the Lea, seven streams once flowed freely where London now stands. Their names, though somewhat changed in form, are familiar to all Londoners. They are as follows: The **Fleet**; the **Old-Burn** or **Old-Bourne**, which we know as *Holborn;* the **Kil-burn**; the **Ty-burn**; the **West-burn**; and the **Lang-burn.** Not one of these now flows open to the sky, but more than one of them still pursue their old course through tunnels underneath the streets. In the old days each was an open running brook draining its separate little valley, and doubtless surrounded by marsh and copse, like many a similar stream which still runs freely into the Thames between Oxford and Richmond.

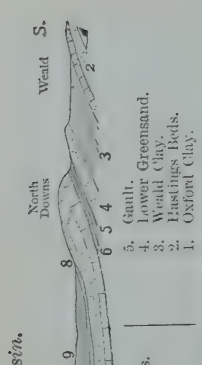
The country on which London stands is not very hilly, but it is by no means flat. The highest point is the top of Hampstead Heath, which is 443 feet above the sea level. The lowest parts are

close to the river banks. There are many places in which the ground is so low that it is actually below the level of the high tide; and those who walk along the Embankment may see in many places blocks of granite placed along the top of the flights of steps leading to the piers. These blocks have been added since the Embankment was built, to keep back the flood water and to protect the streets which are below the level of the highest tides.

It is interesting to know what the surface of the land on which London stands is like. It is also both interesting and important to know what is the nature of the soil upon which it is built. To learn the facts on these subjects we must go to the geologist; but there is a certain amount of geology which we can study for ourselves without any assistance. It is not easy for private people to dig large holes in the ground in the middle of London; but if any of us were to dig such a hole, we should probably come in the first instance to a bed of *gravel* or *sand*, and a little lower down to a stiff *clay*.

In some places we should come to the clay at once. In the centre of London we should have to dig for a long way before we got through this clay, and should have to go down 250 feet; but at length we should come to the end of it, and then we should strike the white *chalk* such as we see at Dover.

There is no chalk to be seen in London itself, but it is impossible to get far away from London without passing through it or over it. All round London, at a distance varying from twelve to sixty miles from its centre, is the ring of the



THE LONDON BASIN (SHOWING THE LONDON CLAY AND CHALK RING).

chalk Downs, beginning north of the Thames in Norfolk, and running through Hitchin, Tring, and Dorking, and finally closing in again to the Thames on the south side at Chatham.

All the railways going out of London have deep cuttings or tunnels through the chalk, with the exception of the Great Western Railway, which passes through the chalk ring by way of the Thames Valley. The Thames flows right across the line of the Downs, and has gradually cut a passage for itself through them. The Great Western Railway engineers took advantage of the work the Thames had done to squeeze their line past Pangbourne with scarcely any heavy cutting. If they had kept close to the river bank the whole way, they would have had no cutting at all.

Although the chalk in the centre of London is very deep down, many wells have been driven into it, and good water is obtained from them. Borings have even been made right through the chalk into the beds which lie beneath it, and which are composed of what geologists

call the *Green Sand*, which is found beneath the chalk in all parts of England. Some geologists tell us that still further down below the Green Sand are beds containing *coal;* very likely this is the case, but the coal, if it be there, is so far away that we who are only concerned with the London in which we live need not trouble ourselves much about it.

Let us, then, go back to the clay and to the gravel and sand on the top of it. We can often see the clay and the gravel in the excavations which are made for the foundations of houses, in new railway cuttings, and in the trenches which are dug for the purpose of laying down drains and gas pipes. The clay is known to geologists as the "*London Clay*," and it lies in a great basin which fills up the valley of the lower Thames, and the shape of which may be seen in the picture. Anyone who wishes to see a great deal of the London Clay has only to go down by the Great Western Railway to Hayes and Southall, and to look at the brickfields there in which thousands of tons of the London Clay are being made into bricks for the building of London houses.

The sand and gravel which lie on the top of the clay form part of the old bed of the River Thames, or of the various streams which run into it. Nearly every valley through which a river flows is covered with soil of this kind, which has been brought down by the river which runs through the valley. Such soil is known as "*alluvium*," and there is a great quantity of alluvial soil in the Thames Valley.

Thus it is that there come to be great varieties of soil in London itself. In some places the houses are built on gravel, in some on pure

sand, and in others on *clay*. The quality of the soil on which a house is built often makes a good deal of difference to those who live in it, and as a rule a gravel soil is to be preferred to a clay soil, which is damp, and on which the fog and mist often hang.

We have given a very brief account of the land on which London stands; but all this land has now become so covered with houses that its appearance, and indeed its very form, have been greatly changed, and it is difficult even to picture what "the County of London," or rather the land which is now called the County of London, was like before it was burdened with the great city in which we live.

LONDON STONE, CANNON STREET.

(*See page* 114.)

CHAPTER II.

WHY LONDON STANDS WHERE IT DOES.

A LANDING PLACE—A CROSSING PLACE—A TRADING PLACE—AND A PLACE TO DEFEND.

We have seen where London is situated, and what is the character of the ground upon which it stands. It is now time to ask why London stands where it does. Is there any reason for its being where it is? Undoubtedly there is a reason. No great town in the world has grown up without there being some special reason for its growth, and its position has been fixed by some special cause or causes.

We shall generally find that a number of reasons combine to fix the position of a large town, and the case of London is no exception to the rule. It is not hard to see why an important town has grown up in the exact position which London now occupies, nor to understand why the Capital of England came to be where it is, instead of being in the north or in the west, on the English Channel or far inland.

In the first place, the position occupied by London was a very convenient one for those who were natives of the country. The spot chosen was on the river—a natural place to choose, for the river was not only a means of defence, but was also a highway which could be traversed up and

down by means of boats. It was not very near the sea, and that in itself was an advantage. The small boats of our ancestors could not stand the waves of Long Reach or the Lower Hope.[1] Moreover, a town on the coast is open to attack from enemies who come over the sea. It was safer to be some distance inland, and to put the Essex marshes between the town and an enemy on the coast.

Then there was another very good reason for placing London just where it is. The place chosen was on the tideway. Twice every day the stream runs past going inland, and twice it ebbs with almost equal speed towards the sea. In a later chapter we shall read more of the Thames and its tides, of the work done by the stream, and of the valuable aid which it gives to industry.

But in early days the tide performed exactly the same office as it does at the present time. It carried boats laden with passengers or merchandise far down the river to the east, and far up the river to the west. It carried them rapidly, with certainty, and without effort. No doubt the Britons made use of the tide, and we may be sure that the Romans, although they were accustomed to the tideless waters of the Mediterranean, were not long in learning the value of this great, silent force.

We have now been able to suggest some reasons to account for London being situated on the banks of the Thames, and for its being placed at a considerable distance from the sea. It is not hard to find yet another reason to account for London

[1] *Long Reach* extends from Purfleet to Greenhithe. *The Lower Hope* from Tilbury to Thames Haven.

being where it is, and not further inland. A river is a good protection in time of war, and the Londoners at all times have been well defended against enemies coming from the south and east by the broad stream of the Thames, by the River Lea, and by the Essex marshes.

But though it is a convenient thing to be defended by a river in time of war, it is not convenient to be shut off from one's neighbours by an impassable barrier in time of peace. To cross the Thames in a small boat where London Bridge now stands was a serious business, and fording the stream there was out of the question. But higher up, where the stream was shallower and smoother, and the force of the tide less, it was not only possible but easy to ferry across, and in dry weather even to ford the river.

The earliest Londoners had no idea of bridge making, but the same circumstances which made a ford or a ferry possible, enabled our ancestors to build a bridge across the Thames as long ago as the tenth century.[1] Here, then, we have a reason which may still further account for the position of London. It was situated at a spot where it was possible to cross the river with ease and safety.

That the various invaders who in turn conquered and overran England should have made London an important town, and should all of them have added to its size, is natural enough. We have only to look at the map of Western Europe to see why Romans, Saxons, and Danes in turn found their way to London. All the great invasions of England, except the military expedition under William the Conqueror, came from the east or

[1] 994.

south-east, from the north-east corner of France, from North Germany, Denmark, or Norway.

It was on the east or south-east coast that the invaders naturally landed. The North Sea and the Channel were as stormy and dangerous in old days as they are now, and each expedition in turn sought for a safe port into which it could run, and from which it could penetrate with ease into the interior of the country. A glance at the map will show us that between Portsmouth Harbour on the south and the Humber on the east there is no great natural harbour save the mouth of the Thames. Once past the Nore, the invaders were safe from the sea, and might ascend either the Medway or the Thames at will. Some of them chose the former direction, but the stream of the Medway is short, and those who follow it to its source will get no further than the chalk ridges near East Grinstead. But the broad, easy stream of the Thames furnished a highway into the very centre of England, an entrance into the richest part of the country—the broad and fertile valley of the upper Thames.

It was the Thames, therefore, which was usually chosen, and the Thames led straight to London. There the invaders found a town already existing, and there they were content to establish themselves in a position from which they could march at will into the very heart of the country, or retire to their ships and sail away if hard pressed. And thus we see that there are good reasons why the city of London should have grown up just where it is, and nowhere else.

CHAPTER III.

ROMAN LONDON.

JULIUS CÆSAR—THE FIRST HISTORIAN OF LONDON—WHAT THE ROMANS DID FOR LONDON—ROMAN REMAINS IN LONDON.

NOBODY knows the real history of the beginning of what is now the great city of London. It may safely be said, however, that two thousand years ago the ground which is now covered by tens of thousands of houses inhabited by five million people was a wild bit of marshland country, traversed, perhaps, now and then by the hunter, but unknown to history, and having no place in the life and civilisation of the world. No one even knows for certain how London got its name, or what that name means. There have been many guesses, but which is right or whether any of them be right it is impossible to say. And thus we must begin our short history of London by admitting that there is no true story to tell of its earliest days.

A famous legend tells us how the city of Rome was founded by the twin brothers *Romulus* and *Remus*, descendants of the band of wanderers who had followed *Æneas*, son of *Priam*, King of Troy, after the long siege of Troy was over, and the city had been burned to the ground by the victorious Greeks. The legend tells how the twin brothers, quarrelling over their work, came to blows, how *Remus* was slain by his brother, and

how *Romulus* continued the work, and gave his name to the little town which was one day to become the imperial city of **Rome.**

But no such tradition adorns the early history of the City of London. Whatever were its beginnings, no record of them now remains, and we must be content to pick up the story at the stage when the town upon the Thames first became known to a people who possessed the art of writing, and who were, in consequence, able to record what they saw for the benefit of those who came after them.

It is to the *Romans* that we owe our first knowledge of London. In 55 B.C. **Julius Cæsar** landed in Britain. Whether he ever came to London is not known, but he certainly came very near it. In the account which he himself wrote of his campaign in Britain he tells us how, after landing on the south coast, he made a rapid march northwards and crossed the River Thames at a place which is thought to have been the spot on which Brentford now stands. Brentford is only seven miles from Hyde Park Corner, and is now really a part of London, so it is clear that Cæsar may very easily have paid a visit to that city.

But the first account of London which we actually get is to be found in the writings of **Tacitus.** Tacitus was a Roman historian whose writings have been preserved, and as he was not only a keen observer and a brilliant writer, but had also special opportunities of knowing about Britain, what he says of our country is particularly interesting. The reason why Tacitus knew more about Britain than any other writer of his time is that he was closely related to one of the principal

Roman officers who was sent over to govern the newly conquered province. His father-in-law was a soldier of the name of **Agricola**, and from the year 78 to the year 84 was Governor of the Roman province of Britain. Tacitus wrote an account of his father-in-law and of his work in a book which is called the "*Agricola*," and in this work we find an account of London written eighteen hundred years ago.

This is what the writer says: "*Suetonius*,[1] *however, with wonderful resolution, marched amidst a hostile population to Londinium, which, though undistinguished by the name of a colony, was much frequented by merchants and trading vessels.*"[2]

It is clear that London had already become a place of some importance.

It is said, indeed, that when the Romans first landed in Britain London was already a town, with a considerable number of inhabitants, who carried on trade with the North of Europe. Some writers go so far as to declare that the name of this British town was **Llyn-dun**, or the town on the lake, and that it was this name which was afterwards altered by the Romans into *Londinium*. But, whatever is probable, nothing is really certain.

When once, however, the Roman generals had made themselves masters of the town on the marshy banks of the Thames, they lost no time in bringing to it the art, the architecture, the comfort, and the good government of the Roman Empire.

The Britons were, for the most part, hunters

[1] *Suetonius*—The Roman General.
[2] Tacitus, "Annals," xiv. 33.

clad in the spoils of the chase, they lived in huts or in the open air; literature they had none, their arms were rude, and though in war time large numbers of them occasionally united for a time under a single chief, they had no strong or settled government; their country was untraversed by roads, and their boats were frail craft, composed of skins and sticks, so light and small that a man could carry one of them on his back.

Suddenly, in the year 55 B.C., these half-civilised people found themselves face to face with men of a foreign race who had hitherto been strangers to them. The soldiers who landed under the command of Julius Cæsar were Romans, citizens of a state which could already look back upon a history of seven hundred years, and which was then at the height of its splendour and power.

The legionaries[1] were trained soldiers, clad in finely wrought armour, bearing formidable weapons which long training had taught them to use with terrible effect. The chief of the invading army was a man already famous throughout the Western world, and determined to leave behind him an immortal name. He was no rough chief of a half-barbarous tribe; he was a trained soldier, a practised statesman, a man of letters, and the friend of literary men. He was already almost the greatest, and he was soon to become beyond all comparison the greatest man in the great city of Rome, a city of palaces and temples,

[1] *Legionaries.* — Soldiers forming the Roman *Legions.* The Legions were bodies of about 5,000 men. Each Legion had a distinguishing number and ensign.

THE TOWER OF LONDON, FROM THE TOWER BRIDGE.
(*Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.*)

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.
(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

where the highest arts of government were known and practised.

Nor were the Romans soldiers and statesmen only. Julius Cæsar himself, as we have seen, was an author, and in his famous "*Commentaries*"[1] has told us almost all we know of the first Roman invasion of Britain. But Cæsar, skilled writer as he was, was by no means the greatest of the Roman authors. The literature of Rome is one of the richest in the world, and of the many famous writers of the Latin tongue the most celebrated lived and wrote during the years in which the Romans occupied Britain—*Virgil*, *Horace*, *Lucretius*, *Tacitus*, *Ovid*, and others whose books are still read at the present day

But many other arts besides that of literature flourished in Rome. The *arch*, a form of building unknown to the Egyptians, or even to the Greeks, had been discovered by the Romans; the temples, the palaces, and public buildings of Rome were the wonder of the world, and the remains of them are a wonder even at the present day. Splendid statues adorned the public streets. The private houses of the citizens were well built and luxurious; beautiful paintings adorned their walls, beautiful tiles decorated their floors, and baths amply supplied with warm water were considered almost a necessity in every rich man's villa.

As road-makers the Romans had no equals in the world, and along the straight paved highways they sent forth their post-runners to all parts of the world with perfect regularity and certainty.

[1] The "Commentaries of Cæsar" are the account written by Cæsar himself of his wars.

Such were the invaders of Britain. They came, departed again for a brief space, returned, and once more sailed away. For nearly a hundred years after the departure of Julius Cæsar there was a respite, but in A.D. 43 the Emperor **Claudius** sent a powerful expedition. This time the invaders had come for good, and they and their successors stayed four hundred years. Their first task was to conquer, their second to establish order throughout the land. This done, they settled down as colonists in the country they had won for themselves, and for four centuries lived almost undisturbed among the subject Britons, teaching them much, and protecting them against their enemies.

Then at last came the news that Rome itself was threatened by a terrible foe, and that the huge armies of the Huns, under **Attila**, were marching into Italy. The Roman soldiers were recalled to defend the centre of the Empire; and the Britons, deprived of their powerful protectors, fell a prey almost immediately to a host of enemies from every quarter

In a few years the country sank back into something like the same condition in which the Romans found it. Good government came to an end, violence and cruelty prevailed. The arts perished, temples, churches, houses, were destroyed; the great roads were allowed to fall out of repair, and darkness settled down upon the unhappy land, a darkness which was scarcely lightened for nearly two hundred years.

Although we do not know all that we should like to know about Roman London, it is certain that it was a great and an important town, that its

walls, beginning where the Tower now stands, were three miles in length, built of solid masonry 22 feet high. At one time the city bore the name of **Augusta**, a title which the Romans gave to more than one of the great cities of their Empire. In the British Museum and in the Guildhall Museum may be seen hundreds of objects which have been dug up beneath our streets, and which clearly date from the time of the Romans. They show that the citizens of Roman London were wealthy, that, as in other great Roman cities, stately buildings existed, and that the private houses were luxurious and well supplied with all conveniences.

But it may be asked, Where is Roman London now? What has become of this great city, with its massive walls, its stately buildings, and its busy streets? Roman London, indeed, has all but vanished from the sight of modern Londoners. Some few traces of the ancient wall are still visible; one portion has been unearthed and may be seen in the churchyard of St. Giles', Cripplegate, a fragment remains in the street which is known as London Wall, and there are one or two small portions hidden in other parts of the City. In Strand Lane, close to Somerset House, there is to this day a bath fed by ice-cold water from a spring; this bath, it is said, was first made by the Romans, and is known as *The Roman Bath*. But, beyond these few traces, whatever remains of Roman London is to be found either in our museums or nearly twenty feet below the surface of the ground, buried deep under the ruins of the houses which have been built and have fallen into decay during the long centuries that have passed since the Romans sailed away.

CHAPTER IV.

SAXONS AND DANES IN LONDON.

WHAT LONDON OWES TO THE SAXONS – SAXON CHURCHES—SAXON NAMES—SAXON CUSTOMS.

It was early in the fifth century that the Romans, compelled to defend their own country from foreign attack, withdrew from Britain, and, deprived of the protection of their experienced and well-trained conquerors, the Britons soon found themselves unable to defend their country against the enemies who now poured in on every side. The incursions of the Picts and Scots on the north were with difficulty resisted, and in order to repel the attacks of these savage tribes the unfortunate Britons made the mistake of calling to their aid the yet more formidable hosts of the Saxons.

All who are acquainted with English history know how the successive waves of invaders, the Angles, the Saxons, and the Jutes, poured into Britain; how they established themselves in the land, destroyed or drove out the Britons, overthrew the Christian Churches, and once more made Britain a pagan land. London, lying close to the east coast, and easily approached by water, fell an early prey. By the beginning of the sixth century it had long ceased to be a British town, and had become the capital of the East Saxons.

Of the dark days through which London passed

we know little. The Roman civilisation was overthrown, and for a time ruin and desolation became the lot of the unhappy Londoners. Gradually, however, the reasons which had made the town important under the Romans restored it to importance under the Saxons, and as the latter became more settled in the country they had conquered they became also more civilised. At a very early period London had its chief magistrate, who was called a *Port Reeve*, a name and office which survived until the reign of Henry II. (1154—1189), when the *Port Reeve* of London exchanged his title for that of *Mayor of London*.[1]

In 597 Christianity was established in England for the second time, on this occasion by **Augustine**, who was sent from Rome by Pope Gregory. **Mellitus**, companion of Augustine, was made Bishop of London. From that day the Church has played a very important part in the long and varied history of London.

Not many years were allowed to pass after the coming of Augustine before steps were taken to refound the churches which had been dedicated for Christian worship during the Roman days. It was in the reign of **Sebert**,[2] King of the East Saxons, that the foundations of two great and famous churches were laid, churches of which the names are still familiar to us. In the east of London was built the church dedicated to "The Apostle of the Gentiles," a church which was afterwards to become the stately **Cathedral of St. Paul**. The

[1] The title of *Reeve* is still known in the South of England; for instance, the right to use the "Lammas Lands" in the neighbourhood of Chingford, on the borders of Middlesex and Essex, is controlled by the *Reeves*, and the office is known in many other places.

[2] 597—614.

church was actually built by **Ethelbert,** King of Kent, who conquered the East Saxons.

Further up the river, on what was then the little island of Thorney, was founded the church or *Minster* of the *West*, dedicated to St. Peter, and which for fourteen hundred years has borne the name its founder gave it, *The West Minster*, our own **Westminster Abbey.**

Like every other part of England, London felt the shock of the Danish invasions. It was as easy for the Northmen to sail up the Thames and pillage the capital of the East Saxons as it had been two hundred and fifty years earlier for the ancestors of these same East Saxons to sail up and pillage the London of the Britons. In 839, when **Ethelwulf** was King of England, the Danes sacked London. They were driven out; but here, as elsewhere, they were got rid of only to return. The valour and good policy of **King Alfred** restored the capital to the Saxons for a short time; but only twelve years later a second expedition appeared in the Thames, London was captured once more, and the church at Westminster burned to the ground.

In 958 **King Edgar** rebuilt the church upon the same site, and Saxon rule was once more established. But the enemy was soon at the gates again. In 994 the Danes for the third time laid siege to the city, and in 1013 **Sweyn of the Forked Beard,** King of Denmark, sailed up the river, and London, after a stubborn resistance, submitted to him. **Ethelred,** the feeble Saxon ruler, fled to Normandy.

Then for a brief period in our history was seen the spectacle of a Danish monarch ruling England from his palace in London. On Sweyn's

death Ethelred returned for a brief, inglorious period to his throne. On his death the kingdom was divided between **Edmund Ironside** and **Canute**, and in 1017 the latter became sole king. **Canute** claimed, and with reason claimed, the fourfold title of King of England, Denmark, Norway, and part of Sweden. He is a real figure in the history of London, and his name may still be read in his own handwriting on a charter which is preserved to this day in the wonderful collection which is to be seen in the British Museum.

After the death of Canute, the Saxon kings again ruled for a brief period in London. **Edward**, who is known in English history by the name of **Edward the Confessor**, and **Harold**, the brave but unfortunate king who fell beneath the Norman arrows at Hastings, were the last kings of the Saxons. London knew but little of Harold as king, for during the few months of his reign he was engaged in fighting against enemies -the Northmen in the north, and the Normans in the south. But Edward, although he brought little real honour to his country or his capital, did at least do one thing by which his name lives, and will always live, in the memory of Londoners. He refounded the church upon Thorney Island, and to him is due the ancient foundation of the Abbey of Westminster. Of that abbey and its history we may read more at length in Chapter XXIII.; but in telling the brief story of London we must not forget to mention in its proper place the great work which was begun with so much pomp and ceremony in 1055, and which has, in part, endured down to the day in which we live.

It is not easy to point to anything in modern London of which we can truly say that our Saxon forefathers put it there. But if our Anglo-Saxon ancestors have left us very little in London which we can see, they have left us a great deal else with which we are very familiar, and which we hear and repeat every day of our lives. They have left us half our own names, and the names of many of the places in which we live and work. *Alfred*, *Edith*, *Ethel* are all good Saxon names. The whole of London is now divided into "*Boroughs*."[1] The boroughs themselves are new, but the name is an old Saxon one. Our London parishes are still divided into "*Wards*."[2] We think of "burn" as a Scottish word, but it is really good Saxon, and *Ty-burn* is the Saxon *Ty-burne*.[3] *Long Acre*, where so many coachbuilders now carry on their business, is the Long Field[4]; "*Fenchurch*"[5] is pure Saxon, so is *Billingsgate*,[6] and so are many other familiar London names.

The Saxons, too, have left us what is much more important than the names of either people or places. They have left us the institutions which they set up for the purpose of maintaining law and order, and for doing justice between man and man. An "alderman" of the City of London bears a title which has come straight down to him from the "*eldermen*" or "*aldermen*" who sat in the Saxon courts in the

[1] Since 1899.
[2] Warden.
[3] Burn=a stream.
[4] Aecer=a piece of land.
[5] Fen=low, flat, wet land.
[6] Billingsgate, the street of the Billings, a name in itself probably connected with Bilyn, one of the ancient British gods.

days of Edgar and Athelstan. The "*Guildhall*" itself, where the City Courts are held, gets its name from the *Guild*,[1] or payments which were made according to law by the members of a company, or body of men, who enjoyed particular rights in the City. The "*Sheriffs*" of London are the *Scir Gerefas*, or *Shire-reeves*, the stewards or chief magistrates of the Saxon *Shires*.[2] In some parts of England there are still *Reeves*, and the title of *Sheriff* is familiar to us all.

But it must not be thought that it is only the names of these ancient institutions that we owe to the Saxons. We undoubtedly owe to them the privilege of free discussions of public trials, of trial by jury, and other customs and practices which have helped to make Londoners —and, indeed, all Englishmen -lovers of freedom and fair play, and enemies of tyranny and injustice.

[1] Guild, or Gild, the same word as the German *gelt*, or money, meaning money paid as dues. The members of the Guilds are those who have paid their guild-money.

[2] Shire=a share, or division.

CHAPTER V.

NORMAN LONDON.

THE CONQUEROR IN LONDON—THE BUILDING OF THE TOWER—LONDON CHARTERS, OR THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

We must not linger too long over the history of London in Anglo-Saxon times. With the victory of the Normans at Hastings the power and authority of the Saxons in London were crushed for more than a hundred years, and the masterful Norman ruled the Londoners with a rod of iron.

To the Normans and to their share in the making of London we must now turn. But while we read of William the Conqueror; of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury; of Fitz-Osbern, who ruled the kingdom during William's absence in Normandy; of Odo, half-brother of the king, the Governor of Kent; and of the other Norman officers whom he and his successors appointed to rule over England and London, and who for a time held undisputed sway, we must not forget that while the king in his fortress palace of the Tower spoke Norman-French, while a Norman bishop ruled the diocese of London, a Norman abbot enjoyed the wealth of Westminster, and Norman knights and Norman soldiers made the lives of the unhappy citizens of London a burden to them, these same citizens continued to form the great majority of the inhabitants of the city.

From their conquerors the English population learnt much, and much that was of great advantage to them. They learnt how to build, they learnt how to fight, they learnt the arts of war and the arts of peace, and by degrees they learnt to use and understand many of the Norman-French words. But they never forgot or wholly gave up their own speech, their own ways, or their own customs; and thus it came about that 206 years later, when Edward I., the first really English king since the death of Harold, was crowned at Westminster, it was a really English city which welcomed him.

But now we must return to our history. In 1066 **William, Duke of Normandy,** was crowned King of England in Westminster Abbey. An English archbishop, Stigand of York, was found ready to place the crown upon the head of the Conqueror; and when the crowd in the church were asked whether they would accept William as their king they cried out, "Yea, yea!" On his part the Conqueror promised to respect the rights of the Londoners. The citizens, he declared, should always be "accounted law-worthy"—that is to say, they should be entitled to claim and receive their rights under the law as full citizens.

The promise was often broken, as were many other promises of the same kind; but it was something to have got such a pledge at all. Londoners had the royal word that they should be treated as citizens and free men, and not as slaves and conquered men.

It was all very well to make promises to the Londoners, and to appear to trust them; but it was better still, from the king's point of view, to be strong enough to make the promises when

convenient, and to betray the trust when it suited him. Thus in 1078 we find that William began to build that great fortress known as **The Tower of London**, which for more than 800 years has played so important a part in the history of London. Secure behind its deep ditches and thick walls, the Norman soldiers could defy the ill-will of the conquered townsmen. Of the Tower and its story we shall read more in another chapter; here we need only note that the oldest part of the building dates from the day when a foreign army was last quartered in London, and a foreign king ruled it by the right of conquest. Happy indeed is it for Londoners that that day is now eight centuries past!

Henceforward for several centuries the historian of London has to record the granting of many charters by our Norman and English kings. There is not space here to describe all these charters, but a word must be said to explain what they were, how they were obtained, and what they were worth.

Even in the days of William the Conqueror London was a rich and busy town. Under the protection of the Norman kings it rapidly grew in prosperity. Meanwhile William and his successors had many troubles to contend with, and many hard battles to fight. To fight these battles money was required, and the citizens of London had money. It was possible to take it by force, but the king soon learnt the truth of the homely proverb that it is a bad plan to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, for once killed it will never lay again. To take too much by force would have so impoverished the city and so injured its trade that there would soon have been nothing more to take.

Moreover. when the king was fighting far away in the North of England, in Normandy, or in France, it was very important to him to have a quiet and loyal capital behind him; London in revolt while the royal army was across the sea would be a danger not to be lightly encountered. Thus it came about that each successive king of England, when he found himself in want of money —and his need came often enough—turned to the citizens of London for it. For the reasons which have just been given, the king often found it more politic to ask for what he required than to take it by force. Sometimes, it is true, when he was at home with his troops around him, he felt quite strong enough to take, and not to ask. Woe betide the citizens who at such a time refused to help to fill the royal coffers. Imprisonment as a rule, torture not seldom, and death often were the punishments which the offenders had to fear, and to these punishments the confiscation of their goods was added.

But when the king thought it wiser not to take without asking, an opportunity always arose for making a bargain, an opportunity of which our ancestors were never slow to take advantage. If the citizens of London were to give to the king, it was only just and right that the king should give something to them in return. They would like to have rights over the River Thames, to use its water power, to take tolls of those who navigated its waters; let the king give them these rights, and he should have the money. They wished to have their own courts and their own magistrates; let the king say that for ever afterwards the Londoners might have a court of their own in such and such a

place, and might appoint a judge to sit and try cases there, and they, on their part, would find the money the king required.

Occasionally the king refused; more often, being hard pressed, he gave the required promise. But to give the promise was not enough for such good men of business as the Mayor and Aldermen; the king might forget or might change his mind, or his successor might refuse to recognise the promise. It was better to have the conditions written down in black and white, duly signed and sealed as a witness and testimony for ever. Accordingly every promise thus extorted from the king was duly written down on a parchment roll and sealed with the royal seal, thenceforward to become one of the charters of the City of London.

Of these charters the greater number remain to this day; but the promises contained in them were often broken, often disregarded. An opportunity, however, was sure to come when the king was once more in straits for men or money, and when it came, the ever-watchful citizens seized it. They begged the king to renew the old charters which had been disregarded, and they scarcely ever failed to add to the old conditions certain new ones, which left them better off than before.

It is necessary to know something about these charters, and of the way in which they were obtained, in order to understand how it came about that not only did the City of London grow rich and great, but how its citizens became free and powerful; how London came to have its own Courts, its own Judges, and its own Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and to possess many rights, privileges, and offices which were greatly valued by its citizens.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE CITY."

WHAT "THE CITY" WAS AND IS—SOUTHWARK—THE PRIVILEGES OF "THE CITY."

BEFORE going any further in this book, it will be well for the reader to understand quite clearly what is meant by the words "*The City of London.*" The words will occur many times in these pages, but they will not have the same meaning in every place in which they are used. The words "The City of London" have two different meanings; unless, therefore, we are quite clear as to what these two meanings are, we are sure to fall into some confusion as we read.

We often speak of London as a great city, and when we do so we mean the whole of the great metropolis of London, stretching from Highgate on the north to Norwood on the south, and from Limehouse on the east to Hammersmith on the west. The city of London within these limits is the largest city in the world, and has a population of nearly four and a half millions. It includes the **City of Westminster** and many great towns such as **Islington, Hackney, Kensington, Whitechapel,** and so on, each of which might well be called a city if it stood by itself, but which is now only looked upon as a part of the great city of London.

But the words "*The City of London*" are often used to describe something quite different from the

whole of London. When we say that a man has business in *The City*, or that "*The Freedom of the City of London*" has been bestowed upon some famous man as a reward for his services, we speak of a part of London, and not of the whole.

"*The City*" is, in fact, a comparatively small district in the heart of London. Its area is only just over a square mile,[1] while that of London itself is 121 square miles. But though *The City* is of small extent, it is a very important part of London, and has a very long and interesting history.

In very many particulars *The City* differs from the rest of London, and in order to understand what the difference is, and why it exists, it is necessary to go far back into our history. For hundreds of years *The City of London* and London were really one and the same, and to speak of one was to speak of the other. The town was built almost entirely upon the north or left side of the Thames; on the east it was bounded by the Tower, and on the west by Newgate. A wall ran all round it, and beyond the wall were the fields. At night the gates were shut, and no man could pass out or enter without leave.

It was in the days when London was still shut up within its walls that the first charters were given to its citizens, and the right to elect its own mayor and officers was given to it. In another chapter we shall read something about these charters, and about the appointment of the first mayor of London. But the important thing to notice here is that all the rights that were gained were given to *The City of London*, and that *The*

[1] 671 acres.

WESTMINSTER HALL
(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

THE GUILDHALL.
(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

City of London meant the town which was shut in by the City walls.

As time went on, and as the fear of attack by an enemy grew less, houses sprang up outside the walls. Those who governed *The City* did not like to see the new buildings, but as they were unable to put a stop to their erection altogether, they tried to obtain authority over the people who lived in them. Hence there came to be people living outside the City walls who were nevertheless under the rule of the Lord Mayor and Corporation. The district between Ludgate and Temple Bar was outside the wall, and was known as the "Liberty of The Temple."

But while *The City* grew outwards another kind of growth was going on in the suburbs; small villages became big villages, big villages became towns, and from **Westminster** on the West, from **Hackney** on the North, across the river in **Southwark,** in **Whitechapel** on the East, and in many other places the houses began to stretch out towards the City wall. The reader may perhaps wonder why it was that *The City of London* did not try to add to its wealth and influence by adding these new districts to *The City*. In one or two cases *The City* did actually attempt to do so; but, whatever might be the wishes of the rulers of *The City*, there were others who were by no means willing that the outlying parts of London should be added to it.

The rights and privileges which had been given to *The City* had made the Corporation[1] very rich and powerful, and both King and Parliament were

[1] *The Corporation of The City of London* is composed of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councillors of *The City*.

very unwilling to make the citizens stronger and more powerful. Laws were passed forbidding *The City* to extend its boundaries, and every effort was made to keep such places as *Westminster*, *Kensington*, and *Hackney* out of the power of the Lord Mayor and Corporation.

Thus it came about that, while London grew in every direction, while *The City* walls were pulled down and the division between the old City streets and the streets outside disappeared, *The City* such as it had been in the past continued to govern itself, elected its own Lord Mayor and its own Sheriffs, had its own Courts at the Guildhall, kept up its old customs, and claimed its old rights, without sharing any of its good things with the rest of London.

The City was not altogether to blame for this, for, as we have already explained, it was not the fault of *The City* that it never grew any larger. But it cannot be said that this plan of keeping all the rights and privileges of London for one small part of it has proved to be a very good plan. It has been a good plan for *The City*, but it has not been equally good for the great towns which surround it, and which for many years were without any good government, which had neither mayor nor Corporation, and which in many ways were worse off than great towns such as Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. We shall see that in our own day something has been done to give to London outside *The City* the same advantages which *The City* itself has so long enjoyed. But for the present it is enough to note that there is a difference between *The City* and the rest of London, and to understand how there came to be such a difference.

The Lord Mayor of London is Lord Mayor of *The City* only, and is elected by the Livery Companies of *The City*.

The City **Sheriffs** also are officers of *The City*, and not of all London. The **Guildhall** belongs to the Corporation of London, and not to the London County Council; and it is **The Lord Mayor**, the chief officer of *The City*, not the chief officer of all London, who lives at the Mansion House.

The City, too, has its own **Police.** They may be distinguished from the police of the other parts of London, who are known as the **Metropolitan Police,** by the shape of the helmets they wear, and by the cuff on their sleeve, which is red and white, instead of blue and white as in the case of the Metropolitan Police.

There is a *City of London Regiment*, "**The Royal Fusiliers.**"[1] *The City of London* was always jealous of any soldiers being brought within its walls except those who were in the service of *The City*. Hence it is that special honours and privileges are still given to those regiments in the Army which are connected with *The City of London* and its past history. To this day the only regiment which has the right to march through *The City* with bayonets fixed and colours flying is the "Third *Buffs*," sometimes called The East Kent Regiment. The Buffs were formed out of the London Trained Bands, and it is thus that they possess this honourable privilege.

The City of London is now very well governed on the whole; and, as it has very few people living within it, and as most of those who own property within it are rich, the Corporation has usually

[1] Formerly the 7th, or City of London Regiment.

plenty of money at its disposal. Thus it is not difficult for *The City* to maintain a good police force, to keep its streets in good order, and to do many things well which can only be done by those who are rich. There are many who, while they admire the way in which *The City* is governed, would like to see it joined to the rest of London, and who would like the Lord Mayor to be Lord Mayor of all London, instead of a part. But up to the present time this has not been done. And thus it comes about that *The City of London* does not mean London, and that there exists in the heart of London a part which has its own government and its own rights, which are different from those of any other part.

In the course of this book it will often be necessary to speak of *The City of London*, and in order that there may be no confusion the words have been printed in two different ways, according to the meaning they are intended to convey. Whenever the words are printed in italics, thus "*The City*" or "*The City of London*," the old City, as distinguished from the rest of London, is meant. Whenever the whole of London is meant the words are printed in ordinary letters, thus, "The City" or "The City of London."

THE ARMS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

CHAPTER VII.

LONDON FROM 1087 TO 1356.

REBUILDING OF ST. PAUL'S—LONDON'S FIRST MAYOR —LONDONERS AND MAGNA CHARTA—THE WATCH —TOLLS — FAMINE — LONDON IN EDWARD THE THIRD'S TIME—A SPLENDID FEAST.

In 1087, during one of those great fires which so often afflicted London, **St. Paul's Church,** built about the beginning of the seventh century, by Ethelbert, King of Kent, was burnt down. The building of a new and more elegant structure was begun at once, but the work was not completed until more than one hundred and fifty years later, in the reign of Henry III.

In the reign of **William Rufus** a second **London Bridge** was built, but a few years later[1] it was destroyed by fire. In 1101 **Henry I.** was King of England, and he, like his father William I., granted a charter to the Londoners.

In the quarrel between **Stephen**[2] and **Matilda,** the Londoners took an active part, and were strong supporters of Stephen, a friendship which cost them dear when that king was defeated by the Empress Matilda. Matilda was quick to punish the city: she took away from it the right to appoint its own sheriff, a right greatly valued by the citizens, and gave the office to one of her own supporters. But ere long the citizens turned

[1] 1136. [2] Stephen reigned 1135 to 1154.

the tables, and, joining an army raised on behalf of the king, assisted in defeating the empress and in bringing Stephen back in triumph to London.

In 1154 **Henry II.** became king, and his reign is memorable in the annals of London. Shortly after coming to the throne he granted a charter to the city. In 1176 the work of rebuilding London Bridge was begun; the bridge which it replaced had been of wood, the new one was of stone. The year 1189, when **Richard I.** was king, was marked by a still more important event. Up to that date the chief magistrate of London had borne the ancient Saxon title of *Port Reeve*. In this year a new name was conferred upon him, and Henry Fitz-Aylwyn became the first *Mayor of London*. In 1209 the new stone London Bridge was finished.

The troubles of King **John** were profitable not only to Londoners but to all England. At Runnymede the barons under Stephen Langton forced from the angry and defeated king the famous set of promises which are written down in **Magna Charta.** The Londoners threw in their lot with the barons, and, like them, succeeded in wringing a charter from the king. It was by grant from King John to *The City* of London that the citizens first obtained the right to elect annually a Mayor and Common Council of their own choosing, and the Common Council of London is traced from that time.

It was in the reigns of John and Henry III.[1] that a very important change took place in London. Up to that period foreign merchants had

[1] John, 1199; Henry III., 1216.

been forbidden to settle within the walls; they now received an invitation to come. Many accepted the invitation, and thereby helped to enrich both themselves and the City of London, which has always largely depended, and still depends, for its prosperity upon its great foreign trade, and its dealings with merchants of all nations.

Henry III., like most of his predecessors and successors, granted a charter to London,[1] and in his reign also a step was taken which has led to important results.

Everybody knows what an excellent police force London has, and how the City Police and the Metropolitan Police between them preserve order, and keep the peace in our great capital with less trouble and with greater success than do the police of any other large city in the world. Every Londoner knows this; but very few Londoners know that we must go back six hundred and fifty years, to the reign of Henry III., to find the first police force of London. It was in the thirty-eighth year of the reign of that king that the first London "Watch" was established to keep order and maintain the peace of the city.

In 1265 the first Parliament of England was summoned, and London, as was just and proper, was well represented in it. Seven members for London attended.

Henry III. died in the year 1272, and was succeeded by his son, **Edward I.**, who granted a charter of liberties to the Londoners, and gave power to *The City* to take toll of all merchandise passing over London Bridge for the space of three years, the tolls to be applied to repaying

[1] 1233.

the cost of the bridge. However, all did not go smoothly between the king and the citizens, for we learn that Edward, being angry with the Mayor, deposed him, and for twelve years *The City* was ruled by an officer appointed by the king. It was only on payment of 3,000 marks that the citizens were once more allowed to exercise the right bestowed upon them in the reign of King John, and to elect their own Mayor.

It was in 1285 that leaden pipes were first laid down to bring the water of the Ty Burn into Cornhill for the benefit of the citizens.

In 1304, at the close of Edward I.'s reign, the first *Recorder of London*, Geoffrey de Hartilepoll, was appointed.[1]

The reign of **Edward II.** was disastrous for England and for Edward alike, and was an unhappy one for London. In 1316 there was a terrible famine, followed, as famines usually are, by pestilence. To these miseries were added fierce quarrels between the king and the citizens. Riots broke out, and some of the king's friends, falling into the hands of the rioters, were beheaded by them in Cheapside.

Those who have followed many Lord Mayors' Shows are aware that in certain years the procession crosses over the Thames and passes through **Southwark**. This is because in the year 1327, when Edward III. became king, the Manor of Southwark, which had recently been joined to London by the completion of London Bridge, was granted by charter to the Corporation, and the Lord Mayor was made Bailiff of the Manor of

[1] The Recorder is a judge who tries criminal cases, and is the principal judicial officer of the Corporation.

Southwark; and now, as part of *The City*, Southwark claims the right to take part in the election of a Lord Mayor.

For a short time Southwark was separated from *The City*, and became a royal manor once more; but Edward VI. sold it again to *The City*, of which it has ever since formed a part.

Edward III. was a powerful king, respected and feared both at home and abroad. Happily for the Londoners, they were able to obtain from his necessities what they might not have obtained from his fears. Edward was a great warrior, with wide domains in France as well as in England. To maintain and extend his French dominions he engaged in a fierce war with France, and the victories of Crecy and Poictiers rewarded his arms. But war, however successful, requires money as well as men for its maintenance, and for money, accordingly, Edward came to the citizens of London. In return he gave them a charter by which the rights and liberties of *The City* were more firmly established than ever.

At the same time, the Mayor of London was for the first time made a judge, the citizens of London were specially protected from the exactions which the king's marshal, the king's steward, and other officers of the royal household had been in the habit of imposing upon them, and of which they had bitterly complained; and to make the royal promises of still greater value, the king engaged on behalf of himself and his successors not to punish *The City* in the future by taking away from it any of the liberties and privileges just conferred. The Londoners had so often suffered in this way at the hands of former kings, that it

was only natural they should attach special importance to this promise.

London must have been very gay and splendid in the reign of King Edward. In 1329 we read of a great tournament held in Cheapside, on the space which is now bounded by Wood Street and Queen Street. The jousting was in honour of the French Ambassador, and Edward and his Queen Philippa were present. An unlucky fall of the scaffolding which had been set up to afford seats for the queen and her ladies marred the fête, but no one was seriously hurt.

Twenty-eight years after the French Ambassador had taken part in the festivities in Cheapside his master, the King of France, was an unwilling guest of the City of London. In 1356 was fought the great battle of **Poictiers**; and in the year following the Londoners turned out to give an enthusiastic welcome to **The Black Prince**, the hero of the battle, who had returned to England bringing with him no less a personage than **John, King of France**, as his prisoner. The Mayor, Sir Henry Picard by name, gave a banquet to commemorate the victory, and at the table sat no less than four kings: Edward of England, John of France, David of Scotland, and the King of Cyprus.

To find another such occasion we must pass over more than 450 years, to the day when the Regent,[1] the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia met at a great banquet given in London the year before the victory of Waterloo.

We have spoken hitherto of the chief magis-

[1] George, Prince of Wales, Prince Regent; afterwards George IV.

trate of London as the Mayor, but henceforward we must give him another title. In Richard the First's reign the *Port Reeve* had become the *Mayor* and the Mayor and Aldermen were alike elected by all the citizens assembled in the *Folk-motes*, or meetings of the people. In Edward III.'s reign, however, a change was made. The Folk-motes were growing very big, and it was thought advisable to limit the right of electing the Mayor and Aldermen to a smaller number of persons, who were accordingly chosen for the purpose as being the "wiser and discreeter" of the inhabitants.

One more change remained to be made. In 1354 the title of Mayor was exchanged for that more dignified title with which every Londoner has for more than five centuries been familiar, and **Sir Henry Picard** became the first "*Lord Mayor of London.*"

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON FROM 1377 TO 1392.

WAT TYLER'S REBELLION—THE BLACK DEATH—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE reign of **Richard II.** was not a fortunate one for the Londoners. In the early days of the reign, when the king was young and popular, a serious rising broke out in Kent. There had been much discontent in the county for some time, but the immediate cause of the outbreak was the attempt made by the king to raise a *poll tax* of 4d. on every grown-up person. The tax itself was unpopular, as most taxes are, and those who were appointed to collect it performed their office with a roughness and insolence which roused the temper of the people. It is said that when the tax collector came to the house of one **Wat Tyler,** of Dartford, in the county of Kent, he insulted Tyler's daughter, and that Wat Tyler immediately felled him to the ground with an axe. Whatever may have been the exact cause of the outbreak, there can be no doubt that Wat Tyler was one of the chief leaders of it. Aided by a priest named John Ball, whose violent preaching stirred the already excited people to fury, he soon raised a powerful following. At the head of nearly 100,000 men, of whom many were armed, he marched upon London.

The Kentish men got as far as Blackheath, whence a party made their way to Southwark, which they set on fire. Next morning they were actually allowed to pass the city gate, cross London Bridge, and enter the city. For a time the mob were masters of London, and they used their power to revenge themselves upon those of the king's advisers whom they most detested. Savoy Palace, belonging to the Duke of Lancaster, the king's uncle, was burnt to the ground. The Priory of the Monks of St. John, in Clerkenwell, suffered the same fate. The Temple was the home of the lawyers, and the followers of Wat Tyler believed, perhaps not altogether without reason, that the lawyers had something to do with the oppressive measures of which they complained. To revenge themselves they burnt down the Temple, and the records of the Courts perished in the flames.

Nor was this all. The Tower was the great fortress of London, and even the Tower fell a prey to Tyler and his followers. It was besieged and taken by the rioters; within its walls were found the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Grand Treasurer, Sir Robert Hales, and other friends and servants of the king. They were seized and beheaded by the rioters. It seemed as if the whole city would be at the mercy of the mob, and that the king would be compelled, at the peril of his life, to grant them anything they asked for.

Fortunately, at this stage the young king showed an amount of courage which did him credit, and which saved the city. He decided to meet Wat Tyler, and to hear for himself what

the claims of the rebel leader were. The danger of such a meeting was great, for, although many of the Kentish men, satisfied by the promises they had received from the king's ministers, had returned to their homes, the most violent and excited among them still followed their chief.

The meeting took place in Smithfield. Richard was attended by a small train, among whom were **Sir John Newton** and **John Walworth,** Lord Mayor of London. With much courage the king approached the successful rebels; but hardly had he done so when strife broke out. Tyler addressed Sir John Newton in threatening words, drew his dagger, and called Sir John a traitor, who should not dare to sit on horseback in his presence. Sir John replied angrily, and drew his sword, and it seemed as if a quarrel must break out in which the king's small party would certainly be destroyed by the enormous crowd of armed men which surrounded them. Richard, however, does not appear to have been daunted by the danger which threatened him, or perhaps he did not understand how great it was. He gave the order to Walworth to arrest Tyler; and, on Tyler drawing his sword, the Mayor, with great promptness, cut him down.

For the moment it appeared as if the fate of the king were sealed; but, by a piece of good fortune, Richard decided to do the right thing at the right moment. While the mob were still pausing in astonishment at the sudden act which had deprived them of their leader, Richard, without showing any sign of fear, rode forward alone, exclaiming, as he advanced, "What, my friends, would ye kill your king? Be not grieved

for the loss of your captain. I will be your captain, and lead ye wheresoever ye list."

No one can exactly foretell what a great crowd will do; the chances were that on this the king would have been struck down and his followers cut to pieces. It happened otherwise. Whether moved by some feeling of loyalty or discouraged by the death of their leader, those nearest the king shouted out approval of his speech, and, suiting the action to the word, followed him peaceably out of the city across London Bridge to St. George's Fields in Southwark.

This was the turning point of the rebellion. The citizens of London regained their courage, and seeing that they had now a leader, came forward in their thousands under the command of two of the distinguished men in the city, Sir John Philpott and Sir Robert Knowles. Order was restored, and the rioters, in a panic, threw down their arms and dispersed in hot haste to their homes. The king acted with wise moderation: the greater number of those who had taken part in the riots were allowed to go unharmed, the ringleaders only were put to death. The heads of Wat Tyler and of Jack Straw, his lieutenant, and other leaders were set up on London Bridge, and the revolt was at an end. The king had the grace to thank and reward the Lord Mayor and aldermen for the services which they had rendered him; Walworth was knighted and became Sir John Walworth, a pension of £100 a year was conferred upon him, and a pension of £40 a year was given to each of the aldermen who had assisted him.

It is said that the *dagger* which appears in the corner of the flag or coat of arms of the *City of*

London dates from this time, and that the right to bear it in the arms was given to *The City* in memory of the blow struck by Walworth at Smithfield.

It was during the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. that the terrible pestilence known as the Black Death swept over England. London bore its full share in the visitation. The chroniclers declare that in 1348 50,000 persons died in London alone, and 30,000 in a second outbreak fifty-eight years later.[1] These figures are doubtless exaggerated, but there is ample proof that both in London and in the country the number of deaths was enormous; and London, with its narrow streets and ill-drained houses, probably suffered even more than the country districts from a disease which, as is now well known, is always the result of dirt and bad drainage.

While the plague threatened the lives of the citizens, King Richard, no longer their friend and protector, made a violent attack upon their pockets. In 1392 he demanded £10,000 from the Corporation, which they declined to furnish. Edward III. had solemnly promised that no difference between the Crown and the Corporation should be made the excuse for taking away the liberties of *The City*. But Richard made light of his grandfather's pledges.

The Lord Mayor and aldermen were summoned before the king to explain their refusal, and were imprisoned at Windsor. The Law Courts, of which the Londoners were so proud, were removed to York; the elected officers of the Corporation were replaced by the king's friends. This time *The*

[1] 1406.

CORNHILL IN 1630

A LONDON STREET DURING THE PLAGUE.

City had to own itself defeated, and it was only on payment of the £10,000 that its lost liberties were restored to it.

There are one or two things which must be mentioned before we leave the history of London in Richard II.'s reign. It was in this reign that **Geoffrey Chaucer**, a Londoner living in Thames Street, Vintry Ward, Dowgate, began to write English poetry.[1]

A short history of London is not the place in which to tell of Chaucer's poems, "*The Canterbury Tales*," "*The Romaunt of the Rose*," and "*Troilus and Cressida*." But the first named of these poems is very important to everyone who wishes to know about London in the olden time. In it we read how a number of travellers meet on their way to the tomb of Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. They come together at an inn, and as they ride along the road together they tell each other stories and give an account of their adventures. There are a *Sailor*, a *Farmer*, a *Priest*, the *Landlord* of the inn, a *Soldier* or *Knight*, a *Student*, and many others. Their stories are very amusing; and they are also very interesting, because we learn from them just how people lived, what they thought and talked about, how they dressed, how they made their money, and how they spent their money five hundred years ago. We can learn a great deal more about London in Richard II.'s time from stories in Chaucer's "*Canterbury Tales*" than we can from many history books.

[1] Other poems had been written in England since the Conquest; but the language used in them was either French, Anglo-Saxon, or a mixture of French, Anglo-Saxon, and English as we understand it. Chaucer may be truly called the first great English poet.

CHAPTER IX.

LONDON FROM 1382 TO 1485.

WICKLIFFE AND THE LOLLARDS—WATCHING AND LIGHTING — LORD MAYOR WHITTINGTON — JACK CADE—CAXTON.

It was during Richard II.'s reign that Wickliffe began to preach, and the Lollards became sufficiently numerous to alarm the bishops. **Wickliffe** himself escaped persecution. In 1376 he preached in London; in 1382-4 he completed his famous translation of the Bible, and in the year last mentioned he died quietly at Lutterworth. His enemies after his death dug up his body and burned it as that of a heretic. His followers were less fortunate, for they fell into the hands of their persecutors while still alive.

In 1401 Sir William Sawtre, parish priest of St. Osith, London, was burned to death at Smithfield. This was the first of a long series of these cruel and wicked executions which for over a century and a half continued to take place in the great space in front of St. Bartholomew's Church.

But in speaking of the death of Sir William Sawtre we have passed from the events of Richard II.'s reign to those in that of his cousin Henry, Earl of Bolingbroke, to whom he had been compelled to surrender his crown and kingdom, and who now reigned as **King Henry IV.** Some there

were who doubted whether Richard had really come by his death in Pontefract Castle as was reported, but who believed that he was still alive, and the new king was therefore a usurper. Then the Londoners saw a strange sight. Determined to convince the doubters, King Henry ordered the body of Richard to be borne through the streets, so that all men might see it, and admit that the poor prisoner of Pontefract Castle was in truth dead.

But, whether Richard were dead or alive, Henry was none the less a usurper, with a doubtful title, and with many active enemies. He could not afford to offend so powerful a body as the citizens of London, and one of the first things he did after assuming the crown was to take a step which was certain to be agreeable to the Corporation. We have seen how Richard compelled *The City* to pay him £10,000. The money had been paid in *bonds* or promises to pay. Henry now gave orders that these bonds should be publicly burned at Cheapside Cross. This was done, and thus the City was relieved in the handsomest manner of its big debt.

Londoners are now so accustomed to all the conveniences of modern civilisation that it is hard for them to imagine that water ever came from anywhere save from a tap; still less can they imagine what a difficulty they would be in if they were compelled to find their way about in a really black, dark night without any other light than that afforded by a horn lantern carried in the hand. But five hundred years ago the citizens of London were compelled to fetch their water from the pump or from the well; and the streets were left altogether in the dark after sunset. It was in

the reign of his son Henry V. that lanterns were first hung across the streets to guide wayfarers, and to put some check upon robbers and other lawless persons who carried on their evil practices in perfect safety under cover of the darkness.

Henry V.'s reign is marked in English history by the great victory of Agincourt.[1] Then, as now, London was proud to welcome the returning soldiers. The king himself was received in state, and the City presented him with a gift of £1,000, and with gold plate to the value of £500.

In the same reign there appears on the roll of the Lord Mayors of London a name which is well known to thousands of little Londoners, and to many thousands of little people who are not Londoners at all. There are many young people who have no acquaintance with so grave a person as Sir Richard Whittington, but there are very few who have not made the acquaintance of Dick Whittington, of his famous cat, of the Marquis of Carabbas, and of the beautiful lady whom **Dick Whittington** married when his clever cat had brought him to fame and fortune. We all of us know how Dick Whittington lay resting with his cat at the milestone on Highgate Hill, and there heard the chimes ringing quite plainly—

> "Turn again, Whittington,
> Lord Mayor of London."

And we all know that Whittington did turn again. No doubt the story of Whittington and his cat is not true in all respects; but that Dick Whittington did become Lord Mayor of London is undoubtedly true, and a very good Lord Mayor

[1] October 25th, 1415.

he was. Once in the reign of Richard II., once in the reign of Henry IV., and once in that of Henry V., was he elected.[1] He won the affection of the citizens by his good works; he gave large sums for the building of churches and hospitals, he rebuilt the city gaol in Newgate; he repaired and beautified the Guildhall, and built a city library. His name is commemorated in *Whittington Avenue* in *The City*, and in one of the Guildhall windows may be seen a picture of him, attended, as is proper, by his faithful cat.

The reign of **Henry VI.** was a sad contrast to that of Henry V.; the wealth of the country had been squandered in the wars with France, and the king was a child unable to repeat the deeds of his warlike father. His mother, Queen Eleanor, and the great nobles of the royal family quarrelled fiercely as to who should exercise the royal power; and an unfortunate war in France was scarcely brought to a close before England itself was divided in the rivalry between the Houses of York and Lancaster.

It was in 1450, in the middle of Henry's long reign, that the Londoners were threatened by an army of rioters under the famous **Jack Cade**, and his followers actually entered the City, forcibly dragged Lord Saye from the Tower and beheaded him at Cheapside Cross, and plundered the houses of the richest merchants. Eventually the citizens of London and a strong body of soldiers from the Tower combined against the insurgents, and a fierce battle was fought at Southwark, which lasted all through the night and until nine o'clock the next

[1] In the years 1397, 1406, and 1419 Sir Richard Whittington was Lord Mayor of London.

morning, when a truce was called. The Archbishop of Canterbury immediately seized the opportunity to issue a proclamation offering a free pardon to all the rioters who returned quietly to their homes at once. The plan succeeded; and a few days later Jack Cade was captured in Sussex, brought to London, and executed.

In 1470 **Edward IV.** finally made himself master of the kingdom, and in doing so had few better helpers than the citizens of London, who were firm friends of the House of York. But though the Londoners preferred the White Rose to the Red, they were not above taking what advantage they could out of the difficulties of Edward. Like Henry IV., he had won his crown on the field of battle, and there were many who disputed his right to wear it.

The support of London was of great importance to the king, and the Londoners knew it. They sought for and obtained a royal charter once more establishing and confirming all those rights and privileges of which they were so proud, and which they so greatly valued. By a second charter the tolls raised on the importation of foreign goods into the Port of London, and other dues, were granted by King Edward to the Corporation of London. It was not till the year 1890 that the dues levied upon coal were given up.

London is now the principal centre of the printing and publishing trade of the United Kingdom. It is from the reign of Edward IV. that the great printing industry owes its origin. About the year 1477 **Caxton**, having learnt in Flanders the new art of printing from movable type, set up the first printing press in London. The work was, of course,

all done on hand presses, very different from the immense machines driven by steam or electricity on which modern books are printed. Nevertheless, so great was the diligence of Caxton and his little band of workmen that between 1477 and 1492 they printed and issued no less than sixty different works. The greatest care was taken in the production of each copy, the paper was of fine quality, and the type used, though different from that to which we are now accustomed, was well designed, and well cut and cast; in consequence the books that were printed were as beautiful specimens of printing as any that can be made nowadays, and were far more beautiful than most of our modern cheap books.

Among the most famous works of the Caxton Press are:—

"The Dictes[1] and Sayengis of the Philosophers,"
"Chaucer's Tales of Cantyrburye,"
"Chronicles of Englond,"
"The Discripcion of Britayne,"
"Lydgate's Poems,"
"The Booke of Chyualry or Knyghthode,"
"The Hystoryes of Kynge Arthur."

The Londoners were no friends to **Richard III.**, whom they considered to be a usurper, and an enemy to their good friend the late King Edward. They were glad therefore when Henry of Richmond was proclaimed as **King Henry VII.** at St. Paul's Cross.

In the year 1485 London was again visited by one of those terrible outbreaks of disease which swept over it in almost every century down to the

[1] *Dictes* = things spoken.

date of the great plague of London in 1665. The Sweating Sickness, as this particular plague was called, carried off no less than 7,000 of the people of London in the short space of five weeks, and among the number were two Lord Mayors, four of the aldermen, and one of the sheriffs. Like all the other plagues, both before and since, the Sweating Sickness was no doubt due to overcrowding, dirt, bad drainage, and disregard of all the rules of health and cleanliness which are now known to be of the highest importance, and by the observance of which alone the health of great towns can be preserved.

That dirt was the cause of disease seems to have been known to our ancestors, for when in 1500 another pestilence broke out the Corporation decided to cleanse and arch over the Hounds-ditch, which was in a filthy condition. The street which was built upon the covered-in stream still bears the name of Houndsditch. At the same time the Fleet-ditch was cleaned and deepened so as to allow boats to come up it. But, though this was a step in the right direction, the condition of the Fleet soon became as bad as ever, and two hundred years later Londoners complained of its filthy state. It was finally bridged over in 1765, and the Fleet now runs into the Thames through a tunnel, the opening of which may be seen in the Embankment wall just under Blackfriars Bridge. Moorfields, the district about Moorgate Street and Finsbury, which had been an open and impassable swamp, was in the year 1540 drained, and bridges erected over the ditches.

CHAPTER X.

LONDON FROM 1509 TO 1558.

HENRY VIII.—THE DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES—"QUEEN JANE"—MARY.

In 1509 **Henry VIII.** came to the throne; and during his reign events which were most important for all England, and also for London, took place. It was at this time that the great *monasteries*, or religious houses, were broken up, and the lands and property of the monks and nuns were taken by the Crown or given away to the king's friends. Among the most important of the religious houses was the ancient monastery of **St. Bartholomew** in Smithfield. It is impossible to regret the result of the king's quarrel with the Pope in so far as it concerned St. Bartholomew; for the buildings and the wealth of the monastery were in this case turned to a noble use—namely, to the founding of the great Hospital of St. Bartholomew that still stands on the same site as the monastery, and which for nearly 400 years has been giving aid to the sick and injured in the very centre of London.

The Priory of St. Bartholomew was not the only great London monastery which was turned to other and better uses; the monastery of the **Grey Friars**, in Newgate Street, was broken up, and the land and buildings became the property of the Crown. A few years later, in the reign of Edward VI., that famous school known as **Christ's**

Hospital was established where the Grey Friars' monastery had been. Yet another great school owes its beginning to the breaking up of the monasteries by Henry VIII. This is the famous school of **The Charterhouse,** which took the place of the Carthusian monks in 1611. For 260 years the Charterhouse lived and flourished as a London school; but it has been thought well to move it from London, and in September, 1872, it was started again at the new home on the breezy, heath-covered common near Godalming, in Surrey. Along with the Grey Friars went the **White Friars,** who lived in that part of the City between Fleet Street and the river, through which runs a street still bearing the ancient name of White-friars Street. The **Black Friars,** who lived in a great walled enclosure a little to the east, were also turned out; but their memory is still kept alive by names which are familiar to all Londoners—Blackfriars Road and Blackfriars Bridge.

We have seen that two of the duties which we now consider must be undertaken by every town for the benefit and convenience of its inhabitants had already been undertaken by the Londoners before the time about which we are now reading. In the reign of Henry IV. we hear again of a London water supply; in the reign of Henry V. we read how the lighting of the streets was begun; and how, in the reign of Henry III., 162 years earlier,[1] the watching of the streets by constables was commenced. We now have to take another step in advance: In the reign of Henry VIII. we first hear of London streets being paved. The pavement was rough, and the streets

[1] 1253.

were narrow; but the new state of things was a great improvement upon the old one, where the streets, even within the walls of London itself, were often nothing better than quagmires, through which the horses made their way fetlock deep in mud. It was only natural that with the improvement of the street paving should come an improvement in the methods of getting about the streets. Just as in our own day level streets and wood and asphalt pavements have led to carriages and cabs with indiarubber tyres, and to bicycles with pneumatic tyres, so the paved streets of London in the year 1563 led to the introduction of coaches, which up to that time had been unknown, or, at any rate, had been confined to a very few rich persons.

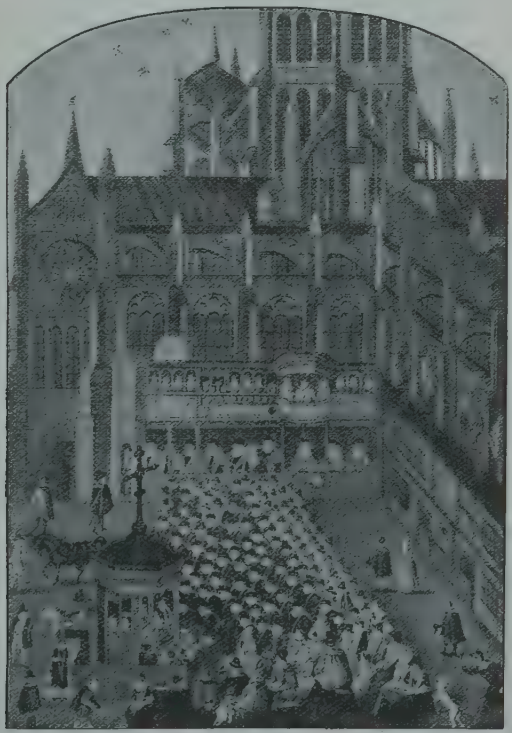
In 1553 **Edward VI.** died, and London became the scene of the ten days' reign of poor **Queen Jane—Lady Jane Grey,** as she is usually called. On July 6th, 1553, Queen Jane was proclaimed as the rightful sovereign in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. Ten days later, to the sound of the same trumpets, the same officers proclaimed **Mary Tudor,** sister of the late king, as the true queen; and poor Jane, deprived of the crown she had never sought and did not value, was made a close prisoner in the Tower; whence, seven months later, on February 12th, 1554, she was led to execution on the green in front of the Chapel of "St. Peter ad Vincula," in the Tower, her young husband, Guilford Dudley, having suffered the same fate a few hours before on Tower Hill.

The cause of Lady Jane had been from the outset a hopeless one, for **Queen Mary** was still almost unknown to the English people, and the

marriage with Philip of Spain, which was so unpopular, had not taken place. In the country, it is true, there was a rising in favour of the Protestant queen, and Sir Thomas Wyatt with a considerable body of followers actually reached the walls of London. But the Londoners stood by Queen Mary, and Wyatt received neither help nor welcome from them. His troops were dispersed, and he himself was taken prisoner and executed. But, though at the beginning of her reign Mary could count the Londoners among her friends, five years later, when she lay on her death-bed, she had scarcely a friend in the great city. It was during these sad years that the citizens of London became familiar with the sight of men and women burnt to death for their religion in Smithfield and other parts of the city.

The burning of men for their religion did not actually begin with the reign of Queen Mary, nor did it cease with her death; but the persecution that marked her reign was more hateful to Englishmen than any which disgraced our country before or since. In the first place, the number of those who were put to death or otherwise punished was very large; and, in the second place, it was believed by the Londoners and by Englishmen generally that the Spanish king and his Spanish friends were the Queen's advisers. The idea of being ruled or dictated to in any way by foreigners has always been greatly disliked by Englishmen. Hence the good will which the people of London had entertained for Queen Mary when she ascended the throne was exchanged for bitter hatred; and the citizens who had

refused to cheer for Queen Jane, who had welcomed Queen Mary, and who had barred the streets against Sir Thomas Wyatt, were ready almost with one voice to hail **Elizabeth** as queen when she rode into London on the 23rd of November, 1558.



PREACHING AT ST. PAUL'S CROSS EARLY IN THE 17TH CENTURY.
From a Print in the British Museum.

CHAPTER XI.

LONDON FROM 1558 TO 1666.

PLAGUE AND FIRE—THE REBUILDING OF THE CITY —SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

THE history of London during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is marked by many improvements intended to promote the comfort and health of the citizens. We have already seen how a beginning was made at a much earlier date in such matters as lighting the streets and the supply of water. The improvement of the pavements increased the number of carriages; the supply of water in the City led to a demand for it in other places, and in 1613, in the reign of James I., the first of the great London water companies, which still bears the name of the **New River Company**, brought a regular supply of water through pipes from the "**New River**" which runs from Chadwell, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, to Islington, in the north of London.

Meanwhile attempts were made to prevent the too rapid growth of the city, and as early as 1580 Elizabeth issued proclamations forbidding the building of additional houses in or near London. But, though these proclamations were repeated on several occasions, nothing could stop the natural

growth of the great city, and suburbs grew up outside the walls in such places as Spitalfields, Holborn, on the banks of the Old Bourne, and Wapping.

It has almost always been found impossible to stop the growth of a great city, whatever laws may be passed with the object of preventing it. It usually happens, however, that when houses are built in defiance of the law they are badly built, because those who erect them are afraid lest the law should interfere and destroy their work. They therefore occupy as little ground as they can, and build as cheaply as they can, and the consequence is that the buildings are overcrowded and ill constructed.

Indeed, although attempts were made from time to time to improve London, to give it better water, to pave the streets, to make the citizens secure, and to stop overcrowding, the improvements altogether failed to keep pace with the growth of the city. At the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign the houses were still for the most part built of wood, the streets were narrow, and the overhanging upper storeys of the houses made them narrower still. There were no proper drains; and though, as we have seen, attempts had been made to supply pure water to some parts of the city, the greater number of the inhabitants still depended upon rain water or upon water from wells and open streams, which were impure and unwholesome. Wooden houses always meant the danger of fire; narrow streets, bad drainage, impure water, and dirt meant still greater danger, the danger of disease. It is hardly possible in these days to realise how many and how terrible were

the attacks of plague of one kind or another which visited London at intervals for more than four hundred years.

The most terrible of all these attacks is famous in history as "*The Great Plague of London*," but it must not be supposed that the terrible pestilence which carried away over a hundred thousand people in the reign of Charles II. came without warning upon the citizens of London. On the contrary, the Great Plague was the third outbreak within less than seventy years. In 1603, the year in which **James I.** became king, 30,000 persons are reported to have died of the plague in London. Twenty-two years later an even greater number are said to have been cut down; but it was not till 1665 that the most terrible visitation of all took place.

The history of that sorrowful time has been written by more than one writer who lived through it; **Samuel Pepys** and **John Evelyn** have both told us the story. We read how the houses of those who were afflicted with the terrible disease were closed, and no one allowed to enter or leave them, and how on the outside of each house a red cross was painted up, and underneath it the words, "The Lord have mercy upon us." We read how great bonfires were lighted in the deserted streets, in the hope of burning away the contagion; how at last it became almost impossible, by the payment of any price, to find men who were bold enough to undertake to bury the dead; how great plague pits were opened, into which the bodies were thrust by hundreds; and how, finally, the disease was carried to far-off country villages by Londoners flying

from their homes, and in some cases half the population of some little village was carried off.

We may read, too, a brighter side of the same story; we may read how, through all this time of terror, when no man knew when he went out in the morning whether he might not be struck down by the pestilence ere night, there were brave men and women who faced the danger, who refused to desert their fellow citizens or to neglect their duty, and who made it possible for the people of the great city to go on through this terrible time without altogether losing heart or breaking out into crime and disorder.

King Charles II. moved with his court during the early days of the plague, first of all to Hampton Court and afterwards to Salisbury. Pepys tells us how he went to see the court set off on their journey. It was, of course, most necessary that the King should not run any risk of taking the infection, as, had he done so, it would have greatly increased the despair and suffering of the people. So he was quite wise to go away.

Since the year 1665 there has been no such great outbreak in London; but in other parts of the world exactly the same kind of plague which destroyed so many of our countrymen in the reign of King Charles II. has broken out, and has carried off thousands of victims. In the British colony of Hong Kong, and in India, the plague has raged with terrible effect, and all the doctors who have studied it agree in saying that it is exactly the same disease as that which visited London two and a half centuries ago. Nor is this all. They agree that it springs now from the

same source as that from which it sprang in this country, namely, dirt; and that the only way to prevent the outbreak of plague in Hong Kong or Bombay, or anywhere else, is to win a victory in the battle against dirt and overcrowding, which the people of London were compelled to begin in the year 1666, and which they have been carrying on, happily with great success, to the present day.

We have said that, owing to its overcrowding and bad building, London had two great enemies to fear, namely, *Plague* and *Fire*. No sooner had the last and fiercest attack of pestilence spent its fury than the unfortunate city of London suffered from the most terrible fire that has ever devastated any city. On the 2nd of September, 1666, the fire broke out at a house in *Pudding Lane*, near Fish Street Hill, London Bridge, and rapidly spread in every direction, favoured by the strong wind, and fed by the dry wooden houses which bordered the narrow streets. Here is the account given of what befel, by John Evelyn, a citizen of London, a careful observer, and a clear and able writer, who was an eye-witness of the terrible scenes which he describes:—

"*2 Sept. This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Street, in London.*

"*I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water side: all the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now con-*

sumed; and so returned, exceedingly astonished what would become of the rest.

"*The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly.*

"*The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting even to save their goods: such a strange consternation there was upon them: so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with*

morables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away.

"*Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as, happily, the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and crackling, the thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation nearly fifty-six miles in length.*"

Terrible as was the Great Fire, there can be no doubt that it was in one sense "a blessing in disguise." The narrow streets and ill-built houses which had so long sheltered and nursed the plague in their dirty recesses, were now swept away by the blast of the great furnace over a space of 436 acres. No King, no parliament, no Lord Mayor would ever have dared to lay a whole city level with the ground, even with the best object in view. Even an enemy would scarcely have been heartless enough to burn 13,000 dwelling houses[1] and to drive the inhabitants

[1] Eighty-nine churches, the city gates, Guildhall, public buildings, hospitals, and libraries were also destroyed.

into the fields. And yet there can be no doubt that this immense destruction of the old houses was the best and most thorough cure for the plague that could have been thought of. Not only were the dirty and decaying buildings reduced to ashes, and the haunts of the disease laid open to the sky; but an opportunity was given to the citizens of rebuilding their city, such as has rarely been given to the people of any ancient and long-established town. It cannot, unfortunately, be said that the Londoners made the very best use of their opportunity, or that they rebuilt their city in as stately and convenient a form as they might have done; but in many respects there was undoubtedly a great improvement.

In the very same year as the Fire an Act for a new model of building in *The City* was passed by Parliament, and streets of new houses, now for the most part built of stone or brick, began to rise from the dismal ashes of what had been the ancient *City of London*.

It is to be regretted that in rebuilding the centre of the city care was not taken to straighten and widen the streets, which had always been narrow and tortuous. For the most part, those who were charged with the work of rebuilding were content to follow the old lines, and to raise up new streets which were neither wider nor straighter than those which had gone before them, and whose names they kept. Now that land in the City is so costly that more than £45[1] has sometimes to be paid for a square foot of it, it is difficult, and well-nigh impossible, to widen such narrow

[1] The rate of purchase of land in Threadneedle Street in 1899.

streets as Cornhill and Threadneedle Street, or to straighten such a curved line as that of Bishopsgate Street. But in the year 1666 such improvements could have been made without much trouble.

The work of rebuilding was, for the most part, done under the direction of a very famous man, namely, **Christopher Wren**—afterwards **Sir Christopher Wren**—whose name will ever be remembered as the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral. This great architect was in favour of making a proper use of the opportunity which the fire had given. He wished to build broad, straight streets, and to make quays on the riverside, and thus to carry out the idea of our own Thames Embankment two hundred years before that beautiful work was actually begun.

But Wren was not allowed to have his way, and perhaps it was really impossible to make such great changes. Tens of thousands of people had been turned out of their homes, and it was necessary to provide them with a roof over their heads and a place to carry on their business before winter set in. Hundreds of small houses were hastily built on the foundations of the old ones, and Wren's plan for beautifying the city had to be abandoned. If, however, he could not plan whole streets, and build the dwelling-houses on either side of them, he could, in accordance with the orders of Parliament, design the many new churches which it was decided should be erected. This work he performed with great success. No less than thirty-six churches were built from his designs, and most of them are standing to this day. Among them

the most famous are the great cathedral of **St. Paul**, of which we may read more at length elsewhere in this book; the churches of **St. Bride**, Fleet Street; **St. James**, Piccadilly; **St. Martin**, Ludgate Hill; **St. Mary-le-Bow (Bow Church)** in Cheapside; **St. Stephen**, Walbrook; and **St. Swithin by London Stone**, Cannon Street.

It was Wren also who designed **The Monument**, the tall column which rises to a height of 202 feet at the bottom of Fish Street Hill, and which is 202 feet from the site of the house in Pudding Lane where the Great Fire of London began.

THE MONUMENT.
Commemorating the Great Fire of London.

CHAPTER XII.

LONDON DURING THE COMMONWEALTH—1649 TO 1660.

THE "TRAINED BANDS"—THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF CHARLES I.—WHITEHALL—THE RETURN OF GENERAL MONK.

In following the history of plague and fire we have gone over a period of many years, and have reached the days of **Charles II.**, when Wren and his pupils were busily engaged in building up the city, after the terrible disaster of 1666. We must not forget, however, that during the thirty-five years that passed between the accession of **Charles I.**, and the restoration to the throne of his son, Charles II., great events had taken place in England. The Civil War between King and Parliament had broken out, battles had been fought between Englishmen on English soil; the King of England had been tried and executed; and the House of Commons had, for a time, tried to govern the country by itself, without either King or House of Lords. **Cromwell** had come to Westminster with his soldiers, had turned the House of Commons out of doors, and had made himself "*Lord Protector*," a king in all but the name, and one of the most powerful rulers England has ever known. At last, twenty-one months after Cromwell's death, the fortunes

of the Royal party, which had been so long at a low ebb, had revived, and on the 26th of May, 1660, **Charles II.** had landed at Dover, and "the King enjoyed his own again."

London felt the full force of the storm which had so long raged throughout England. In London, as everywhere else, men took sides for or against King or Parliament. There were many staunch Cavaliers among the Londoners, but the majority of the citizens were, no doubt, upon the side of the Parliament. Charles I. had made himself unpopular in the capital, and moreover the Puritan party was strong within the city. Throughout the Civil War, therefore, the Londoners were generally to be found on the side of the Parliament, and large sums were contributed by its people towards the expenses of the Parliamentary army. Not only was money contributed, but the London Trained Bands actually did good service in the field under Essex and other Parliamentary generals.[1]

An interesting description of the behaviour of The Trained Bands at the battle of Newbury[2] has been given by Clarendon, the historian of the Civil War. "*The London Trained Bands*," says he, "*of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service beyond the easy practice of their posture in the artillery garden, men had till then too cheap an estimation, behaved themselves to wonder, and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day, for they stood as a bulwark and rampire*[3]

[1] The London Trained Bands were volunteers raised within *The City* for the common defence. They were established in 1585, at a time when the country was alarmed by the prospect of an attack by the Spanish Armada, and the regiments had been maintained ever since, at the expense of the citizens.

[2] 1643. [3] *Rampire* = rampart, defence.

to defend the rest: and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily that, though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about; of so sovereign benefit and use is that readiness, order, and dexterity in the use of their arms which had been so much neglected." This praise and advice, given by Clarendon, who was himself on the King's side, to these stout citizen soldiers may serve as a lesson and an encouragement alike to London Volunteers at the present day.

We all know of one famous Londoner who was a soldier in the Trained Bands, for who has not read the moving history of John Gilpin? In the very first verse of that history we learn that:

> "John Gilpin was a citizen,
> Of credit and renown.
> A Train-band captain eke was he,
> Of famous London town."

It was in London that the great tragedy of the struggle between King and Parliament took place. On the 20th of January, 1649, a "*High Court*" was called together by Parliament for the trial of Charles, King of England. At the head of it was a lawyer named Bradshaw. The trial took place in Westminster Hall, and a brass plate let into the floor at the upper end of the hall marks the place where the King sat before his judges. The charge against the fallen King was stated plainly enough: "*Charles Stuart, King of England,*" so it ran, "*the Commons of England, being deeply sensible of the calamities that have been brought upon this nation,*

which are fixed upon you as the principal author of them, have resolved to make inquisition for blood; and, according to that debt and due they owe to justice, to God, the kingdom, and themselves, they have resolved to bring you to trial and judgment; and for that purpose have constituted this High Court of Justice before which you are brought."

The trial lasted several days. Charles bore himself with courage and dignity. The eyes of all men were fixed upon him in his last hours, and pity and admiration for his courage won him and his cause many friends, and made many who had been his enemies forget their enmity. But from the beginning the Court had made up its mind as to its sentence; and Bradshaw read that sentence in these words: "*That the Court, being satisfied in conscience that he, Charles Stuart, is guilty of the crimes of which he hath been accused, doth adjudge him as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy to the good people of the nation, to be put to death by severing his head from his body.*"

The King was sent a prisoner to St. James's Palace, where two of his children—Henry and Elizabeth—were allowed to visit him. A touching account is given of the King's last parting from his children. On January 30th, when the snow was on the ground, the King, attended by Juxon, Bishop of London, was taken to the place of execution, outside the Banqueting Hall, Whitehall.

As we walk down Whitehall, from Charing Cross to Westminster, we pass a building on the left-hand side, about half-way down, which is now used by the members of the "*Royal United Service Institution*" as a museum for naval and military curiosities and objects of interest. For many

years this building was used as a royal chapel, but in the reign of Charles I. it fulfilled a purpose for which it had been built, and was a royal banqueting hall. Outside one of the windows in this hall a scaffold was erected; and hither, on a cold January day, when the snow lay on the ground, the King was brought to suffer the penalty which the High Court had decreed. The streets were thronged. Many there were, doubtless, who forgot their grievances against Charles, and whose hearts were moved with pity for the unfortunate King; but the soldiers, with their pikes and muskets, surrounded the scaffold, allowing no one to approach.

From the scaffold Charles spoke to those who could hear him. At the last moment Juxon said to him: "*There is but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider; it will carry you a great way even from earth to heaven.*" "*I go,*" replied the King, "*from a corruptible crown to an incorruptible, where no disturbance can take place.*"

He laid his head upon the block, and the executioner severed it at one stroke. Holding up the head in one hand, he cried, "Here is the head of a traitor!" The Army had triumphed, and their enemy was dead; but in his death he had done them more harm than he could do in his life. Bradshaw and his friends might look upon the King as a "*traitor*"; but, now that he was gone, the people of England began to look upon him as a "*martyr,*" and it might truly be said of him that "*nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it.*" From that day forward the Royalist party, though defeated and powerless for

a time, became stronger, till at last it became once more the strongest party in the land.

It is strange to notice how often events which have an important place in history, and which stand out plainly in after-times, pass almost unnoticed at the time among those who live close to the spot where the event takes place. Westminster School is but a few hundred yards from the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall. One would have thought that so terrible an event as the execution of a king in his own capital would have brought work of every kind to a standstill; but on this fatal 30th day of January the Westminster boys were kept close to their tasks, and went through their school day, as it seems, without any notice whatever being taken of the sorrowful event which was taking place so near them.

We have said that London favoured the Parliamentary cause; but it is probable that in London, as well as elsewhere, there were far more people in favour of any side which would give them peace and quiet than there were people ready to make great sacrifices for either King or Parliament. As long as **Cromwell** and his soldiers were the masters, these lukewarm people were quite willing to submit to the Lord Protector and support him; partly because they feared him, partly because he was able to keep the peace and enable them to do their business without interference.

When, however, Cromwell was dead, and his weak son Richard took his place, the Londoners, like other English people, began to change their tone. On January 3rd, 1660, **General Monk** arrived from Scotland, entered London, and declared in favour of a *Free Parliament*. Everybody knew

that a free Parliament meant the restoration of a king, and for this change the people of London were as ready as were most Englishmen. They looked on Monk as a deliverer; and when Charles entered London on his birthday,[1] five months later, the streets were everywhere lined by loyal and rejoicing citizens.

[1] May 29th.

MUSKETEER AND PIKEMAN OF THE 1ST REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS, 1660.

CHAPTER XIII.

LONDON FROM 1685 TO 1703.

THE HUGUENOTS IN LONDON—WILLIAM OF ORANGE —THE BANK OF ENGLAND—BILLINGSGATE.

We have now brought our history of London down to the middle of Charles II.'s reign, and it is at this point that we must now take it up again.

While in England the cause of Protestantism had by this time gained a complete victory over Roman Catholicism, the struggle between the two religious parties had ended quite differently in France. Henry IV., who, by his victory at the battle of *Ivry* in 1590, had made himself master of France, was himself a Protestant; and, though in order to obtain the crown of France he had consented to change the form of his religion and become a Roman Catholic, he remained until his death a staunch friend and protector of the Protestants in France. By an *edict* or proclamation published at Nantes[1] he promised to allow the Protestants to practise their religion without interference and to live unmolested on equal terms with other Frenchmen. Twelve years later,[2] however, Henry IV. was assassinated, and in him the French Protestants lost their only protector. In 1685 **Louis XIV.** was King of France; he himself was a Roman Catholic, and he was guided in his counsels by some of the bitterest enemies of the Protestants. In the first year of James II.'s reign[3] Louis took a step which had most important consequences both

[1] In the year 1598. [2] 1610. [3] 1685.

for his own country and for England. He *revoked* the *Edict of Nantes*, and thereby deprived the French Protestants of the protection of the law, and exposed them to shameful and cruel persecutions. It may here be asked what the act of the French king had to do with the history of England in general, or the history of London in particular. But, as will be seen, the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes" did, in fact, make a great difference to London, and conferred on that city a benefit which it still enjoys.

The French Protestants, or *Huguenots* as they were called, fearful for their lives, fled in thousands from their country. The nearest and the safest place of refuge was Protestant England, and to England accordingly they came. It is reckoned that no less than 100,000 manufacturers and workmen fled to England. The majority settled in London. Fortunately for London, the new comers, though many of them arrived in poverty and misery, brought with them riches of a kind most valuable to a busy, trading, and manufacturing city. The Huguenots were at that time in some respects the flower of the French population. They were industrious and educated, men for the most part of quiet and good lives, who asked for nothing better than to be allowed to pursue their own trades in peace in the country which had given them shelter. Many of them were skilled workmen, and among them were a number of silk weavers, masters of an art till then unknown in England.

The new comers settled down in many parts of the south of England, especially in London. The silk weavers founded a little colony in Spitalfields, and there started the industry of silk-weaving,

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.
(Photo by Frith & Co., Reigate.)

NEWGATE GAOL.

(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

which has lasted down to our own day, and in which at the present time a very large number of persons are employed.

It would undoubtedly be a mistake to leave out all mention of the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," for there can be no doubt that London owes a great debt to the Huguenots who, driven from their own country, gave the full benefit of their skill, their energy, and their industry to the country which adopted them. To this day there are scores of Huguenot names to be seen in London, and when we note over a shop or elsewhere such names as "Cousin," "Crespigny," "Houblon," Majendie," and "Portal," we may guess that the ancestors of those who bear them were Huguenots, and may carry back our memories to the early days of James II.'s reign, when King Louis XIV. of France, by an unjust act, did so much harm to his own country and so much good to ours.

We have said that in England, at any rate, the Protestants had won the day, and speaking of the people in general, and of the great majority of Londoners this is true. Those, however, who know their English history will remember that the reign of **James II.** was the reign of a Roman Catholic king, and that for a short time the struggle between Protestants and Roman Catholics broke out again, and only ended five years later in the defeat of James at the Battle of the Boyne.[1]

For a time, however, the difference of religion between the king and the Londoners led to tumult and excitement in the city, and the citizens were angry and alarmed when James assembled an army at Hounslow Heath, only ten miles from Hyde Park,

[1] 1690.

for the purpose of overawing them. The Londoners were not long in taking sides. When the Archbishop of Canterbury and six of the Bishops were sent to the Tower, half London came out into the streets to protest against the action of the king; and when at length the jury which had been summoned to try them gave their verdict of "Not Guilty," the huge crowds assembled in and around Westminster Hall shouted in triumph.

On the 5th of November, 1688, **William of Orange** landed at Torbay, and James fled from London. His flight was followed by serious riots, during which the London mob attacked the houses of the principal Roman Catholics; and order was only restored when William and Mary entered the city, welcomed by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and by the vast majority of the people. Nine thousand men were raised by the City of London for the service of the King and Queen, and at their own cost the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and Common Council raised and maintained for six months a regiment of a thousand horse.

Charles II. and James II. had taken away from *The City of London* certain of its rights and charters. William III. restored them; and from that time forward we do not hear of any interference with the liberties of *The City* by the Crown, although there have been instances during the last two hundred years in which Parliament has deprived *The City* of some of its ancient rights, not in order to punish *The City*, but in order to benefit the people of that greater London which now surrounds *The City*, and which contains over four and a-half million people.[1]

[1] See Chapter XXXII.

The year 1694 is an important date for London. In that year **The Bank of England** was founded. From the date of its foundation the Bank of England has always been one of the most important, if not the most important, bank in the world, and the written promise made by the Governor of the Company of the Bank of England to pay *five pounds on demand*, a promise which we call a "*five pound note*," is as good as five golden sovereigns, because everyone knows that what the Bank of England promises it will duly perform.

At the end of the seventeenth century, in the year 1699, a free market for the sale of fish was opened at **Billingsgate**, and for a century and a half no other fish market existed in London. In 1703, the second year of **Queen Anne**, an event took place which serves to remind us that London is not altogether safe from those terrible calamities which sometimes overwhelm foreign cities, but which we are accustomed to think never visit our shores. On the 16th of November,[1] a terrible hurricane broke upon the city. Seven hundred people lost their lives, many of the ships lying in the Pool were sunk, over sixty barges were driven against London Bridge and smashed to pieces, and so great was the destruction wrought by the wind among the houses that the damage was said to have amounted to £2,000,000. The next time we read of some terrible hurricane in the West Indies or the China seas, it will be interesting to remember that, though these calamities do not often occur in our northern latitudes, the experience of 1703 remains to prove that we are by no means certain to be always preserved from them.

[1] 26th new style.

CHAPTER XIV.

LONDON FROM 1703 TO 1771.

COAL AND WINE DUES — "THE 'FORTY-FIVE" — BRIDGE BUILDING—THE CITY AND PARLIAMENT

THE long period of peace and tranquillity at home which followed the accession of **William and Mary** were favourable to the growth of London, which at the beginning of the eighteenth century had a population of about a million. As a proof of the rapidity with which the increase had taken place, we learn that in 1711 there were reported to be no less than 200,000 persons for whom no church accommodation was provided. It is to be feared that in London at the present day a far larger number of persons are in the condition which was thought to be so serious in the time of Queen Anne; and, with all its wealth, London seems quite unable to furnish a sufficient number of churches and chapels for the millions who live in it.

But at the time of which we are speaking the building of churches was still thought to be a work which might fairly be paid for by all the citizens, and not left, as it now is, to private benevolence. An Act of Parliament was passed by which it was provided that fifty new churches should be built in London; and it was further provided that, in order to obtain the money required for the work, the City might put a tax of 2s. a chauldron upon all coal coming into the Port of London.

The churches were built, and many of them are in use at the present day. But after they were completed the tax was still levied; in fact, the *Coal Dues*, as the tax was called, together with the *Wine Dues*, were not done away with until the years 1890 and 1889 respectively. For more than 150 years they annually produced a large sum of money, and this money was for the most part spent by the Corporation in building bridges and making other improvements in London. The revenue from the coal dues had reached £450,000 a year.

Considerable progress was made at this time in the lighting and watching of London. In 1716 an order was made that every householder should place a light outside his door from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. But it was soon discovered that the lighting of a great town is one of those things which can be done much cheaper and much better by a few persons whose business it is to satisfy the wants of the public, than by the owners of the houses each of them doing his separate share. And thus we find that only twenty years later a change was made, and the present plan of making people pay "rates" for putting up street lamps and keeping them in order was adopted.

The year 1745, "The 'Forty-five" as it is usually called, was a marked year in the history of England. For the last time in our history an armed enemy penetrated into the heart of England, and London itself was threatened. The danger, it is true, was not great, for when on the 4th of December, 1745, the Pretender, with the remains of his little army at his back, reached Derby, his power was broken, and nothing was left for him but the chance of a successful retreat into Scotland.

For a few weeks the Jacobites hoped, and perhaps believed, that London would rise on behalf of the Stuarts, and it is said that King **George II.** had already begun to make preparations for flight.

But it soon became clear that the Londoners had no intention whatever of plunging once more into civil war, and that though they had no great love for their Hanoverian king, they had still less for the young man who was marching southwards at the head of a few thousand Highlanders, and whose chief hope of success lay in the support which he expected to obtain from the King of France. The Stuart kings had brought neither peace nor prosperity to London, and the busy, hard-working Londoners, who at last were able to do their business, and to make money without interference, were in no hurry to change a government which treated them so well.

But though the advance of the Pretender ceased to be dangerous as soon as it became clear that London would do nothing for the Stuarts, great alarm was felt for a few days. The reports of the King's intended flight spread rapidly through the town, and, fearful lest the Government should be overthrown, men began to withdraw their money from the Bank of England. The fears of the few spread to the many, and a "run upon the bank" soon began. Those who had put money into it hastened to demand payment, fearing lest they should be too late, and should find that others, more fortunate and more alert, had cleared out all the gold in the bank coffers.

In order to stop the "run" the Governor and Company of the Bank adopted a plan which was really a trick, but one that served the purpose

for which it was intended. A number of persons were entrusted by the Directors with bank-notes, and were told to come to the bank and ask to be paid the value of their notes in money, just as if they were ordinary customers. Instead, however, of taking the money in sovereigns, they said they would rather have it in sixpences, and the cashiers, knowing who they were, and understanding the reason of their request, were only too ready to make the payment in the form demanded. It does not take long to pay £100 in a hundred golden sovereigns, but to pay £100 in 4,000 silver sixpences is a very long business, especially when neither the person who pays the money nor the person who receives it has any reason to be in a hurry, but, on the contrary, is prepared to spend much time over the operation. The trick was successful, time was gained, and those who were in such a haste to withdraw their money soon saw that the danger was not so great as they imagined, but that, after all, the money was quite as safe in the bank as it would be in their own pockets.

Only on one occasion since the year 1745 has the Bank of England been in really great danger, namely, in the terrible year 1797, when the sailors of the Fleet mutinied, and the country appeared within reach of invasion. But of this we shall have more to say when we come to speak of what befell at the end of the century.

During the next fifty years, the condition of London was gradually improved in many ways. There was much indeed to be done, and at the present day, when Londoners are accustomed to look upon the many conveniences which they enjoy as a matter of course, it is hard to imagine how

people could have lived in such a condition of things as is described by the writers of the 18th century.

But though there was much room for improvement, much was done. In 1750 a new bridge was completed at **Westminster**, and three years later **Blackfriars Bridge** was begun. If we stand near Blackfriars Bridge we can see in the Embankment wall under the bridge, on the north side, a stone archway. This is the mouth of the Fleet River, long known as the Fleet Ditch, which lay like an open sewer, poisoning the air between Fleet Street and the bottom of Ludgate Hill. Advantage was taken of the building of the new bridge to cover in the Fleet Ditch, and thus to put an end to what had long been a public offence and a danger to health.

In 1760, the first year of the reign of **George III.** the whole of the remaining city gates, with the exception of **Temple Bar**, were ordered to be sold and pulled down. **Aldgate**, **Cripplegate**, and **Ludgate** were among the number, and their names only remain to show that there was once a real barrier between *The City* and the great town which had sprung up outside it.

During the long wars which lasted almost without a break through the last half of the 18th century and the first fifteen years of the 19th, the **Corporation of London** on more than one occasion came forward as the champion of the rights and liberties of the citizens. In old days it was against **The King** that the battle had to be fought. But now it was **Parliament** that sought to play the part of a tyrant. In the year 1771 a quarrel broke out between the House of Commons, on the one hand,

and the Lord Mayor and Corporation, on the other.

At that time the House of Commons claimed the right to forbid any person to print an account of the debates which took place in Parliament, without special leave being given. A statement made by one of the members, Colonel Onslow, was, however, printed in two newspapers. Colonel Onslow declared that what he had said was misrepresented, that the owners and printers of the papers were to blame, and that an offence had been committed against the "*privileges*" of the House of Commons. The publishers of the two papers, Wheble and Miller by name, were summoned to appear before the House to answer for their misconduct, and the Speaker of the House of Commons issued a warrant or order for the arrest of the offenders. Wheble was brought up before the alderman sitting at the Guildhall, who immediately discharged the prisoner, and gave orders that the person who had brought him before the Court should be prosecuted and punished for venturing to arrest a citizen of London without a lawful warrant.[1]

Miller, the other publisher, was seized by the order of a messenger of the House of Commons, and handed over to a constable, and brought before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor and aldermen declared that an

[1] The alderman was *John Wilkes*, who had become famous on account of the long struggle which he had kept up with the House of Commons, to which he had been elected a member, and from which he had been expelled by a vote of the House. He had at length been allowed to take his seat. There can be no doubt that the recollection of his old quarrels made Alderman Wilkes particularly ready to come forward as the champion of the liberties of Londoners against the House of Commons, which had been his enemy for so many years.

offence had been committed against the privileges of *The City*, and that no person or body of persons in the kingdom, not even the House of Commons itself, had the right to arrest a citizen of London in *The City*, save upon the warrant or order of one of *The City* magistrates. They declared that the arrest was illegal; they ordered the House of Commons messenger to come up for trial at the next session at Guildhall, and gave him notice that if he did not find bail he would be sent to Newgate Gaol.

On hearing the news the members of the House of Commons were excessively angry, and the Lord Mayor and one of the aldermen, both of whom happened to be members of the House of Commons, were summoned to appear at the bar of the House. The Londoners, proud of their Lord Mayor, who had, as they thought, upheld their rights, escorted Mr. Crosby, the Lord Mayor, and Alderman Oliver to Westminster. A great discussion took place, and in the end the two magistrates were committed to the Tower, where they remained till the end of the session. On their release they were received with joy by their fellow citizens, they were escorted to the Mansion House, and shortly afterwards a resolution was passed by the liverymen of London to the following effect: "*That the Livery of London do desire the Common Council to present a silver cup to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of the value of two hundred pounds, with the City arms engraved thereon; and to the Aldermen, Wilkes and Oliver, similar cups to the value each of one hundred pounds, as marks of the gratitude of the citizens for their upright conduct in the*

affair of the printers, and for supporting the City charters."

It is not necessary to judge between the House of Commons and the Corporation, or to tell the whole story of the differences which arose out of the case of Wheble and Miller. But it is fair to say that lovers of law and liberty have reason to be grateful to the Corporation of London for having dared to oppose the House of Commons when it sought to act in a lawless and tyrannical manner. History teaches us that it is not only kings or powerful nobles who use great power for their own ends, and in defiance of the law, but that those who represent the people, and who ought, above all things, to protect the liberties of the people, are sometimes false to their trust, and become oppressors instead of protectors.

OLD HOUSES IN HOLBORN.
(Photo by York & Son, Notting Hill, W.)

CHAPTER XV.

LONDON FROM 1779 TO 1815.

THE LORD GEORGE GORDON RIOTS—THE MUTINY OF THE FLEET—TRAFALGAR—WATERLOO.

THE year 1779 was a terrible and eventful year for London, for it is marked by the outbreak of the dangerous disturbance known as the **Lord George Gordon Riots.** Parliament had just passed a wise and just law allowing Roman Catholics the free exercise of their religion. For many years this right had been denied them. The part taken by the Roman Catholics in helping the cause of the Stuarts, and their habit of relying upon the aid of foreign Powers and foreign armies for assistance, had made them both unpopular and suspected; and, although it is always wrong to punish people for their religious opinions, it is not to be wondered at that the Protestant people of England should have sought, sometimes by violent means, to protect themselves from those whom they firmly believed were plotting against both their Government and their religion.

It was, perhaps, too much to expect, that as long as the country was in real danger of civil war or invasion, the laws against the Roman Catholics should be altered or repealed. In 1779, however, **George III.** was undisputed king, the cause of Protestantism, as far as England was concerned, was safe, and though the country was engaged in war, the fighting was all across the

sea in distant lands, and on distant seas. Parliament, therefore, only did what was just and reasonable when it gave back to the Roman Catholics the right to conduct their services freely in their own churches. There was, however, a large party among the Protestants who disapproved of what had been done, and who declared that any alteration in the severe laws which had been made against the Roman Catholics was a betrayal of the Protestant cause.

In London this party was particularly strong. A young nobleman named **Lord George Gordon** put himself at the head of the malcontents, and, followed by a mob of 30,000 persons, made his way to the House of Commons, bearing a petition praying that the new Act might be repealed. The House of Commons refused to receive the petition, and the crowd, excited by the speeches of their leaders, soon broke out into open riot. For days the streets of London were disgraced by shameful scenes of violence. Many of the Roman Catholic chapels were destroyed, Newgate Gaol was attacked and burned, many private houses were broken into and sacked, the Judges were threatened, the Bank of England was attacked, and more than thirty fires broke out in the streets. Nor was this the worst. The public-houses and spirit stores were broken open, and, infuriated by the intoxicating spirit, the rioters lost all control over themselves, and ranged through the city like wild beasts. The spirit escaping into the gutters caught fire, and many persons overcome by drink were actually burnt to death as they lay in the gutter, down which the fiery stream poured.

For four days the Government were powerless to stop the rioting. The soldiers were called out into the streets, but no one dared to give them the order to fire. At length the order came, and the troops began to fire in earnest. The effect was great and immediate: the crowds melted away, the rioting ceased, and order was restored. There can be but little doubt that had the Government acted firmly at the outset, and used their power before the rioters had made themselves masters of the town, much bloodshed and loss would have been avoided. No less than 600 persons were killed during the riots. Thirty-five of the rioters were tried and hanged. Lord George Gordon himself was arrested and imprisoned in the Tower. Seven months later he was put on his trial before the Court of King's Bench on a charge of high treason, but was acquitted and escaped with his life.

Happily the violence of the rioters was not allowed to alter the decision of Parliament, and the Act which had led to the outbreak was not repealed. Londoners have long forgotten the dark days of 1779, and no trace of the violence of the rioters who followed Lord George Gordon can now be seen. But many thousands of Londoners must have pictured to themselves the events of those few days, for they are described in one of the most famous books of one of London's most famous writers. In "*Barnaby Rudge*" Charles Dickens has painted a wonderful picture of the Lord George Gordon Riots, and to his pages we should turn if we wish to read the story, and to follow the fortunes of Lord George himself, the half-mad leader; of his wild followers; of

Varden, the honest locksmith, forced to accompany the rioters on their lawless expedition; of pretty Dolly Varden, the locksmith's daughter; of Mr. Haredale, the magistrate; of Simon Tappertit, the apprentice; and lastly of poor Barnaby Rudge, with his faithful raven.

From the death of Walpole, in 1745, to the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, England was engaged in war almost continuously. Victory and defeat alternately attended our arms. In 1759 all London rejoiced over the news of British triumphs in every part of the world. William Pitt,[1] the great Minister who had guided the country with such success through the storm, was the honoured guest of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and for a time "it rained gold snuff-boxes" upon the successful statesman.

Twenty-four years later, and the citizens of London learnt with concern, but scarcely with surprise, that the independence of the North American Colonies, declared by George Washington in 1776, had been recognised by the British Government. Fighting single-handed against half Europe, England had barely held her own against her enemies; and heavy taxation and the loss of profitable trade were a grievous tax upon the people of London. When, on the top of so many other calamities, came the war with the revolted Colonies, the burden of the war became even heavier than before, and the Londoners loudly expressed their disapproval of it. Indeed, when at last the small British force in America was compelled to surrender to the French and to their American allies, it seemed as if the sun had set

[1] Afterwards Lord Chatham.

for ever on England's prosperity. But the darkest hour often comes before the dawn, and from this time forward the fortunes of the country began slowly to improve.

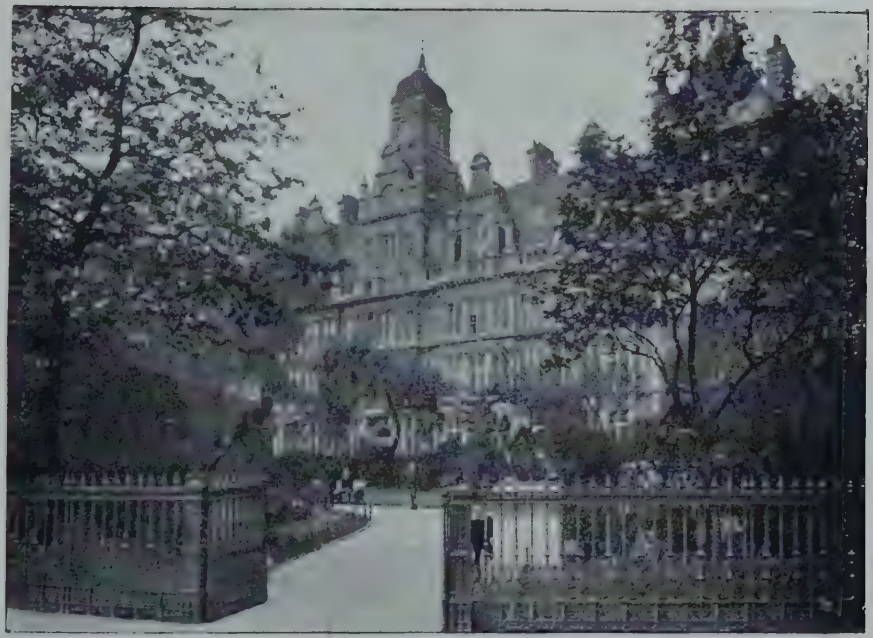
To Londoners the war which began in 1737, and lasted with only short intervals till 1815, came as a boon or a misfortune according to the nature of their employment and their station in life. The great growth of our Colonial Empire, the success of our Navy, the destruction of the trade of our enemies, brought wealth to those who were engaged in commerce. On the other hand, the heavy taxation which was necessary to carry on the war was borne with difficulty by those whom the war did not enrich. The high price of corn and other necessaries caused great suffering among the poor.

The press-gangs from the king's ships were a terror to Londoners, who were never safe from being seized and violently carried off to serve in the Navy. Misery caused discontent, discontent led to disorder; and to put down disorder harsh laws were passed, which often did more to increase the evils against which they were directed than to diminish them. Still, despite much suffering and some discontent, London was safe from foreign foes, and, protected by a powerful and vigilant Navy, continued to grow and to increase in wealth and in general prosperity. Dark days indeed there were, but happily they were followed by bright days, when the memories of past dangers were forgotten in the rejoicings of victory.

To tell the story of these long wars, with their ups and downs, their failures and successes, would be to tell the history of England, and for that

THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT. FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE.

(Photo by York & Son, Notting Hill, W.)



THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD OFFICES, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.
(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

there is no place in this book. But we must find room for one or two pictures which will help us to understand what terrible and stirring times our forefathers lived in.

Our first picture is a painful and gloomy one. It is painted in the year 1797. In that year the fortunes of Britain seem to have reached their lowest ebb. The only dependence of the country is upon the Navy, and now that defence seems to be failing. At Spithead and at the Nore lie two fleets of British ships. Outside the Texel, on the coast of Holland, is a third fleet engaged in blockading the enemy's squadron, which, once set free, will descend upon our coasts, and, it may be, land an army of disciplined soldiers fresh from victory on many a battlefield.

It is at this moment that the news reaches London that the crews of the ships at Portsmouth, discontented on account of what they consider to be the injustice of the Government towards them, and angry with some of their officers whom they accuse of undue severity, have broken out in open mutiny, have refused to obey orders, and have declined to go to sea. The firmness, good sense, and great personal influence of Lord Howe, the admiral who had won the victory of "the First of June," suffice to put an end to the mutiny at Portsmouth.

But hardly has the account of his success reached London when terrible news comes from the Nore. On May 23rd the fleet at the Nore has broken out in open mutiny, and the conduct of the men is much worse than that of their comrades at Portsmouth. Under the leadership of a seaman named Parker, the officers are sent

ashore or put under arrest; the Admiral's flag is hauled down, and that of the mutineers hoisted in its stead. Worst of all, the spirit of insubordination reaches the fleet which, under the orders of Admiral Duncan, is blockading the Texel. Of the fleet of blockading ships, all but two are seized by the mutineers, who carry them into the Thames to join Parker. The Admiral, on his flagship, the *Venerable*, accompanied only by a single vessel, the fifty-gun ship *Adamant*, is left to watch the Dutch fleet. Then, indeed, the fortunes of the country look dark. With the sea open, and a hostile fleet and army ready to sail from the Texel—not 200 miles from the Nore, and 125 miles only from Yarmouth Roads—it seems as if London, and, indeed, all England, is at the mercy of the enemy!

So thought the Londoners, and the alarm in the City became almost a panic. What could be done was done: batteries were put up on the banks of the Thames, and the gunners were ordered to fire upon the mutinous British ships and sink them if they should attempt to ascend the river. But it was poor comfort to be safe against the mutineers, if safety were to be bought by opening the door to the French; and the spirits of the Londoners sank very low.

Nowadays, so good is the credit of the British Government, so confident are the people of this country that they will be protected from invasion, that those who have money are ready to pay as much as £110 in return for a promise made by the British Government to pay them interest amounting to £2 15s. a year; but so great was the alarm in the year 1797, and so doubtful

were the people of England as to whether the Government would be able to protect them against invasion, that, though a much higher rate of interest than £2 15s. on every £100 was at that time paid by the Government for money which it had borrowed, those who had money would only give £45 in return for a promise by the Government to pay them £100 or the interest on £100.[1]

Fortunately the danger passed away. Many of the seamen were induced to return to their duty by promises that the grievances of which they complained should be remedied; the ringleaders were made prisoners, and some of them were hanged. Best of all, the ships which had left Admiral Duncan in the lurch returned to their stations, and there found the gallant Admiral still at his post. On October 11th the Dutch fleet escaped from the Texel, but was caught by Duncan ere it could join the French fleet at Brest. A fiercely contested battle was fought off **Camperdown**, and Duncan gained a complete victory, capturing eight or nine battleships, two 56-gun ships, and two frigates. Londoners breathed again, and never since those dark days have the British Funds fallen to 45.

Our next two pictures are painted in happier times. The first represents a scene in 1806, when **Nelson** had at last freed the country from the threat of invasion by destroying the great combined French and Spanish fleet off **Cape Trafalgar**. Nelson has paid for his victory with his life,

[1] In other words, the Government "*Funds*," or "*Consols*," as they are usually called, had fallen to £45, or 55 per cent. below par, while in recent years they have been as much as 15 per cent. *above par.*

and on the 9th of January the whole population of the capital has turned out into the streets to pay a tribute of respect to the body of the great sailor as it is borne through *The City* to its last resting place in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

From the Admiralty to St. Paul's the streets are lined by soldiers. The body of the Admiral, which has been lying in state at Greenwich Hospital, has been conveyed thence by water to Whitehall; it is borne on a magnificent funeral car. The Duke of York, son of the King, and younger brother of the Prince Regent, leads the procession. The pensioners of Greenwich Hospital and the crew of Nelson's own ship, *The Victory*, precede the coffin, which is at length borne into the Cathedral by eight seamen of *The Victory:* the pall covering the coffin is supported by six admirals and three lieutenants, former comrades in arms of Nelson. As the coffin is about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who stand round rush forward and seize the flag which covers it—it is *The Victory's* old white ensign—and tear it in pieces, in order that each may preserve a fragment in memory of their great leader, of whom they love to speak as "St. Nelson."

Our last picture is painted nine years later, in 1814, in the short interval of peace between the abdication of Buonaparte and his removal to Elba, and his return thence in the spring of 1815, to make his final effort against the peace of Europe, an effort which ended on June 18th on the battle-field of Waterloo.

The victorious armies of France had invaded in turn every country in Europe save Britain; but at last, after the terrible disaster to the

French army in Russia, the kings and princes of Europe had set aside their jealousies and differences, and had made common cause against the common enemy. The Emperor had been driven from his throne, and the sovereigns of Europe had met in London to celebrate their victory.

The streets of London are decorated to welcome no less than three sovereigns—**Alexander** (Czar of Russia), **Francis** (Emperor of Austria), and **Frederick William** (King of Prussia). A great banquet is given in the ancient Guildhall. The **Prince Regent**, afterwards George IV., entertains the guests, for the poor King is now mad and can no longer appear in public. Many a famous name is included in the list of guests. **Arthur, Duke of Wellington**, whose crowning victory at Waterloo is yet to come; **Blucher**, the fiery Prussian General who was to bring aid to the Duke at the time of need; **Platoff**, the Russian General of Cossacks, who had helped to chase the wreck of the French army across the frozen plains of Russia. These and many others are met together on this memorable occasion. It is nearly the last, but not quite the last, chapter in the long story of war which was so familiar to our forefathers for five-and-twenty long years, and which was happily closed in 1815.

CHAPTER XVI.

LONDON FROM 1817 TO THE PRESENT DAY.

THE REFORM ACT—LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

THIRTY-NINE years of peace followed the Battle of Waterloo, and during these and the succeeding years London began to make up gradually the ground which had been lost during the war. There was much to be done. Old laws which had been passed in times of danger, but which, if they had ever been of any value, were now useless, had to be done away with. The streets were crowded, ill-built, and unhealthy, the prisons were still in a disgraceful condition, and many of the laws under which people were sent to these prisons were barbarous and unworthy of a civilised country.

But the evils from which a great city suffers cannot be cured in a day, and it was only slowly and by degrees that improvements took place. Many of the changes that took place were the result of Acts of Parliament which affected the whole of the United Kingdom, and therefore need not be specially mentioned in a book about London. Such were the Acts brought in by Lord Macintosh by which the cruel punishments inflicted upon persons guilty of small offences were done away with, and replaced by penalties more fitted to the crime. Such also was the great **Reform Act** of 1832, by which five hundred thousand persons were given

the right to vote for members of Parliament, and in consequence of which the House of Commons became for the first time really representative of the people.

Such were the laws by which the full rights of citizens were given to the Roman Catholics, Nonconformists, and Jews; and such was the great **Education Act** of 1870, by which all parents were compelled to send their children to school, and which at the same time provided good schools in all parts of the country to which the children could go. To no town in the United Kingdom has the Education Act proved more useful than to London, as we shall see if we read Chapter xxxvi. of this book.

Meanwhile, the improvement in the laws was accompanied by an improvement in the streets and houses, in the conveniences for travelling, and in the means of keeping peace and good order among the millions who lived in the great capital. In 1817 **Waterloo Bridge** was opened; and in 1825 the first stone of new **London Bridge** the bridge which we now know was laid, and was completed in 1831, under the direction of the famous engineer, Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Rennie.

In 1823 cabs began to ply for hire in the streets. Five years later turnpikes were done away with in London, and people were allowed to drive freely through the streets without being continually stopped and made to pay toll. The removal of the turnpikes was quickly followed by the starting of omnibuses,[1] and the cheapness and convenience of the new carriages at once made them popular and their success certain. In

[1] 1829.

1838 the first train on the London and Birmingham Railway (now the London and North-Western) steamed out of Euston Station. The journey occupied four hours and three-quarters, and cost £1 12s. 6d.,[1] but it was a great improvement upon the stage coaches, and ere long railways were built east and west and south and north, joining London with all the great towns of Great Britain.

In 1843 the **Thames Tunnel**, completed after years of work and the expenditure of great sums of money, was opened for traffic. **Sir Marc Isambard Brunel**, father of the still more celebrated engineer, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, planned and carried out the work. For many years the tunnel was a failure, for carriages could not pass through it; it was more a wonder to be talked about than a convenience to be used. At length, in 1866, a new use was made of it, and now the trains of the District Railway run through it on their journey from Richmond and Wimbledon to New Cross, and those of the East London Railway from Liverpool Street and Shoreditch to New Cross.

Since 1866 many other bridges have been built over the Thames, and two tunnels—the **Tower Subway** for foot passengers, and the **Blackwall Tunnel** for carriages and foot passengers—have been driven under the river bed.

In 1834 the **Houses of Parliament** were burnt to

[1] The journey from London to Birmingham occupied four and three-quarter hours by the best train; the fares were as follows:—

First Class, 4 inside by day, or 6 inside by night ...	£1	12	6
6 inside by day	1	10	0
Second Class (not available by two trains), by night in closed carriages	1	5	0
By day in open carriages	1	0	0
Third Class, one train per day (the time occupied eight and a half hours)	0	14	0

the ground; and in 1840 the work of rebuilding was begun. It was not till 1857 that the great pile of buildings at Westminster with which all Londoners are so familiar was completed. **Sir John Barry** was the architect. In 1844 the **Royal Exchange** was opened by the Queen; and in the following year a building which had existed far too long –namely, the old **Fleet Prison**—was pulled down.

In 1862 Parliament passed an Act for carrying out one of the greatest of all London improvements namely, **The Thames Embankment.** Something is said of that splendid work in another chapter.[1] In 1867 **The Holborn Viaduct** was begun. Those who are old enough to remember London before that date will recollect how Holborn Hill dipped down steeply at the end of Oxford Street, and how great was the inconvenience caused by so sharp a decline in the midst of a great city. It is difficult for those who now pass along the street which joins Oxford Street to Newgate Street to understand how great a task had to be undertaken in order to construct such a thoroughfare.

In 1863 **The Metropolitan Railway** was opened; and in 1876 the completion of the line between the Mansion House and Aldgate joined **The Metropolitan** and **The District Railways**, and completed the circle under London.

A number of electric railways running underground were started still later, and the system exemplified by **The City and South London** and **Central London Railways** showed signs of very considerable extension in various parts of London.

The new Law Courts in the Strand, known as

[1] See p. 211.

The Royal Courts of Justice, were opened in 1882; and since that time there have been many improvements, both in the matter of new buildings erected and, what is not less important, old buildings pulled down.

Not the least important among the new buildings are the great blocks of houses which have been built in various parts of London in order to provide cheap but good homes for those who are not rich, but whose work compels them to live in London, where house rents are usually high. **The Peabody Buildings**[1] were the first of this kind, but they have been followed by many others; and now Londoners have been provided with very cheap trains, by which they are enabled, at a low cost, to travel in and out of London every day, and thus to live in the country, where rents are small and the air is pure, and at the same time to do their daily work in the heart of busy London.

[1] The *Peabody Buildings* were built by George Peabody, a wealthy and philanthropic American, for the purpose of supplying good houses at a low rent for London working men.

TURNPIKE GATE WHICH STOOD IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE IN 1840.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BOOK OF THE STREETS OF LONDON.

WHERE THE BOOK IS TO BE FOUND, AND HOW TO READ IT.

Now that we have gone briefly through the history of London as we may learn it from books, let us turn our attention to the history of London as we may learn it from London itself; not from the London of the past, which must be sought for in ancient writers and in old-fashioned pictures, but from London as we who live in it know it in the present day.

The streets of London are like a great Book laid open for all the world to read; a book, too, which is amply furnished with pictures to illustrate the stories. But to enjoy any book it is necessary to have some acquaintance with the language in which it is written; and to enjoy pictures, especially historical pictures, it is a great advantage to have some knowledge of the events which are portrayed.

The language in which the great "*Book of the Streets of London*" is written is the language which is known to students and lovers of English history. Very few Londoners are altogether without any knowledge of that history; among those who are at school, or have been to school,

there ought to be none. To those who walk about London without having read any history at all the London streets are like a sealed book, or one written in a foreign language. But those who have read and remembered only a little of the long and stirring story of the growth of the English people will be able to make a beginning, to understand a word here and a word there; then, perhaps, to read a whole chapter, and in time to read many chapters with ever increasing ease and interest.

There are, indeed, many chapters in the "Book of the London streets," each one dealing with a special subject. One chapter is given up to *Stories* —or, perhaps more correctly, to *Legends*—about London two thousand years ago; about the very beginnings of the great city's life, a time of which scarcely any other record remains. This is naturally a very short chapter, for the material is scanty.

A second deals with the subject which has already received attention in this book. In it we shall find all sorts of information about *The country upon which London now stands.* It tells us where the streams ran, where the marshes lay, which was hill and which was dale, where the wells were hidden, and where the woods and groves were situated.

A third chapter helps us to trace *The limits of the ancient city,* and to follow the line of the walls which once encircled London and protected it against its enemies.

A very interesting chapter tells us of the many *great institutions* which were founded and maintained by the Church in ancient days; of the

abbeys, the monasteries, the hospitals, which once covered a great extent of ground, and which played an important part in the life of the city.

Many pages are concerned with the varied *incidents*, some sad, some fortunate, some important in the life of London only, and some of first importance to the nation, and even to the world, which befell in London.

Our *Kings*, our *Queens*, our *Great Men* and *Great Women* may be said to have a chapter to themselves, for there is scarce one of them who has not left his or her name to some London street.

Then there are what we may call "special" chapters. There are those which record some great *popular movement*, some change which took place in the life and habits of the people. There are those which concern objects, institutions, and events which are now long past and gone, but which were most important in their time, and which are deservedly recorded in our history.

Our *Victories by sea and land* have their portion, and a large amount of space is occupied by that part of the book in which the busy *workers* of London, the merchants, the tradesmen, the mechanics and labourers, have written down, in words which will last as long as London endures, the names of the places in which they traded and worked, of the implements which they used, and of the things which they made.

And when we have got to the end of all these chapters there will still be many more waiting to be read by anyone who brings patience and intelligence to the task. Nor, even then, will the book be finished. Each succeeding day and year adds

something to the great volume. We may begin with the page which tells us of **King Lud**, who gave his name to **Lud-*gate***, and who, if tradition is to be believed, lived and flourished sixty-six years before the birth of Christ; and we may end with the page on which is written the name of **Khartoum**, and which tells us of a deed which was done within the memory of many of us. But next year the new will have become the old, and a fresh page will have been begun.

The names of the two new and handsome streets, in connection with the improvement of the Strand, are a happy combination of the new and the old. That which extends from the Strand to Holborn is called the **Kingsway**, in honour of King Edward, whilst that bending round from the Strand to the Strand again is called **Aldwych**, a name recalling the fact that the Danes were closely connected with this neighbourhood, since "wych" is the Danish name for gate.

In the reign of Henry I.[1] the builders were busy upon a great piece of work in the centre of the city of London. They were engaged upon a task no less important than that of rebuilding a great and famous church. So extensive were the works that the gate by which the citizens had been accustomed for years to enter and leave the city was blocked up by the material in the masons' yard. A new gate had to be pierced in the city wall for the convenience of passengers, and the Londoners naturally enough called it by the simple name of *New Gate*, and hereby there hang two tales. The new church on which the workmen were busy was the famous cathedral of St. Paul; the church which they were

[1] 1100-1135.

replacing was "Old St. Paul's,"[1] which five hundred and thirty years before had replaced a yet older church upon the same site built in Roman days.[2]

Five and a half centuries later the new St. Paul's of Henry I.'s time had become "Old St. Paul's," had been burnt to the ground in the Great Fire of London, and had been replaced by Sir Christopher Wren's great cathedral, which after more than two centuries of life has in its turn earned the right to be called "Old St. Paul's."

So, too, with the gate which in Henry's day was the *New Gate*. It has long ago ceased to be a gate, and has been removed from the face of the earth.

In the next chapter will be found a few pages taken out of "*The Book of the Streets of London*," pages which will serve as examples to show how much of interest that book contains, and how easily it may be read by all who bring good will and intelligence to the task.

[1] Built 597 to 610. [2] At the end of the third century.

OLD LUD GATE, PULLED DOWN IN 1760.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PICTURES FROM THE BOOK OF THE STREETS OF LONDON.—Part I.

FAIRY STORIES—ROMAN ROADS—LONDON RIVERS AND FIELDS—LONDON LIMITS.

Our first chapter of "The Book of the Streets of London" was to contain stories of London in its very early days, of London when it was still a Roman city, or even of that earlier time of which only legend and tradition tell us anything. Let us turn to the first of our illustrations and of our pictures.

Every Londoner knows **Ludgate Hill**, the steep street which leads from the end of Fleet Street up to St. Paul's Churchyard; but not every Londoner is equally well informed as to who this **King Lud** was who gave his name to the busy street. King Lud, indeed, is not a personage about whom history can tell us very much, and it is possible that the little that history does tell us about him is more in the nature of fairy tale than of fact. The legend about King Lud is that he was a powerful king who lived and ruled in London sixty-six years before the birth of Christ. But, whether the story be true or not, it is certain that the name of King Lud has been known to Londoners for many centuries, and that Ludgate is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of our London street names.

THE TOMBS OF THE TEMPLARS, TEMPLE CHURCH.
(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

TEMPLE BAR, RE-ERECTED AT THEOBALD'S PARK, HERTFORDSHIRE.
(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

If we go into the Guildhall in the City, one of the first things that we are sure to notice is the pair of gigantic and very odd painted statues which we shall be told represent **Gog** and **Magog**. It is certain that these statues or others something like them have stood in the Guildhall for a very long time past, and that for many centuries the names of Gog and Magog have been familiar to dwellers in the City of London. But who Gog was or who Magog was nobody knows. Some learned people call the giants Colbrand and Brandamore; others say that they are Corineus and Gogmagog, and that in any case they represent famous old British giants who perhaps existed about the same time as Tom Thumb, and who may perhaps have been first cousins to the famous giant Blunderbore, who, as every reader of Jack the Giant Killer knows, was slain by that valiant little man. But whatever may be the true story of Gog and Magog, or even if there be no true story at all, the great Guildhall giants may very well come into the first chapter of our "Book of London Streets."

There are, however, in the same chapter illustrations of stories which are as old, or nearly as old, as King Lud or Gog and Magog, but which are undoubtedly quite true. Half-way down Cannon Street, in the City of London, there stands a church named after the famous Anglo-Saxon bishop whom we call **St. Swithin**. St. Swithin was the tutor of King Alfred, and, as most of us know, St. Swithin's Day[1] is supposed to be a very important date in the year, because, if we are to believe the saying, the forty days that follow St. Swithin's Day will be wet or fine

[1] The 15th of July.

according as the day itself be one of storm or sunshine.

But this story is not about St. Swithin, but about something which may be seen very near St. Swithin's Church. Adjoining the wall of the church, in a stone recess, is a rounded block of stone, protected by a railing. This is the famous "**London Stone.**" What is the history of this stone which is so carefully guarded? Undoubtedly its history goes back a very long way. London has had a lord mayor for centuries: it is more than seven hundred years since Henry Fitz Ailwyn, the first bearer of the title of Mayor of London, was elected to office. Yet so old and so well known was London Stone in the year 1189 that the citizens could find no better way of describing their new mayor than by calling him *Fitz Ailwyn of London Stone.* It is said, indeed, that this very block which we now see was set in its place by the Romans, who in their day were the great road-makers, not only of England, but of the whole civilised world. In Rome itself there stood a similar stone, a "*milliarium*," or milestone, as it is called, and from it distances were reckoned on all the roads that traversed Italy, starting from this point.

Masters of Britain, with their capital in Londinium, the Roman officials set up their British "milliarium," and from it they reckoned distances along the great Roman roads of Britain, along the **Icknield Street** through Essex to Yarmouth, along the **Watling Street** to Chester, and along the **Ermin Street** to Lincoln and York

We have now looked at one or two pictures which illustrate the history of London in its very earliest days. Let us turn to another set of

pictures of quite another kind, which carry us almost as far back in the history of London as those at which we have just been looking. In this chapter of our book are written the names which tell us what the country was like on which London now stands, where the streams ran, where the marshes lay, which was hill and dale, where the wells were hidden, and where the woods and groves were situated.

There is only space here to mention a few of these names, but those who read this book can find interest and amusement for themselves in hunting up many others.

We may walk from end to end of London without seeing a running brook; but a score of names remain to tell us where the country streams once ran, or where, shut up in gloomy channels of brick and mortar, they still find their way down to the Thames. **Brook** Street, Grosvenor Square, tells us where ran the **Ty Burn**, the stream which gives its name to the district known as **Tyburnia**. **Walbrook**, in the City, tells us where another stream ran through the City wall. **Fleet Street** and **Fleet Lane** remind us that in a culvert down below the busy streets the **Fleet** still pursues its way, no longer, as in the last century and for many centuries before, an open and evil-smelling ditch, but a fairly well ordered stream under the proper control of the sanitary authorities. The **Old Bourne** has given its name to **Holborn**, and the fact may give comfort to those who are blamed for speaking of 'Olborn.

In **Great Windmill Street** as late as 1671 there stood in **Windmill Field** a real windmill doing its daily work. **Spring Gardens**, where the London

County Council offices now stand, were real gardens, with fountains and a bowling green, in Charles II.'s time. **Spitalfields**, now a crowded, busy manufacturing part of East London, stands on the fields which once belonged to the Priory and hospital of St. Mary Spital, founded as long ago as 1197, when Richard I. was king. **Finsbury** is dry enough nowadays, and snipe shooting on Finsbury Pavement would not repay the sportsman; but once upon a time, as the name tells us, **Fins**-bury was undoubtedly a fen or swamp like the marshes of Kent and Essex. So too was the district of **Fen**-*church*, where Fenchurch Street, off which is the terminus of the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway, now runs.

Willow Walk, Willow Street, Willow Bridge Road are all common names in the London of to-day. They are now for the most part straight rows of houses, but time was when they were straight rows of willows bordering an open stream. If we take a steamer from London Bridge to Greenwich, we touch at **Cherry Garden** Pier. Alas! the cherry garden has long ago been a thing of the past, but the name of it remains. The **Strand** is more than 200 yards from the Embankment. It is crowded with omnibuses and vehicles of all kinds, but no waterman hauls up his boat there, no tide washes it; yet the name tells us a true story, and "**The Strand**" was for many centuries the actual strand or edge of the river, which spread far over its shallow banks at high tide, unchecked by wall or embankment.

Another of our chapters was to tell us something of the limits of ancient London, and of the walls which surrounded it.

The street names which tell us of the boundaries of old London, and the position of its gates, are naturally to be found in or close to the old city round which the walls ran.

London Wall is a street running out of Broad Street, in the City; and here may be seen to this day a portion of the old Roman wall built before the Saxons came to England, and which was ancient in the days of William the Conqueror.

There were, of course, gates in the Roman wall, and possibly some of the main roads which now lead out of London passed through them. But the gates whose names and positions are recorded in The Book of the London Streets, though very old, are of a later period than that of the Romans. If we take a map of London, and draw a line from the **Tower**, through **Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, Newgate**, and **Ludgate**, we shall get a good idea of the line which the London walls took, and of the position of the most important gates in them. **Dourgate**, or **Dowgate**, and **Belingsgate**, or **Billingsgate**, were "water gates" leading to the river. **Temple Bar** was not a gate in the city wall, but marked the limit of what were known as "the liberties of the city," which lay outside the wall.

CHAPTER XIX.

PICTURES FROM THE BOOK OF THE STREETS OF LONDON.—Part II.

MONKS AND NUNS—THE KNIGHTS OF THE TEMPLE.

With all the names which have been given in the last chapter Londoners are familiar enough, so familiar that perhaps few of them ever think of the days when the names had a meaning; when day and night the armed guard kept watch on the towers and in the guardroom of each city gate; when the heads of traitors were to be seen upon the battlements, a terrible warning to all like offenders; and when, as happened many a time in the stormy history of London, the portcullis was dropped and the drawbridge raised to keep out an enemy. In those days it made a great difference if a man lived in Bishopsgate Within or in Bishopsgate Without, for between the two lay the city wall, and to go from one to the other it was necessary to pass under the frowning archway of the well-guarded gate.

Our book tells us a great deal about the ancient *Monasteries and Nunneries* of which London once contained a great number. These buildings for the most part belonged to the members of the great religious orders.

In the reign of Edward I. Sir Robert Gray founded a convent for the *Monks of Carmel*, or

Carmelites, on a spot just to the east of the Temple. The white-robed friars lived here for three hundred years, till, like all the other monks, they were driven out at the Reformation. To this day **Whitefriars Street**, leading from Fleet Street to Tudor Street, and **Carmelite Street**, which is a continuation of Whitefriars Street from Tudor Street to the Embankment, bear their name and tell us where they lived. A little further to the east **Blackfriars Bridge, Blackfriars Station,** and **Blackfriars Road** serve to remind us that it was to this part of the city that there came in the year 1276 a colony of friars belonging to the powerful order of the Dominicans, or followers of St. Dominic. Like their neighbours the White Friars, they were best known to the Londoners by the colour of their garments, and to their dark robes they owed the name of the "*Black Friars*."

In 1368, in the reign of Edward III., London was still suffering from the effect of the terrible pestilence which had carried off thousands of the citizens. So many died that there was no room in the churchyards to bury the bodies. Thereupon the Bishop of London set aside three acres of land as a burial ground, and on it built a chapel, and called the place "Pardon Churchyard." But the plague continued, and yet more ground was required. It was provided by Sir Walter de Manny, a gallant and famous soldier of King Edward, who bought a piece of land touching Pardon Churchyard, and the two graveyards were joined together, and became known as New Church Hawe. Here were buried no less than 50,000 persons dead of the plague.

It was at this time[1] that a convent of the Carthusian monks, under the title of "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God," was founded, and here, in the "**Charterhouse**" of London, it existed and flourished for three hundred years. In the reign of Henry VIII. the monks were driven out, and the Charterhouse became royal property. In 1611, in the reign of James I., Thomas Sutton purchased the Charterhouse and made a noble use of it. A part he set aside to be used as a school for boys, the remainder was to be a home for poor and deserving gentlemen. Charterhouse School has grown and flourished till it has become one of the famous schools in England. But it has left its old home. In the year 1872 Charterhouse School was moved from London to a great building that had been built to receive it upon the Surrey hills, near Godalming. To this day, however, the other part of Thomas Sutton's noble plan is carried out in the old building, and the Charterhouse still affords a home for poor and deserving gentlemen.

The "*Crutched Friars*," or Friars of the Holy Cross, have given their name to the street in which their monastery stood. "**St. John's Wood**" is so called because the land upon which that part of London now stands once belonged to *The Priors of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem*, a famous order of knighthood, whose members for many years owned and governed the island of Malta. The Maltese cross, which was the sign of the order, is familiar to us all.

There are many other pages in the Book of the London Streets which serve to remind us of

[1] 1371.

the great convents and monasteries which once occupied so important a place in London, and whose occupants played a great part—sometimes a good one, sometimes a bad one—in the days of their prosperity. But there is only space here to examine one more page. It is one which we must not pass over, for it is not only very clearly written, but it contains illustrations of the story which it tells—pictures which we may go and see for ourselves at this very day.

There was a time when, of all the great orders of monks, none was more powerful than that of the **Knights Templar**, the famous knights whose rules compelled them to fight for the protection of pilgrim visitors to the Temple at Jerusalem, which in the year 1187 fell into the hands of the Saracens. More soldiers than priests, the Templars became known and feared in every country in Europe. They fought bravely enough under the banner of the Cross in the Crusades, but when they returned home they were slow to lay aside the sword, which they had learnt to wield with so much success.

In the reign of King Henry II. the Church of the Templars in England was finished.[1] If anyone wishes to know what this famous church was like, let him go and visit it, for it stands to this day within the limits of "The Temple," not five minutes' walk from the Temple Station. As he enters the church, let him look down at the tombs on either side of him; there the visitor will see the figures of the ancient knights lying in full armour, with their swords by their sides, as if still ready for the warlike service to which

[1] 1183.

their lives were given up. Some, he will notice, have their legs crossed. This is a sign that the figure is that of a "*Crusader*" who fought for the Cross against the Turks. In many an English church such figures are to be seen, and the crossed legs always tell the same story. In the tiles on the pavement may be seen the famous crest of the Templars—the Lamb and Flag, emblem of St. John.[1]

When it was first founded, in 1118, the Order of the Knights Templar was governed by strict rules, and its members preferred poverty to wealth, and death in the Crusades to an easy life at home; but as the Order grew older and stronger its members did no good, and much harm; they became cruel, selfish, and avaricious, and at the same time the Order was so powerful that even kings feared it. In 1312 the Order was put an end to by command of the Pope, and in England, as in other countries, the Templars were deprived of their property. The Temple Church and their home near the Thames were given by Edward II. to Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke; and a few years later it came into the hands of the "*Students of Law*," whose successors have occupied it ever since.

[1] The *Lamb and Flag* ("Agnus Dei") may be seen in many other places, as, for instance, in the arms of St. John's College, Oxford. In every case it is meant to recall the name of *St. John*.

CHAPTER XX.

PICTURES FROM THE BOOK OF THE STREETS OF LONDON.—Part III.

KINGS AND QUEENS—BATTLES BY SEA AND LAND—TRADES AND OCCUPATIONS.

Of our kings and queens the Book of the Streets will tell us a great deal. It cannot be said that all our sovereigns have given their names to existing streets, but there are few of whom there is not some memorial. **William the Conqueror** left his mark on the **Tower**; **William Rufus** built **Westminster Hall**; **Henry III.** gave us **Westminster Abbey**; **Charing Cross** recalls **Queen Eleanor**, Edward III.'s queen, for the cross marked one of the places where the body of the queen rested on its way to Waltham, where it was buried. **The Edwards** have given their name to five "King Edward" Streets, and there are eight Edward Streets or Terraces. **The Henrys** are not so well represented; there are seven Henry Streets, but perhaps few, if any, of these are called after a king of that name. The same may be said of **Queen Elizabeth**, for, though many buildings remain which we owe to her reign, it is doubtful whether any existing Elizabeth Street was actually called after her.

Of "**James**" Streets and "**James**" Places there are plenty, though probably as many are called after the saint as after the king. Of "**Charles**"

Streets we possess no less than fourteen. **Queen Anne's Gate** recalls the last of the Stuart sovereigns. Of the four **Georges** there are memorials in plenty. **King William Street** commemorates **William IV.** and the opening by him of the present London Bridge in 1831. Lastly, **Queen Victoria** gave her name, as was just and right, to the stately Embankment on the north side of the river, to **Victoria Street** in the West End, to **Queen Victoria Street** in *The City* itself, to **Victoria Park**, and to many other streets, squares, and open spaces. We have also fourteen "King Streets" and eight "Queen Streets," which is a proof of the loyalty of Londoners, although perhaps it does not do much credit to their powers of invention.

It is natural enough that the victories of British arms by sea and by land, and the names of our most distinguished commanders, should be commemorated in the titles of our London streets. The ancient glories of **Cressy** and **Agincourt** are kept alive in two very modern streets. Of Marlborough's battles we have **Ramillies** and **Blenheim**. **Quebec** recalls memories of **General Wolfe**; though strangely enough there is no street which preserves either the name of **Clive** or of his victories at **Arcot** and **Assaye**. **Maida Vale** keeps alive the fame of the little battle of **Maida**, in southern Italy, where the French were defeated by Sir John Stuart in 1806, and in which the British infantry for the first time during the great war showed the high qualities which afterwards won them such renown in the Peninsula. **Salamanca** and **Vittoria** are Peninsular names. We have the **Nile** and **Copenhagen**, two of **Nelson's** great victories; and **Trafalgar Square** and **Waterloo Place** and **Waterloo Bridge** commemorate the crowning

triumphs of **Nelson** and **Wellington**. **Delhi** serves to remind us of the Indian Mutiny; **Alma** and **Balaclava** of the Crimean War.

There are many other street names of a similar kind; though, indeed, it is somewhat remarkable how many British battles, by sea and by land, have given their names to no London street, and are not to be found in the London Directory.

London has always been a busy city, and its citizens for centuries past have been successful and energetic merchants, shopkeepers, and tradesmen. It is natural, therefore, that we should find a good deal in "*The Book of the Streets*" about merchants and their wares, about shopkeepers and their shops, about tradesmen and their trades. In old days men of a trade generally lived together; the butchers, the bakers, the candlestick makers, the armourers, the skinners, the fishmongers, the tailors, the wine merchants, the poulterers, all had their settlements, large or small, sometimes occupying a street, sometimes a number of streets. Indeed, the custom has never gone out of fashion, and at this day many of the trades of London are almost entirely carried on in one particular part of the town.

The buying and selling of corn goes on in Mark Lane; in Long Acre the carriage builders are to be found; in Hatton Garden the diamond merchants; in Clerkenwell the pattern makers live. All round Fleet Street and in the parish of St. Bride is the domain of the compositors and printers. Even small and special trades, such as the glass eye makers, the wooden leg makers, the surgical instrument makers, the French polishers, generally have their centres in some one part of

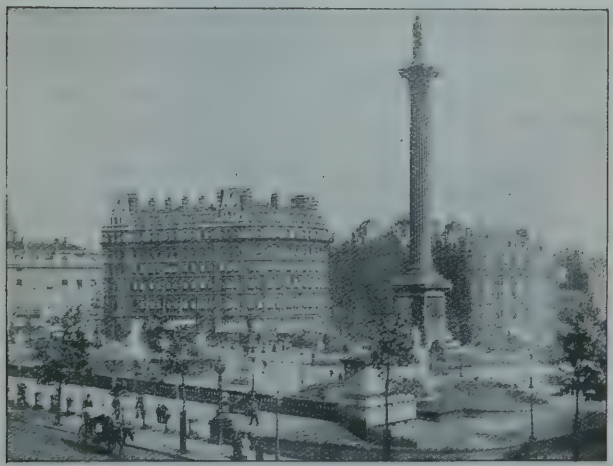
London, near which those who carry them on are gathered together, forming little groups by themselves.

What is true now was true hundreds of years ago, as the street names will tell us if we know how to read them aright. The **Haymarket** was truly a *hay market* down to 1830. *Corn* was sold in **Cornhill**, and had been sold there "from time immemorial" in the days of Queen Bess. Once upon a time *grass* was to be got in **Grass Church** Street, which we now call **Gracechurch Street**. The *poulterers* carried on their business in the **Poultry** four centuries ago. Where the **Vintry Wharf** in Upper Thames Street now stands, the *vintners* used to land their wine from France when Bordeaux was under an English king.

In **Bread Street** before 1300 *bread* was sold. The *ironmongers* had their shops in **Ironmonger Lane**, Cheapside, when Edward I. was king. *Honey* once came from **Honey Lane**; the *fishmongers*, who set up their stalls near the river, gave its name to **Fish Street Hill**. **Paternoster Row**, **Creed Lane**, and **Ave Maria Lane** were the centres of a busy trade in missals, rosaries, illuminated texts, and MS. books. In **Glasshouse Alley**, Whitefriars, certain Venetian *glassworkers* established themselves in 1580, and their beautiful trade is still carried on there.

Seacoal Lane tells us where the *lime-burners* used "*sea-coal*" in the course of their business. In those happy days charcoal served for cooking purposes and to warm the houses of rich and poor, and the terrible "sea-coal" had not yet laid its grimy and defacing hand upon every London

building, had not yet blackened the London trees, nor filled the air with sulphur and soot. **Lombard Street** got its name from the *Longobards*, or Lombard merchants, who came thither from the north of Italy as long ago as the time of Edward I., and became the earliest bankers known in this country. Their successors still carry on business there, and the wealth of Lombard Street has passed into a proverb. "Lombard Street to a China orange" means all against nothing, or staking that which is infinitely precious against that which is of little or no value.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND THE NELSON COLUMN.
(From a photo by York & Son, Notting Hill, W.)

CHAPTER XXI.

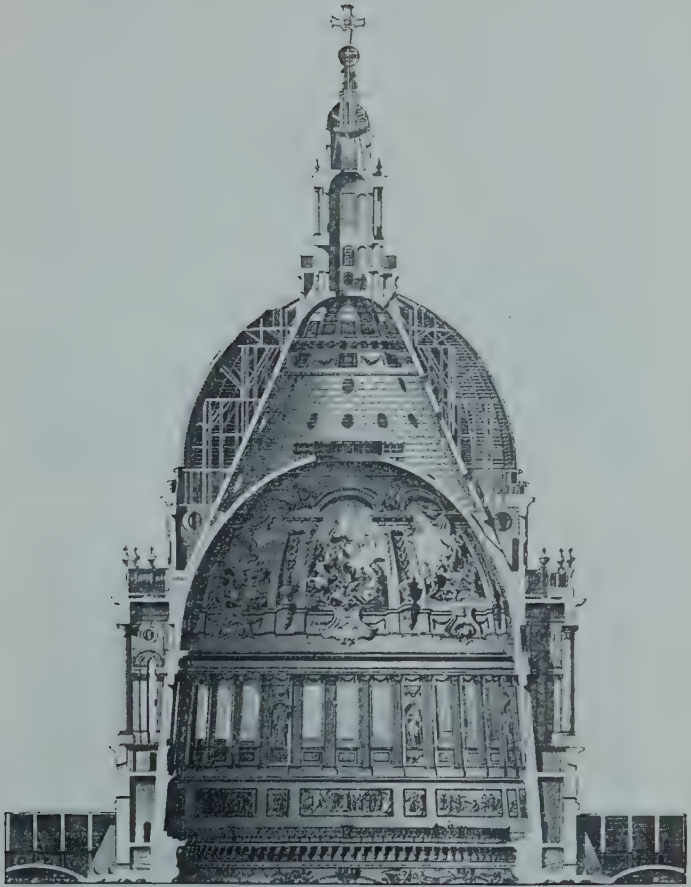
PICTURES PAINTED BY THE IMAGINATION.

THE ROMAN LEGIONS — SPORT AND TRAGEDY IN SMITHFIELD.

We said that there were some pictures in "*The Book of the London Streets*" which we must paint for ourselves, and which we must see with our eyes shut, and by the help of our imagination.

If we stand on the **Edgware Road**, we see nothing to remind us that it was once the great Roman road to the north and west, and we must use our imagination to supply us with a picture of it in the time when it was a stone-paved track, leading in a straight line over hill and down dale in the masterful fashion of all the Roman roads, which turned neither to the right nor to the left. Our imagination, too, must help us to see the solid ranks of the Roman soldiers, armed with their short swords and their broad-headed spears, each *Maniple*, or company, with its standard, the centurions keeping order and discipline among the well-trained soldiers. We should see the "Eagle" of the legion carefully guarded, and borne on high; and on it we should read the famous letters **S.P.Q.R.**[1]—a sign that even here in distant Britain

[1] S.P.Q.R., short for *Senatus populusque Romanus*, meaning the Senate and people of Rome. These letters were written up by the Romans much as we now write up V.R., meaning Victoria Regina, or Victoria Queen.



A SECTION THROUGH THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION.

(The Decoration inside was designed by Wren, but was never carried out.)

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. (*Photo by Frith & Co., Reigate.*)

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE. (*Photo by York & Son, Notting Hill, W.*)

the power of Rome was felt, and the laws of the Roman Senate and People obeyed.

Then again, in **Scotland Yard**, that not very interesting court which leads off Whitehall, we may draw a picture of Scotland Yard long before it became famous as the head office of the Metropolitan Police. We must go back many hundred years to find out why this spot, in the middle of London, should bear the name of "Scotland." But our picture would tell us the answer plainly enough, for here we should find the Ambassador of the King of Scotland, come all the way from Stirling or Edinburgh to transact business at the Court of the King of England. Here, too, we might occasionally see the King of Scotland himself come on a visit to his English rival. Three hundred years have passed since England and Scotland had different sovereigns, and our Scotland Yard picture, therefore, takes us back a long way in our history.

In that busy and crowded part of London which is now occupied by **Smithfield Market** we can call up many pictures of strange, interesting and terrible things which have befallen there in days gone by. We can picture to ourselves the knights tilting in full armour in the lists of Smithfield.

Here is an account of what befel in the year 1466, when Edward IV. was king. In that year there was a famous joust, or tournament, at Smithfield. The Bastard of Burgundy, one of the princes of what was then the powerful ducal house of Burgundy, was in England, and he issued a challenge to Lord Scales, an English nobleman, to fight with him at the tournament. We

give the description in the English of the old chronicler Holinshed, which is not perhaps very easy to read at first sight, but which is sufficiently like the English of our own day to be understood by anyone who brings attention and good will to the task :—

"*The king, causing lists to be prepared in West Smithfield for these champions, and verie faire and costlie galleries for the ladies, was present at this martiall enterpriese himself. The first daie they ran togither diverse courses with sharpe speares, and departed with equall honor. The next daie they turnoied*[1] *on horssebacke. The Lord Scales' horsse had on his chamfron*[2] *a long sharpe pike of steele, and as the two champions coped togither, the same horsse (whether through custome, or by chance) thrust his pike into the nose thrills*[3] *of the bastard's horsse; so that for verie paine he mounted so high that he fell on the one side, with his master; and the Lord Scales rode round about him with his sword in his hand, until the king commanded the marshall to helpe up the bastard, which openlie said, 'I can not hold me by the clouds, for though my horsse faileth me, suerlie I will not fail my conter companion.'*[4] *The king would not suffer them to do anie more that daie.*

"*The morrow after, the two noblemen came into the field on foot with two polaxes, and fought valiantlie: but, at the last, the point of the polax of Lord Scales happened to enter into the sight of*

[1] *Turnoied*=tilted, rode at each other with spears.
[2] *Chamfron*=a steel spike on the front of the armour worn by the horse.
[3] *Nose thrills*=nostrils.
[4] *Conter companion*=opponent.

the bastard's helme,[1] *and by fine force might have plucked him to his knees. The king suddenlie cast dowen his warder, and then the marshall them severed.*[2] *The bastard, not content with this chance, and trusting on the cunning which he had with the polax, required the king, of justice, that he might performe his enterpriese. The Lord Scales refused it not, but the king said he would aske the counsell: and so, calling to him the constable and the marshall, with the officers of armes, after consultation had, and the lawes of armes rehearsed, it was declared for a sentence definitive, by the Duke of Clarence, then Constable of England, and the Duke of Norrfolke, then Marshall, that if he would go forward with his attempted challenge, he must, by law of armes, be delivered to his adversarie in the same state and like condition as he stood when he was taken from him. The bastard, hearing this judgment, doubted the sequele*[3] *of the matter: and so relinquished his challenge.*"

Again, we may paint a darker and more terrible picture—of the stake raised in Smithfield, and of brave men and women, our English martyrs, submitting to be burnt to death rather than give up their faith and the religion which they held dear. Here John Rogers, clergyman of St. Paul's Cathedral, was burnt to death by order of Bishop Bonner, in the reign of Queen Mary, the first of a long series of noble men and women who in this reign perished in the fires of Smithfield, in the days now happily gone for ever.

[1] *Entered into the sight of the bastard's helme*=entered into the eye-holes of the bastard's helmet.

[2] *Them severed*=severed them, put them apart. [3] *Sequele*=result.

Belle Sauvage Yard, which leads off Ludgate Hill, is now surrounded by tall buildings, and is wholly given up to business. But had we chanced to be there three hundred years ago we should have found the yard given up to much livelier purposes than those which it serves at the present day. For here stood the famous La Belle Sauvage Inn, and here Shakespeare's plays were acted during Shakespeare's own lifetime. Nay more, it is said that the great poet and playwright himself acted his own plays in the little theatre of the old Belle Sauvage Inn.

At **Newington Butts** we may picture the London apprentices practising archery, drawing the string of their long bow well up to the ear, and letting fly their clothyard shafts at the butts over 200 yards away; and making, no doubt, as good shooting with the weapons they possessed as London Volunteers do nowadays at the butts at Bisley.

But there is really no end to the pictures which we may draw, if we have patience enough to read the history of old London, and imagination enough to see with our minds what we can no longer look upon with our eyes.

CHAPTER XXII.

FAMOUS LONDON BUILDINGS.

I.—ST. PAUL'S.

OLD ST. PAUL'S—NEW ST. PAUL'S—SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

THE present Cathedral of **St. Paul** is the third that has been built upon the same site. The first cathedral was built[1] in the days of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, by King Ethelbert, who lived thirteen hundred years ago; it was dedicated to St. Paul, and ever since that time there has been a church of St. Paul on this spot. Ethelbert's St. Paul's was burnt down, and in the year 1087 a second cathedral was begun. This was, indeed, a noble church. It was 690 feet long and 130 feet wide, and its steeple, long one of the wonders of the world, was no less than 520 feet high. Like most other great cathedrals in England, it was long in building. From time to time some new portion was added until the whole was complete; but it was not till 1221, in the reign of Henry III., that the spire was finished, and the choir not till 1240.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth St. Paul's was greatly injured by fire, and it was found necessary to pull down the lofty spire, and though money was raised in order to rebuild it, the work was never accomplished, and for the last

[1] Said to have been built on the site of an old Roman church.

hundred years of its existence old St. Paul's was without its steeple. In the Great Fire of London in 1666, the cathedral was completely destroyed. It was after the destruction of the second cathedral that **Sir Christopher Wren**, probably the greatest architect England has ever produced, was entrusted with the work of planning and building the stately church with which all Londoners are or ought to be familiar.

The present cathedral is quite different from that which it replaced. The old church had pointed windows and lofty, narrow arches. It was, as already mentioned, surmounted by a tall spire which was 116 feet higher than the present dome.

The St. Paul's with which we are acquainted has square or round topped windows. The spire has been replaced by a dome surmounted by a gilded ball and cross. The style of architecture is that which is known as *Palladian*.[1]

Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect who planned the cathedral, lived long enough to see the work completed, and very little alteration has been made in the building since the day of his death. The great church is a splendid example of the work of one man, and those who chose the inscription which should be engraved on the walls of the cathedral in memory of Sir Christopher Wren were very happy in the words which they chose, and in the thought which they expressed. Over the door on the inside of the

[1] *Palladian Architecture.* The Palladian style is so called after Palladio, an Italian architect who used it in designing buildings in the town of Vicenza in the 16th century. The Palladian style may be described as a mixture of more than one "order" or style of Greek or Roman architecture in a single building.

south transept is a tablet on which is engraved an inscription written in Latin in which the work of Wren is described. At the end of it are these words: "**Si monumentum requiris circumspice**"[1]; and, indeed, the great architect could have no better monument than the great church which he built.

In the vaults below St. Paul's Cathedral are the graves of many great Englishmen. Here lies the body of **Lord Nelson**, borne to its last resting place, after the battle of Trafalgar, by the seamen of his old flagship. Never has an English officer been more beloved by those who served under him than was Admiral Nelson; and the sailors as they laid his body in the grave, tore to pieces the Union Jack which covered the coffin, each anxious to keep a fragment as a memorial of their dead chief.

Here, too, is the tomb of the **Duke of Wellington**, who died in 1852, full of years, after a life spent in the service of his country, honoured by all as a great and single-minded Englishman, who had saved the nation in the time of its greatest peril. A stately monument to the "Iron Duke" was raised in 1878, and now stands under the central arch of the north side of the nave of St. Paul's. The most remarkable feature of the cathedral is the great dome, whose beautiful shape and fine proportions are equally pleasing whether viewed close by or from a distance. It is interesting to know, however, that the dome as we see it is but an outer shell, supported on wooden beams, and that the gilded gallery at

[1] *Si monumentum requiris circumspice.* If you ask for his monument, look around you.

the top, and the ball and cross which shine so brightly in the evening sunlight, are really supported on an inner dome of stone, differing entirely in shape from that which is familiar to Londoners. The picture facing page 128 shows the structure of the dome of St. Paul's.

A few facts and figures about the present church will perhaps prove interesting. The new cathedral was begun in May, 1674, and was finished in 1710, the same architect, the same principal mason, being employed throughout, and under the same Bishop. The length of the cathedral is 510 feet, and the extreme breadth 282 feet. The top of the cross is 404 feet above the ground. In the northern tower there is a fine peal of bells, twelve in number. In the southern tower is one big bell, the largest in England. It is called "Great Paul," and weighs 17½ tons.

When the cathedral was built it was the intention of Sir Christopher Wren to ornament a great part of the inside with colour. The work, however, was not done, and the great stretches of bare stonework in the dome and in the chancel looked cold and unfinished. At length a well-known artist, Mr.[1] W. B. Richmond, was asked to plan great pictures in coloured mosaic for the decoration of the roof of the choir. The work was completed with great skill in 1896, and the appearance of the cathedral has been much improved by the additional colour.

There are services every day in St. Paul's, and those who desire to do so can enter at any time for prayer, or when service is not going on to examine the Cathedral.

[1] Now Sir William Richmond.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FAMOUS LONDON BUILDINGS.

II.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE LEGEND OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH — THE ABBEY AS WE KNOW IT — THE GREAT DEAD.

THE Church of **St. Peter** at Westminster, better known as **Westminster Abbey**, is one of the oldest and is certainly the most interesting of all London buildings. Like the Tower, it has had a continuous history of nearly a thousand years, and like the Tower it has throughout the whole of that long period served the purpose for which it was originally intended.

But while the Tower has been the fortress, prison, and palace of London, the Abbey has served the nobler purpose of being the centre of Christian worship and a sanctuary for the persecuted. Founded by royal bounty, it has been for centuries the church in which our kings and queens were crowned, and in which their bodies have been laid to rest after their work was done. Nor is it only the tombs of our kings and queens that are to be seen under the tall arches of the Abbey. Statesmen, poets, great writers who moved the world by their words, orators who stirred the people by their eloquence, soldiers and sailors who helped to shape the course of our history by their actions, men eminent for their piety, their learning, their scientific know-

ledge, are all represented in the list of great men who have been buried within the precincts of Westminster Abbey.

Nor is the history of the Abbey a closed chapter; its work is not completed. On the contrary, it is still a great Christian church, in which Sunday after Sunday immense congregations assemble to worship and to pray.

A beautiful legend lights up the story of the Abbey's foundation. This is the story. Nearly thirteen hundred years ago **Sebert,** King of the East Saxons, built a church upon a little island in the River Thames, once known as **Thorney Island.** The spot is not now an island, but has long since been joined to the shore, and upon it Westminster Abbey now stands. But in the days of Sebert, the river, broad, shallow and swift, still swept round Thorney Isle, where the new church had been built and was awaiting consecration on the following day.

The night was wild and stormy, but despite the storm a fisherman was casting his nets in the stream. As he worked he heard a voice hailing him from the southern shore. He there found a stranger waiting, who asked to be ferried across. Edric, who was the fisherman, ferried the stranger to the island, and waited for his return. As he waited he heard a song as of angels singing in the church, and in a vision he saw angels ascending and descending, and he recognised in the solitary traveller Saint Peter, who had come to earth to consecrate the church. The next day King Sebert and the Bishop came to the church, and were met at the door by Edric, who told them the wonderful story. They entered the

church, and found that what he had said was true, and that the service of consecration had indeed taken place. The crosses on the wall, the holy oil, and the candles burnt upon the altar supplied the proof, and from that day forward the church was known as the Church of St. Peter.

Such is the legend. Whether any church was actually built as early as the time of Sebert is doubtful, but it seems certain that there was an abbey on the spot some 170 years later. This church the Danes destroyed. It was rebuilt by King Edgar,[1] and eighty years later King **Edward the Confessor** founded on the spot the great Abbey Church and Monastery of St. Peter. Land was given to the Abbey, and great privileges were conferred upon the abbots and monks by royal charters. "King Edward," so runs the account in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, "came to Westminster in mid-winter, and there caused to be consecrated the minster which himself had built to the glory of God, and of St. Peter, and all God's saints; and the church hallowing was on Childermass Day."[2]

The king did not live to complete the whole work. On the 5th of January, 1066, he died, and his body was laid in the church which he had built.

It was in the Abbey of Edward the Confessor that **William the Conqueror** was crowned on Christmas Day, 1066. Here **Henry I.** was crowned, and here he was married to Queen **Matilda**. **Stephen**, one of the worst, and **Henry II.**, one of the greatest, of our kings, were both crowned here. So also were **Richard Cœur-de-Lion** and his brother **John**.

[1] 959 to 975. [2] December 28.

The last king to be crowned in the old Abbey was **Henry III.**, who was a boy at the time of his accession. The royal crown had been lost in the disaster which overcame King John in the waters of the Wash, where his baggage and treasure were swallowed up by the advancing tide. The young king therefore was crowned with a chaplet, which was all that the haste of the occasion permitted. This little boy reigned long, and not well nor wisely. But his reign, which is unmarked by any great or good act, is memorable for one noble piece of work. It was in this reign that the old Abbey of King Edward fell down, and the new Abbey which stands to this day in the midst of London was built by order of the king. The stone was brought from near Reigate, in Surrey, and from Caen, in Normandy. Marble from Purbeck was used for the slender shafts of the columns.

In 1269 the greater part of the church was completed, and in that year the body of Edward the Confessor was brought from its tomb and placed in the marble shrine built to receive it by King Henry. The shrine stands to this day in the Abbey, a memorial to the two kings who founded the ancient and the later church.

But we must not suppose that the Abbey as we see it is exactly the same as the Abbey which Henry III. built. Much has been added to it since that day. If we walk down Parliament Street, we shall see to the left of the great door which leads into the Abbey a beautiful chapel which even those who are not well acquainted with architecture can easily see is quite different in its style of building from the remainder of the Abbey. This is **Henry VII.'s Chapel.** It was begun in January,

1502-3, by Henry VII., the first of our Tudor kings, and completed in 1519, in the reign of his son Henry VIII.

There is another part of the Abbey which has been added since Henry III.'s reign, namely, the two square towers at the west end, which is the end we see as we walk up Victoria Street. No one can look carefully at these towers without seeing that they are quite different from the rest of the Abbey. They are unlike either the part which was built by Henry III. or that which was built by Henry VII. The towers were, in fact, built in the time of George I., and were planned by Sir Christopher Wren.

The builders of the Abbey had always intended to put towers at the west end of the church, but for several hundred years the intention had never been carried out. It is a pity that when the addition was made more care was not taken to make the new work match the old. Sir Christopher Wren was a very great architect, and we can see that when he was allowed to plan a building himself, as he planned St. Paul's, he could construct what was beautiful and fitting; but he certainly made a mistake when he added towers to Westminster Abbey[1] which would have been more suitable for one of his own new churches than they were for a church which had been planned and built in the time of Henry III. Few can look carefully at the towers of Westminster Abbey and not feel that they are out of place.

The inside of the Abbey is exceedingly beautifull the tall, pointed arches which sometimes seem to disappear in the gloom, the delicate tracery of the

[1] The work was partly Wren's, and partly that of one of his pupils.

windows, and the great length of the church give a feeling of quiet and solemnity which it is difficult not to feel. As for the monuments which cover the walls, it cannot be said that they are in themselves beautiful. Many of them, indeed, are ugly and unworthy of the beautiful church in which they stand; but they have been allowed to remain, and will doubtless always be allowed to remain, because they serve to recall the names of the great dead who rest within the walls of the Abbey, or whose memory has been honoured by some statue or tablet placed within it.

The whole history of England seems to pass before us when we look upon these monuments and read the names which are written upon them. Here is the tomb of **Edward the Confessor**, the founder of the Abbey. Here are tombs of many of our sovereigns: of **Henry III.**, who restored it; of **Edward I.**, the great oppressor of Scotland; of **Edward III.**, the victor of Crecy; of **Richard II.**, his unhappy grandson; of **Henry V.**, the victor of Agincourt; and of **Edward IV.** Here, too, are the graves of the great Tudor sovereigns, **Henry VII.**, **Edward VI.**, **Queen Mary**, and **Queen Elizabeth**. Both **William** and **Mary** are buried here, and so is **Queen Anne**.

Here also may be seen monuments to the great statesmen and soldiers who have helped to make our history. To **Lord Chatham**, to **William Pitt**, his great son, and to **Fox**, the life-long rival of Pitt, to **Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone**, and many others. Men of science, engineers, and explorers have also their places. **Sir Isaac Newton**, the greatest of our mathematicians; **Herschell**, the famous astronomer; **Charles Darwin**, the naturalist;

David Livingstone, the great African traveller, and many others. In the south aisle is a monument to **John Wesley**, the founder of Wesleyan Methodism; in the north aisle is one to **William Wilberforce**, who worked hard for the freeing of the slaves, and to **Thomas Fowell Buxton**, who aided him in his work.

But among all the monuments in the Abbey there are perhaps none which are more interesting than those which are crowded together near the southern door, in what is called *Poets' Corner*. Here are to be seen the tablets which recall the long line of poets and prose writers whose writings have made them memorable among us. Here is the tomb of **Geoffrey Chaucer**, the father of English poetry, of whom another great English poet, Edmund Spenser, has written the well-known lines:—

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternal bead roll worthie to be fyled."

Here is the monument to **Shakespeare**,[1] bearing upon it his own noble lines:—

"The cloud-capt towers,
The gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples,
The great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,
Shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabrick of a vision
Leave not a wrack behind."

Spenser, the author of "The Faërie Queen, has here his monument, so has **Michael Drayton**, whose spirited poem "The Battle of Agincourt" keeps his fame alive. In Poets' Corner is buried

[1] Shakespeare's body is buried at Stratford-on-Avon.

Ben Jonson, his monument bearing the simple words, "O rare Ben Jonson." There is scarcely a single famous name in English literature that cannot be read engraved upon the walls or monuments of the Poets' Corner—**John Milton**, **John Dryden**, **Gay** (the writer of Gay's Fables), **Addison**, **Thomson** (the author of "The Seasons"), **Oliver Goldsmith**, **Dr. Johnson**, **Gray**, **Sheridan**, **Southey**, **Campbell**, **Thackeray**, **Macaulay**, **Dickens**, **Browning**, and **Tennyson**; and this is not by any means the whole of the long list.

A strange and interesting relic is preserved in the part of the Abbey which is known as *Edward the Confessor's Chapel*. This is the famous *Coronation Chair* upon which the sovereigns of the United Kingdom take their seat when they are crowned. The present chair was made in the reign of Edward I. Underneath the chair is a large block of stone, which has a remarkable history. It is known as "*The Stone of Destiny*," and upon it the ancient Scottish monarchs sat when they were crowned at Scone, in Perthshire. When Edward I. conquered Scotland he brought this stone away with him, thereby greatly disturbing the minds of the Scots, for there was an ancient rhyme which ran—

"If fates go right, where'er this stone be found,
The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crowned."[1]

Luckily, both for England and Scotland, the old prophecy has come true, for in 1603 James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England was crowned King of the United Kingdom at Westminster, seated on the Coronation Chair, in which was enclosed the Scottish "Stone of Destiny."

[1] Translated from the Latin.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH.
(Photo by F. G. O. Stuart, Southampton.)

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S TOMB, THE CORONATION CHAIR, AND "STONE OF DESTINY."
(Photo by York & Son, Notting Hill, W.)

We have already seen how much there is to interest a Londoner—and, indeed, any Englishman—within the walls of Westminster Abbey; but there is far more to be seen and learnt than can be mentioned in this short chapter. We must not, however, close the account of Westminster Abbey without speaking of what, after all, is and always has been the great purpose of the Abbey, a purpose which it has fulfilled for many centuries, and which it continues to fulfil at the present day.

Westminster Abbey is a great church in which a Christian service has been held daily ever since it was founded; and never, perhaps, in the whole of its long history has the number of those who worshipped in Westminster Abbey been greater than it is in our own days. On Sundays, especially, the great nave of the Abbey is crowded from end to end by Londoners who have come to attend the service of the Church, and to hear the beautiful music of the organ and the singing of the choir, and perhaps also to hear some great preacher address them from the pulpit under the ancient arches of London's noblest church.

THE CORONATION CHAIR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FAMOUS LONDON BUILDINGS.

III.—THE TOWER OF LONDON.

FORTRESS—PRISON—TREASURE HOUSE—MUSEUM.

In the year 1898 463,830 people paid a visit to the **Tower of London**. There are four and a-half million people living in London, and four hundred thousand is not a very large proportion of this great population. It is probable, moreover, that few of those who did go were really Londoners. When country people come to town for a holiday, or when foreigners pay a visit to our country, they usually set to work to see the sights of London, and among the sights they generally include the Tower.

But how many Londoners can say truly that they know the Tower? How many are there, even of those who have visited it, who have been there since they were children; or who have any clear recollection of what it is like, and any accurate knowledge of its history?

Very few, it is to be feared; and yet those who are content to live within a few miles of the Tower and never visit it make a great mistake.[1]

[1] The Tower of London is open daily to the public from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Mondays and Saturdays, in summer till 6 p.m. Admission to the sights: Mondays and Saturdays, free; other days, by tickets 6d. to the Armoury and Beauchamp Tower, and 6d. to the Jewel Room.

The Tower of London is one of the most remarkable buildings in the world. It is remarkable on account of its antiquity, for part of it was built more than 800 years ago; it is remarkable for its history, which is closely bound up with the history of England, and which is full of tragedy and exciting incident; it is remarkable on account of the treasures and curiosities which it contains; and it is specially remarkable for the fact that through all the changes and chances of nearly nine centuries it has been in use for the very same purposes which it was specially built to serve.

Let us take a rapid glance at the history of the Tower of London. As we see it now, it is a great collection of buildings standing upon Tower Hill, in *The City*, and separated from the River Thames by the Tower Wharf. In the centre is a solid and lofty building, from which flies the Union Jack. This is the **White Tower**, which formed the *Keep* or central stronghold of the fortress. Its walls are thirteen to fifteen feet thick, and for 800 years it has remained uninjured by the hand of time. The Union Jack, flying on the flagstaff, shows us that the Tower is still a British fortress; and if we go into the courtyard we shall see soldiers belonging to the Guards, whose barracks are close to the White Tower, and who hold the fortress for Queen Victoria, as the Norman guards, in their coats of mail, held it for William the Conqueror over 800 years ago.

All round the Tower is still to be seen the great, dry ditch which was formerly a moat filled with water. Visitors still cross the drawbridge

which spans the moat, and may still see, as they cross, the portcullis, which in former times was let down to close the gate when the drawbridge across the moat had been drawn up.

Various additions have been made to the Tower since Henry III.'s time, but the principal buildings are all over six hundred years old. Of the added buildings some still remain, while others have been pulled down. Among the former are several brick buildings put up in the eighteenth century for the convenience of the garrison and as military structures. They do not add either to the beauty or to the interest of the ancient Tower, and it is a pity that it has been found necessary to keep any of them.

Never for a single day has the Tower ceased to be an important place. It has never been empty; it has never been useless.

There is not space here to tell the story of the Tower at great length, but a word or two must be said about those who built it; about those who were imprisoned in its thick-walled cells; and, lastly, about those who suffered death within its precincts.

It is said that **King Alfred**, more than a thousand years ago, built a stronghold upon the spot where the Tower now stands; but the central building which we now see was begun by **Gundulph** the Norman, Bishop of Rochester, in the reign of William the Conqueror. He built the White Tower and the Jewel Tower, of which we spoke just now. The round-headed arches which are always to be found in Norman buildings may be seen to this day.

Besides the White Tower, there is another

tower known as the **Square White Tower.** This was built 200 years after Gundulph's time by Henry III., the unhappy king who reigned so long, and suffered so much. At this time also were built the gate which leads from the interior of the Tower on to the Thames, the **Cradle Tower,** and the **Lantern,** and an embankment along the river, now known as the **Tower Wharf,** was constructed.

The Tower, it is true, is no longer used as a prison, but it still serves as a place where things are kept in safety. Within the thick walls of the **Wakefield Tower** may be seen the famous Crown jewels, the crown itself, worn by our monarchs, the sceptre, the great diamond known as the *Koh-i-noor*, or Mountain of Light, taken from Dhuleep Sing, the last native ruler of the Punjaub, in 1849, and many other precious stones and vessels of gold.

For seven centuries the Tower of London was the great prison for persons charged with high treason, or for those who had the misfortune to be on the losing side in the endless struggles for power which are recorded in English history. In the White Tower **John Balliol,** King of Scotland, was shut up by Edward I.; and **David Bruce,** son of the famous Robert Bruce, shared the same fate a few years later.

Nor were the kings and princes of Scotland the only royal captives. **Griffith, Prince of Wales,** captured by Edward I., was a prisoner in the Tower. **Prince Charles of Orleans,** the grandson of Charles V., King of France, a prisoner of war at Agincourt, lay for twenty-five years in the Tower awaiting his ransom, which the French

were in no hurry to pay. Nor did the royal house of England itself escape.

Every reader of English history knows the tragic story of the unhappy Princes **Edward** and **Richard,** sons of Edward IV. Edward was twelve years old. He should by right have been Edward V., King of England, on the throne instead of in the prison. His little brother, Richard, Duke of York, was eight years of age. It was by the order of their uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, that the two children were imprisoned in the Tower, and there, in the year 1483, were murdered in their bed by two ruffians, Dighton and Forrest. The bodies were buried in a hole near the gateway, but were afterwards dug up and placed behind a staircase in the keep, and the spot is shown to visitors. In this place the bones were found nearly two centuries later, in the reign of Charles II., and were buried in a royal tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Seventy years after the murder of the little princes, poor **Lady Jane Grey,** who, much against her will, bore for a few unhappy days the title of "Queen Jane," was sent as a prisoner to the Tower by Queen Mary, and was taken thence a few months later to be executed upon Tower Green. She met her death like a brave and Christian woman, and the story of her last moments, though often told, will bear telling yet once again.

A priest was sent by the order of Queen Mary to try to win Lady Jane to the Roman Catholic religion. Lady Jane treated the priest, who was an old man, with courtesy and kindness; but she said that she did not wish to hear him, that her mind was made up, and that she wished to die as

she had lived in the Protestant faith. She was sure of her own courage, but she was not so sure about that of others who were dear to her. She wrote and begged her husband not to follow the bad example which had been set him by the Duke of Northumberland, and not to forsake his religion under the fear of death.

Her sweetness won the heart even of her gaolers. To Sir John Brydges, the Governor of the Tower, she gave a small book of English prayers. The book can still be seen. Sir John asked his prisoner to write a few words in it. These are the words which Queen Jane wrote:—

"*Forasmuch as you have desired so simple a woman to write in so worthy a book, good master lieutenant, therefore I shall as a friend desire you, and as a Christian require you, to call upon God and incline your heart to His laws, to quicken you in His way, and not to take the truth utterly out of your mouth. Live still to die, that by death you may purchase eternal life.*"

Her husband, **Guilford Dudley**, was to be executed before her. She was asked if she would like to see him. She said, No; if it would profit either of them she would see him; otherwise she would wait for her death alone.

When she came to the foot of the scaffold, she sprang up the steps, and said that she had broken the law in accepting the crown; but as to any guilt of intention, she wrung her hands and said she washed them clean of it in innocency before God and man. She "died a true Christian woman."

This is how the rest of the story is told in the "Chronicle of Queen Mary":—

"*The hangman kneeled down and asked her*

forgiveness, which she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw, which doing she saw the block. Then she said, 'I pray you dispatch me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me down?' and the hangman answered, 'No, madam.' She tied a kercher about her eyes; then, feeling for the block, she said, 'What shall I do? Where is it?' One of the bystanders guided her thereunto, she laid down her head upon the block, and stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' And so ended."

More fortunate than poor Queen Jane was the next princess who entered the Traitor's Gate. This was no less a personage than **Elizabeth,** the proud daughter of that proud and powerful king Henry VIII. She was sent to the Tower by her sister Mary, who feared her influence with the people of England. The Protestant party in England placed all its hopes upon the Protestant daughter of English Anne Boleyn, and had little favour or mercy to expect from Mary, the daughter of Spanish Katharine, soon to be the wife of Spanish Philip, and the zealous defender of the "Old Religion."

In those days it was but a short step from the White Tower to the block, and many feared lest Elizabeth should share the fate of Lady Jane Grey. But, happily, a brighter future awaited the prisoner, and she lived to leave her cell and to be greeted by her faithful subjects as "Good Queen Bess, Elizabeth of England."

But, besides kings, queens, princes, and princesses, many famous persons have lain as prisoners in the Tower. In 1417 **John Oldcastle,** Earl of

Cobham, the leader of the Lollards, was confined here, and was taken hence to be burned at Smithfield. In 1535 **John Fisher**, the aged Bishop of Rochester, underwent the same fate as Oldcastle, and in his seventy-seventh year was taken from his cell in the Tower to be burned.

But the list of prisoners is too long to be given in full here. We must be content with a few names only. Among them are those of **Walter Raleigh**, the gallant knight, seaman, and author of Elizabeth's time, who lay for twelve years in the White Tower. There was **Guy Fawkes**, who was tortured in the vaults of the White Tower, and subsequently hanged. There were **Holles, Eliot,** and seven other Members of Parliament, who offended Charles I. by their boldness, and were sent to prison to learn submission. There was **Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford**, Charles I.'s great and faithful servant, who was shamefully deserted by his master, and allowed to die the death of a traitor on Tower Hill. There was **Laud**, Archbishop of Canterbury, executed by order of the Parliament in 1645. There was **Algernon Sydney**, the famous Whig statesman in the reign of Charles II.

There was **James, Duke of Monmouth**, who, taken captive at the rout of Sedgemoor in 1685, flung himself down, with his hands bound behind his back, before James II., vainly appealing for the mercy of the king whose throne he had sought to upset. To the Tower, too, came **Jeffreys**, the cruel and infamous judge who was sent by King James to put out the last fires of disaffection in the Western Counties after the defeat of Monmouth. By his savage treatment

of the prisoners who were brought before him, by his injustice, and by his greed, Jeffreys made himself detested even by those whose cause he professed to serve, and when four years later he died a miserable, broken-down prisoner in the Tower there was no one to regret that such a monster had ceased to live.

The rebellion of 1715 brought the four Jacobite lords, **Derwentwater, Kenmure, Winton,** and **Nithsdale,** as prisoners to the Tower. The two last named escaped, but Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure were executed. A like fate befel Lords **Kilmarnock** and **Lovat,** who, thirty years later, in the famous rebellion of "the 'Forty-five," fought in the cause of the Young Pretender, and failed.

Since 1746 there have been several prisoners of interest in the Tower. Among them, **Wilkes,** the stormy, turbulent, sturdy man who fought for years against the majority of the House of Commons and held his own, is perhaps the most important. But, happily, the dark days of the great fortress have passed away, and while the Tower still serves a useful purpose as a barrack, armoury, and treasure house, it plays a far more important part as a great monument of English history, and a museum in which every Englishman who cares to study the past of the land he lives in, and of the nation to which he belongs, will find an endless store of things interesting, curious, terrible, and touching.

CHAPTER XXV.

FAMOUS LONDON BUILDINGS.

IV.—THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT IN OLD DAYS—THE NEW HOUSES—THE FLAG ON THE TOWER.

It is impossible to live long in London and not know **The Houses of Parliament.** The two great towers known as the **Victoria Tower** and the **Clock Tower** can be seen from every side, and the clanging of the great bell known as Big Ben can be heard each hour for many a mile round.

We are accustomed to speak of the *Parliament of Westminster*, for at the present day Parliament always sits in Westminster, and has done so for a very long time past; but there were periods in our history when this was not the case. The very first Parliament ever called together was that summoned in the time of Henry III., and in which Simon de Montfort was the most important personage. This Parliament probably met at Winchester. On other occasions the meetings have been held at various places, such as Oxford, York, and Coventry. But as London grew, and Parliament became from year to year more powerful and important, the wisdom and convenience of having a regular place of meeting close to the Capital became evident. In the Civil War the two Houses sat for a time at Oxford, but that was because the King had been driven out

of London; and since the time of Charles II. the Parliament of England has never sat anywhere but at Westminster.

In 1707, after the Act of Union with Scotland, the Parliament of *England* became the Parliament of *Great Britain;* and sixteen Scottish peers were added to the House of Lords, and forty-five Scottish members to the House of Commons. In 1801, after the Act of Union with Ireland, a further change was made, and the Parliament of Great Britain became the Parliament of *The United Kingdom*—thirty-two Irish peers were added to the House of Lords, and 100 Irish members to the House of Commons for the assembly that now sits at Westminster is the Parliament of all three kingdoms. But, as we may see any day in the papers, it is customary to speak of "The Imperial Parliament." It is right to do so; for, although all the great Colonies have their own parliaments, and manage their own affairs quite independently of the Parliament at Westminster, the Ministers who sit at Westminster have duties to perform in every part of the Empire.

India, too, and many of the smaller Colonies, are still under the control of the Parliament at Westminster; and laws made by the House of Lords and the House of Commons, and assented to by the Queen, must be obeyed in countries far away from our shores. This power of making laws for India or for any of the Colonies is not often used, and it would be a very unfortunate thing if Parliament were to interfere often with the government of India, or even with the government of such Colonies as Jamaica or Hong-Kong; but the right and power to interfere remain, and

have sometimes to be used. So it will be seen that we are right in speaking of the assembly which sits in the great building at Westminster as *The Imperial Parliament.*

We have only to look at the building which contains the two Houses of Parliament to see that it is not a very old one. Parliament itself is an ancient institution, but, as we shall see, the palace in which it now sits is new.

Ever since the time of Henry III. Parliament had sat, except on the few occasions referred to above, in the Royal Palace at Westminster. Part of this Royal Palace was burnt down as long ago as the time of Henry VIII., and in consequence of the fire King Henry ceased to use it as a palace; but the sittings of Parliament were still held there, and it was here that the famous scenes took place in the reign of Charles I. It was here that Charles came into the House of Commons and demanded that the five members should be given up to him. The Speaker, Lenthall, upon his knees informed his majesty that he had neither eyes to see nor ears to hear save what the House commanded. He could not tell where the missing members were. The King, in high dudgeon, departed without having caught the offenders. It was here, too, that the Long Parliament sat for thirteen years while Charles fought for his kingdom and lost it; while the Court sat hard by in Westminster Hall which tried the King of England on a charge of High Treason, and sentenced him to a traitor's death.

It was this ancient House of Commons which eleven years later rang with the tramp of the troops who, under the orders of Oliver Cromwell,

himself a member of their honourable House, bade the members of this same Long Parliament "*Be gone!*" Speaker and members hesitated to obey, but Colonel Harrison and his soldiers had their orders, and were determined to carry them out. "*Fetch him down!*" said Cromwell, when the Speaker declined to move. But without waiting to be fetched the Speaker departed, followed by the forty-two members who were all that were left to support him.

But, indeed, the history of this famous Parliament House is the history of the Parliament of England for more than six hundred years. Here Walpole governed wisely for many a year by the aid of a majority nearly every member of which had been bribed to support him. Here Pitt and Fox met as rivals in the troubled times of the great French war. Here Burke made his long speeches, to which few people listened, but everybody read; here the fiery eloquence of Grattan, Shiel and O'Connell was displayed, a rich gift which the genius of Ireland had brought to the Imperial Parliament.

In 1834 the ancient building perished in the flames; a fragment only remained, but that fragment is very precious. In the old Palace there had been a chapel known as the **Chapel of St. Stephen.** It was burned to the ground, but the crypt or vault beneath it escaped, and on it is built a portion of the new Palace of Westminster, known as St. Stephen's Hall. We frequently read of *The Palace of St. Stephen's*, and we still talk of Parliament as sitting at *St. Stephen's*. It is to this ancient chapel that we owe the name.

One other portion of the old building still more

valuable and remarkable than the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel escaped the fire, namely, **Westminster Hall**. This splendid hall was built no less than eight hundred years ago by William Rufus, son of the Conqueror. It has been added to at one end, where a raised platform and splendid coloured window were placed, but apart from this the great hall is much the same as it was in the days of the Red King, as it was when Charles I. stood at the bar to take his trial for his life before the High Court appointed by the House of Commons, the same as it was when Warren Hastings, the great and successful Governor of India, was impeached before the House of Lords, charged with abusing his great powers, receiving bribes, and with unjustly using the law against his own enemies. On the floor of Westminster Hall a brass plate marks the very spot where King Charles sat before his judges.

For eight hundred years Westminster Hall has been used for great ceremonies, for the coronation of our kings and queens, and, as we have just read, for the trial and condemnation of one of them. Great banquets have been held in it, and for hundreds of years the Law Courts sat in the hall itself. In 1898 the body of Mr. Gladstone lay in state in the hall, and was visited there by tens of thousands of people.

There are few public buildings in Europe that have a greater historical interest than Westminster Hall, and there are very few that have so long been used for the same purpose, and that purpose the one for which they were originally built.

Westminster Hall is very old, so is the crypt or vault of St. Stephen's Chapel; but the rest of

the great buildings which we call the Houses of Parliament are new, at any rate compared with the building of which we have just been reading. It was in 1834 that the old Parliament House was burnt to the ground. It was decided to erect a new and more splendid edifice upon the same spot. Mr. Charles Barry[1] was the architect chosen, and the whole of the great block which we now see, was planned by him.

It is only fair, however, to the architect to say that if his plan had been carried out the new Houses of Parliament would be an even finer building than at present. Sir Charles Barry intended to have made it nearly twice the size it now is, and to have placed Westminster Hall in the centre of a great square of buildings. The Palace of Westminster is a very splendid building, but, according to the idea of the architect who planned it, it has never really been finished. It is unfortunate, too, that the building is placed very low down. Anyone who enters Palace Yard, in order to get to the House of Commons or to Westminster Hall, will notice that he has to go down hill. For this reason the view of the building from Victoria Street and Whitehall is not so fine as it ought to be, or as it would be if the Houses of Parliament were raised a little higher, instead of being built as it were in a hole.

There are two great towers, one at each end of the building. That at the east end is called "**The Clock Tower.**" It contains an immense clock, of which the minute hand is 12 feet long. Within it is hung the great bell, known as "*Big Ben*," on which the hours are rung, and whose deep tone

[1] Afterwards Sir Charles Barry.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.
(Photo by York & Son, Notting Hill, W.)

WHITEHALL.
(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

can be heard far over the London streets. Above the clock is a great lantern. When either House of Parliament is sitting this lantern is lit after dark, and is kept burning until both Houses have "risen," that is to say have finished their sitting. The height of the Clock Tower is 320 feet.

At the west end of the Houses of Parliament rises to a still greater height the great square tower known as **The Victoria Tower**, on the top of which is a tall flagstaff. From the top of this flagstaff there flies all day, during the session of Parliament, the Union flag, or *Union Jack*. It is fitting that the flag of the country should be seen here, for not only does it represent with its three crosses the union of the three Parliaments of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, now joined to form the "Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland," but every part of the flag as we now see it—the pattern, the proportions, the shape—has been carefully laid down and settled by Parliament itself; and the Union Jack which waves above the Palace of Westminster is a flag which has been made by Act of Parliament.

It is possible to visit the Houses of Parliament and to go all over them when no sittings are being held.[1] Those who visit them should know what to look out for when they go. A small portion of the old building escaped the fire in 1834, and a part of what remained was built in a style known as the Tudor style, that is to say, the style of building that flourished in England at the time of our Tudor sovereigns—Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth.

Having this bit of the old building as an example,

[1] On Saturday afternoons throughout the year.

it was decided to make the new building in the same style. And thus it came about that the Houses of Parliament which were finished in the reign of Queen Victoria are built in the style which became famous in England four hundred years ago. It is necessary to know this in order to understand the decorations which are everywhere carved or painted upon the building within and without. All these decorations, whether they be the stone roses on the walls, the letters and words upon the tiles on the floor, or the shields and pictures painted on the windows, have some meaning, and serve to remind us of something in the history of the nation. In the great windows in Westminster Hall may be seen the white horse, which was the sign of the old Saxon kingdom of Kent, and the shield bearing a cross and five "martlets" or birds, which is used to recall King Alfred and Edward the Confessor.

In one place may be seen the arms of Calais and of Boulogne when those towns were part of the English dominions; in another the white horse of Hanover recalls the time when England and Hanover were under the same king. In hundreds of places may be seen the Royal Arms bearing the lilies of France placed before the lion of England, reminding us that for centuries our kings were vain enough to describe themselves as Kings of France and of England.

The roses in the stonework and on the windows are the "Tudor Roses," red rose and white rose joined together at last, after the fierce civil struggle which we know as "The Wars of the Roses." The "bursting pomegranate" which we see often repeated among the decorations and carvings is another Tudor sign or emblem; the history of it is curious. In the year 1480, when Ferdinand and Isabella

were King and Queen of Spain, the Spaniards captured the city of Granada from the Moors. Granada means a pomegranate, and, in consequence, a pomegranate was added to the coat of arms of the sovereigns of Spain. In the year 1509, Henry VIII., the second of our Tudor kings, married Katharine of Aragon, daughter of the King of Spain, and thereupon added the Spanish emblem of the pomegranate to those which marked the Royal House of England. Thus it is that we see the pomegranate appearing so often in the decorations of the Houses of Parliament.

Lastly, there is one other decoration which we see still oftener, both in the carvings and in the windows. It is the "portcullis," of which a picture is given below. The portcullis was the badge or crest of the great Beaufort family, from which Henry VII. was descended, and thus the portcullis, too, became a royal emblem of the Tudors.

Enough has been said to make it clear that all these decorations have a meaning, and that they will be best understood by those who have studied the history of their country, and who know how much can be told by signs and emblems.

THE TUDOR EMBLEMS OF THE ROSE, THE PORTCULLIS, AND THE POMEGRANATE.
From the decorations of the Palace of Westminster.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FAMOUS LONDON BUILDINGS.

V.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE TREASURES OF THE MUSEUM — IN THE DAYS OF CÆSAR — IN THE DAYS OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR — MOSES AND PHARAOH — AUTOGRAPHS AND BOOKS.

THE **British Museum** stands in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. It is open to everyone, and certainly it ought to be visited by everyone who has a chance of going there. For the British Museum is famous, and justly famous, not only in England, but throughout the world. Within its walls are to be found many of the most ancient, the most curious, and the most interesting things which have been preserved or discovered. Here, too, is a library second, perhaps, to none in the world, and which stands in the first rank not only on account of its size and the number of books which are preserved in it, but because it contains many of the most valuable and famous writings and books that exist.

One visit to the British Museum is better than no visit at all, but it must not be supposed that very much can be learnt in a single visit. It needs many visits to enable a new comer to learn his way about, and to understand what the various objects which he sees really are, and

FAMILIAR OBJECTS IN THE EGYPTIAN GALLERY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, MADE FROM 1,500 TO 3 000 YEARS BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

1. A Bottle; 2. A Child's Toy; 3. A Spoon; 4. A Chisel; 5. A Comb; 6. A Chair; 7. A Hair-pin 8. A Bronze Model of a Cat; 9. A Basket; 10. A Camp Stool.

IN THE NORTHERN EGYPTIAN GALLERY, BRITISH MUSEUM.

what is the kind of lesson he may learn from them. It would take a lifetime to learn all the lessons which even one part of the Museum could teach. But, though this be true, a very great deal of enjoyment and knowledge can be obtained by anyone who visits the Museum, and who knows before he goes there, what it is he wants to see, and why he wants to see it. To go and look at a number of stones, or weapons, or ornaments under glass cases without knowing anything at all about their history or meaning is dull work, and a waste of time; but it is wonderful how interesting these same things may become directly we begin to understand what they really are, and what they tell us.

Let us, then, take a glimpse at one part of the Museum only, and see what are the wonders which it contains, and what is the story which it can tell us. It is the story of Man and his works for six thousand years past. We speak sometimes of the long history of England — and ours is indeed a long history. From the landing of **Julius Cæsar** down to our own day is nearly two thousand years. But the history which is illustrated in the British Museum begins long before that date. The landing of Julius Cæsar takes us back almost exactly to the birth of Christ (55 B.C.),[1] that is to say, to the beginning of our Christian era. Looking backwards from that point, those of us who have read ancient history remember that the years in the days of Julius Cæsar were not counted as we now count them, for we write the year A.D.,[2] or "*In the year of our Lord.*" The Romans wrote

[1] B.C., short for Before Christ.
[2] A.D., short for Anno Domini = In the year of our Lord.

not A.D., but A.U.C., meaning "*In the year of the founding of the city.*" [1]

The city from whose foundation they counted was the great city of **Rome**, and the year in which Cæsar was murdered in the Roman Forum was the seven hundred and ninth since the founding of the city. But the illustrated history of the British Museum goes back far beyond the day on which, according to the old story, Romulus and Remus built the little wall surrounding the village which was to grow till it became the mighty city of Rome. The Roman remains in the Museum may be looked upon as forming the new and modern part.

Let us look back once more. We all have a history in our hands which tells us of a time when Rome was in its infancy, and when the great cities of the world were built in places which are now either desert, or marked only by the ruins of what was once the home of thousands of busy men and women. In the Old Testament we read how in the first year of **Cyrus, King of Persia,** the king made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom, and put it also in writing; and that the proclamation declared that the people of Israel, long captive in Babylon, should be allowed to go back to their own land, and to rebuild their Temple in Jerusalem. In the Book of Ezra we read how the Israelites went up, and how the Temple was rebuilt.

In the British Museum may be seen words written by the order of **Cyrus,** and the remains of the splendour of Persia. It was **Nebuchadnezzar,**

[1] A.U.C., short for *Anno Urbis Conditæ*, meaning in the year of the foundation of the city.

King of Babylon, who led the Israelites captive. In the Museum may be seen pictures and writings of the time of Nebuchadnezzar.

Seven hundred years before the birth of Christ, **Sennacherib**, King of Assyria, besieged Jerusalem, and, having lost his army before its walls, returned with shame to his own land. In the British Museum a whole gallery is given up to the marvellous drawings found upon the walls of Assyrian palaces and temples in which Sennacherib and his son **Esar-Haddon** are shown going forth to war or to the chase, and returning triumphant with the spoils won in hunting or with the trophies and prisoners captured in battle. Hundreds of letters written by Esar-Haddon and Ahasuerus, or during their time, are to be seen in the British Museum, and can be read there by those who have made a study of the Assyrian language.

And now let us take another long step backward into time. Eight hundred years before the days of Esar-Haddon, 1,500 years before the birth of Christ, nearly 3,500 years before our own time, there reigned a king in Egypt, one of the Pharaohs, whose hand was heavy upon the Children of Israel, and who, as we know, sent them forth on their wanderings in the desert under the leadership of **Moses** and **Aaron**.

We are accustomed to think of things of which we read in the Book of Exodus as happening almost before the beginning of history; but in the British Museum we shall find scores of things which were made and used in the time of Pharaoh, books which Moses may have read, vessels which Moses may have used. Nay, more, we can see in the wonderful *Mummy Room* the forms and

features of the actual men and women with whom Moses and Aaron may have conversed, and whose bodies have been preserved to this day by the wonderful plan of embalming which was known to the Egyptians. The very cats that sunned themselves in the Egyptian houses, the birds that flew over the Nile, the corn and fruit which the rich soil produced then as plentifully as it does now, have all been preserved to this day, and may be seen and handled.

There is yet another step backward which we may take by the help of the history which our Old Testament teaches us. For more than two hundred years the Israelites dwelt in Egypt. It was over two centuries before the days of Moses that **Joseph's brethren** came up in time of famine to get corn from Egypt, and found their long lost brother living in splendour as the minister of a great king. This king was yet another Pharaoh; and of him, too, and of his time the British Museum has its records.

Although we have got back to the days when **Jacob** came up into Egypt, and have reached a time more than 3,000 years distant from that in which we live, the wonderful collection at the British Museum takes us back further still, to the days when, 3,000 years before the birth of Christ, Egypt was already a flourishing and civilised country, in which writing was practised, the arts were cultivated, and when many of the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries which we are accustomed to think are new in our own time were familiar to men and women, as we may see with our own eyes if we take the trouble to visit the British Museum.

And yet another thousand years back we must go, to the fortieth century before the birth of Christ, the sixtieth century before our own, to reach the beginning of the history of Egypt which is illustrated for us in the British Museum. It is impossible to behold without surprise and wonder the treasures which are to be seen in the glass cases in the Museum.

Opposite page 164 there is a picture of a few of the objects. It is hard to believe that things so like the work of our own day should have been made and used five thousand years ago; it is still more difficult to believe that these very things have been preserved for all these ages, almost unchanged, still bearing the colours in which they were first painted, and still perfect in form. But, thanks to the dry air of Egypt, and the skill with which the Egyptians practised the art of embalming, this seeming miracle has been performed, and we in London, in the twentieth century A.D., can see the pictures, the ornaments, the dress, the actual heads of men and women who lived and died four or five thousand years ago.

But it must not be supposed that when we have seen the wonders of the Assyrian and Egyptian rooms of the Museum we have come to the end of the treasures and wonders which the great building contains. Far from it. In the Egyptian rooms we seem to look at the beginning of human history and of human art. In the Greek rooms we see to what perfection men have brought the practice of art. The wonderful sculptures of the Greeks, the beautiful pottery, the exquisite form and design of the Greek buildings and Greek vessels have supplied

models which all the world has been content to copy, and which they have never learnt to excel since the famous days of ancient Athens, 2,300 years ago.

For it must not be supposed that because the Greeks who made the beautiful things to be seen in the British Museum lived, flourished, and died more than 2,000 years ago, their work is done, and that nothing remains of it except the marble statues, the ruined temples, the delicately shaped vases which time has spared, and which are now so carefully treasured. Such is far from being the case. On the contrary, it is impossible to go down a street in London, it is almost impossible to enter a house or to look at any beautiful building, without discovering that those who planned the street or the building had learnt something from the Greeks and had used their knowledge in their plan.

Again, we may see in the Museum the beginning of a great art which is now practised by all, but was for many thousand years known only to a few. In the Museum are examples of the earliest known *Writing* in the world, ancient inscriptions cut on stone in characters which not even the most learned could decipher till very lately. Here, too, are examples of writing on papyrus, the reed on which the Egyptians wrote five thousand years ago, and which has given its name to the material which has now taken its place, and which is known to all civilised nations as "paper."[1]

The art of writing is a very old one, and compared with it the art of *Printing* is

[1] French, papier; German, papier.

new.[1] But the date of the first book printed from movable type is 1456, or nearly 450 years ago, and in the British Museum may be seen an example of this early and famous book.[2]

In the reign of Edward IV., **Caxton** introduced the art of printing into England; and in the Museum, justly preserved as a great national treasure, may be seen the earliest work turned out from Caxton's printing press.[3]

Writing and printing are of interest to all the world; the history of England is of special interest to England. In the Museum are to be found the most famous and important records of our nation's life. Here are the charters sealed and signed by our kings, from Alfred down to Queen Victoria; and among them, and most famous of all, is the Great Charter sealed by King John at Runnymede in the year 1215, and known to all Englishmen as "**Magna Charta**." There were several copies of the Charter, and one of them is now to be seen in the Museum written on a sheet of parchment, and bearing at its foot the seals of the king, of **Stephen Langton,** Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the barons who were present when John was forced, much against his will, to make his solemn promises to his subjects.

Mention must be made, too, of the great collection of "*Autographs*," which is a collection of specimens of the actual handwriting of the most famous and interesting men and women in the

[1] It is probable, however, that the art of printing from blocks was known and practised in China long before the date of the earliest printing in Europe.

[2] The famous Mazarin Bible, printed in Mainz, on the Rhine, in 1456.

[3] "*The Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophers*" (1477).

history of the world, and of the history of our own country in particular.

This must be the end of our chapter about the British Museum, but it must not be supposed that in the few pages which have been given up to the subject half the wonderful things that can be seen there have been referred to. But enough has perhaps been said to convince any Londoner who happens to read this book that there exists in the City in which he lives a very famous and wonderful collection, which is perhaps without a rival in the world.

No one, old or young, who has any imagination and the power of using his eyes and his wits can visit the British Museum without learning something. But it is not those who know least who will learn most. On the contrary, the more any person, old or young, who visits these famous collections has studied the history of the things which he goes to see, the more will he learn from them, and the better will he understand the meaning, the use, and the value of the rare and curious things which have been so carefully preserved and so beautifully arranged, and which are the possession of the whole nation, open freely to all.

A GREAT LANDSCAPE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA VISITING SOLOMON (*By Claude Lorraine*).

A GREAT PORTRAIT IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

REMBRANDT (*Painted by Himself*).

CHAPTER XXVII.

FAMOUS LONDON BUILDINGS.

VI.—THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE ITALIAN SCHOOL—OTHER FOREIGN SCHOOLS—THE BRITISH SCHOOL—THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART—THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Among the famous buildings of London we must not forget to name **The National Gallery,** in Trafalgar Square. It is perhaps more correct to say that the treasures which the building contains are famous, for the National Gallery itself is not very beautiful, and in the opinion of many people is not worthy of the position it occupies in Trafalgar Square, or of the precious collection of pictures which it contains. The National Gallery contains a collection of pictures which have been brought together from all parts of Europe, and which are now exhibited for the benefit of the people of London, and for anyone who visits London.

There are many famous collections of pictures in the world. Some of them are much larger than that in Trafalgar Square; but persons who are very good judges, are of opinion that, though the collection in the National Gallery is not a very large one, it is not surpassed by any other, because it contains good examples of the

work of nearly every famous painter. Whether it be the best in the world or not, it is certain that the collection of pictures in the National Gallery in London is a most wonderful and beautiful one, and one which every Londoner ought to see. As all the pictures belong to the country, entrance to the galleries is free, and nothing has to be paid for entrance.[1]

It is of little use attempting to describe the pictures in the National Gallery. A picture is meant to be looked at, and those who wish to enjoy the National Gallery must, of course, go there. One or two things, however, should be remembered by anyone who pays a visit to the galleries. The pictures may be divided into three classes. The first class is that of pictures by *Italian* artists, and perhaps the most famous works in the whole collection are to be found amongst the Italian pictures. They include pictures by **Raphael d'Urbino**, the great Roman painter, who lived when Henry VII. and Henry VIII. were reigning in England. Many of Raphael's pictures have been copied so often that they are familiar to us all. There are other pictures by great Italian artists, by **Botticelli**, by the great painter of Florence, **Leonardo da Vinci**, by **Titian** and **Tintoretto**, both of them Venetians, and by many others.

Then there is a second very important class of pictures, namely, those which were painted by great foreign artists who were not Italians. Among them are the wonderful pictures by the *Spanish* painter **Murillo**, and the marvellous portraits painted by **Rembrandt**, the prince of *Dutch* painters. We

[1] Except on Thursdays and Fridays.

see opposite page 177 a copy of a famous picture in the National Gallery by this artist. There are portraits by **Hans Holbein**, the *German* artist, who painted the famous portrait of our own King Henry VIII., and by **Van Dyck**, a *Flemish*, or as we should now say a Belgian, painter, whose portrait of Charles I. is interesting both to the artist and to the historian.

There are many other famous names in the list, but names in themselves tell us little; those who desire to know more of the pictures and of the artists who produced them must go and see for themselves.

Lastly, we must not forget to mention the English school of painters which includes **Hogarth**, a Londoner, who lived in the time of George I. and George II., and who in his pictures of life and manners in his day has told us more than many pages of written description can do what men, women, places, and things were like in London more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, probably the greatest English portrait painter, **Romney**, and **Turner**, the great English landscape painter, are all represented by pictures on the walls of the National Gallery.

It is probable that no two persons who visit the National Gallery form quite the same idea of what they see there, or admire the same pictures. Moreover, it often happens that those who visit the Gallery for the first time find little to admire in pictures which have become famous throughout the world, and are considered to be very wonderful and very beautiful. It is, of course, possible that those who have praised these pictures have been mistaken, and that those who

see them for the first time, and who can find nothing to admire in them, are right. But it is not probable that such should be the case. No man who is not musical, and whose ear has not been educated, can be considered a really good judge of music, but the more carefully he is trained the more able will he be to understand and to value really good music.

The same thing is true not only of music but of many other things, and it is certainly true of painting. It seems probable that if many artists living at many different dates, and many generations of people who were not artists, but who yet love beautiful pictures, have agreed to praise the pictures painted by any particular man, and to say that they are worthy of being preserved and worthy of being admired, there is a good reason for agreeing with them.

Those, therefore, who visit the National Gallery, and who when they first go there see much that they do not admire or do not understand, will be wise if they do not make up their minds too quickly; they will do well to ask themselves whether it is not possible that it is they who are in the wrong, and that those who have praised the pictures and the artists who painted them are right. It is often the case that beauties which are not seen and not understood at first are understood and easily seen by those who have the patience and good sense to try to find them out.[1]

[1] Of course, it must not be forgotten that there are some pictures in the collection which have been chosen not for their beauty or their excellence, but because they are examples of the work of some particular time or of some particular artist. In order to understand the value of these pictures, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the history of art and of artists.

But by many who visit the National Gallery this advice will not be needed. Many of the pictures which are to be seen there are so beautiful that no one can fail to admire them, and every Londoner who has not yet been to see the great collection of pictures which belongs to him and to other Londoners, and of which he and they have so much reason to be proud, should take the first opportunity of paying a visit to the great building in Trafalgar Square.

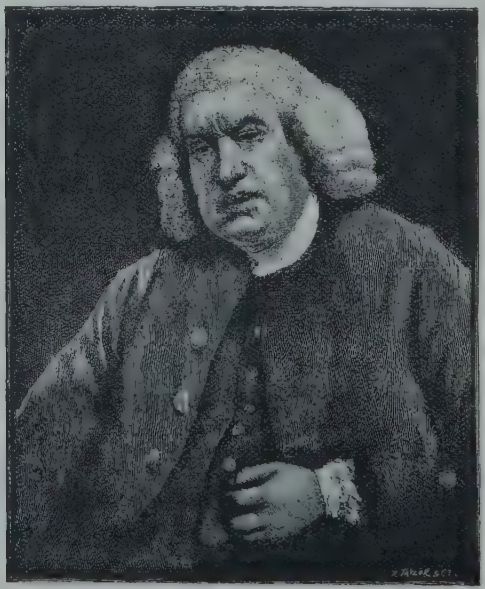
We have said that among the pictures in the National Gallery are some of those which belong to what is called the "English School," and are painted by British artists, but many of the best and most famous English pictures will not be found in Trafalgar Square. In the year 1891, Mr. Henry Tate[1] gave a large sum of money to the nation for the purpose of building a new gallery which should serve as an addition to the National Gallery. This gallery stands upon the Thames Embankment, between Vauxhall Bridge and Westminster Bridge. It is called **The National Gallery of British Art,** and only pictures by British artists are to be seen there. Probably, before very long, all the British pictures will be taken away from the Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and will be exhibited at the new Gallery on the Embankment.[2]

There is another important picture gallery in London, known as **The National Portrait Gallery.** It is situated at the corner of Trafalgar Square, adjoining the National Gallery. It contains a

[1] Afterwards Sir Henry Tate.

[2] The National Gallery of British Art, or "Tate Gallery," is open free to the public.

collection of portraits of famous English men and women. Some of the portraits are very well painted, and, no doubt, very good likenesses. Unfortunately, many of the pictures which represent famous people of whom we should greatly like to have a good portrait, are ill painted, and are probably not good likenesses; and though every effort has been made to collect good portraits of famous people, we shall look in vain for many a face which we should like to find—the faces of those who have filled a great place in the history of our country.



A FAMOUS LONDONER—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.
(*After the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the National Portrait Gallery.*)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LONDON PARKS AND OPEN SPACES.

THE PUBLIC PARKS—THEIR HISTORY—WHAT GROWS IN THEM, AND WHAT LIVES IN THEM.

THE Parks have often been called the "lungs of London," and with reason; for just as the human body is kept in health, the blood purified, and strength renewed by the draughts of pure air which are drunk in by the lungs, so does the population of London keep in health and renew its vigour by breathing the fresh air, hearing the rustle of the wind in the trees, and watching the flight of the birds in the Parks.

There can be no doubt that to live perpetually in close and narrow streets is very bad for the health; pale cheeks, tired limbs, and poor appetites too often mark the dwellers in a great town. And if to be always shut up within walls be bad for the bodily health of men and women, it is certainly bad for their mental health also. Never to see a green tree, never to watch the leaves and flowers coming in the spring time and fading and falling in the autumn, never to smell the pleasant scent of the rain falling on the dry earth, or to watch wild creatures in their homes, is to lose a great part of the pleasure of life.

We all feel that this is so. Even those of us who are the most completely shut up in a town, who see least of the green fields and the flowers, do our best to obtain some little thing to remind us of the country; a bunch of flowers on the table, a pot or two in the window, perhaps a singing bird in a cage, are to be found in thousands of London homes, the occupants of which are prevented by work, by poverty, or by ill health from getting out into the country.

Luckily, in these days when railway journeys cost very little, and when bicycles have enabled thousands of us to get away into the green fields without any cost to ourselves, many more people get out of London into the country than were able to do so ten or twenty years ago. Still, there are very many Londoners who can really never get away from the streets the whole year round. If it were not for our parks and open spaces thousands of men, women, and children would not even know what the country is like.

But it is not to them only, but to all Londoners, that the parks afford pleasure and health.

Englishmen have not often been in the front rank of architects, and in the planning of great public buildings and the decoration of streets they have usually been surpassed by people of other nations. But in gardening, or rather in that kind of gardening which is called landscape gardening, Englishmen have for more than two hundred years excelled.

In our London parks we may see many examples of good landscape gardening. Care has been taken not to destroy the natural beauty of

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SOME LONDON OPEN SPACES.

1. THE FLOWER WALK, REGENT'S PARK.
2. THE PAGODA AND LAKE, VICTORIA PARK.
3. THE THAMES, FROM RICHMOND HILL (*Photo by York & Son, Notting Hill*).
4. THE LAKE, DULWICH PARK (*Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited*).

HAMPSTEAD HEATH, FROM THE FLAGSTAFF, LOOKING WEST.

(Photo by Mr. Arthur Burchett, Hampstead.)

the country by making too many straight rows and formal walks. In some parts beds have been laid out in patterns, and straight avenues of trees have been planted in such a way as to be very pleasing to the eye; but it has been the aim of those who have had to lay out the parks to make the greater part of them as open and natural as possible. Thus, when we walk in Regent's Park, or Battersea Park, or Kensington Gardens, we can almost imagine that we are in the country, and that the bit of country in which we find ourselves is a particularly beautiful one, adorned by the finest trees, watered by pleasant streams, with fields of the brightest green and flowers of the most brilliant hues.

There are very few parks in London that have not some special beauty; but perhaps the most beautiful of all are those which have lately been thrown open to the public, and which are like real bits of wild country enclosed in the middle of the London houses. Such are **Ravenscourt Park, Finsbury Park,** and **Clissold Park.** Close to Highgate is an enclosure formerly known as **Churchyard Bottom Wood,** and now called **Queen's Wood,** which is deserving of special notice, for it is said to contain a part of the ancient forest which once covered the whole of the ground on which London now stands, and the thick trees which flourish within its borders are the descendants of trees which have grown upon the same spot for a thousand years, and probably for a very much longer time. It may readily be supposed that it is not easy to make parks in the midst of a great and populous city like London. Every foot of ground is of great value, and when houses have once been

built upon any open space, thousands, tens of thousands, and in some cases millions, of pounds must be paid before even a small piece can be bought back and turned into an open space.

Luckily, at a time when London was not so big as it now is, and when the greater part of the population lived within the walls of the city, our kings and certain of the great nobles lived in what were then the suburbs, and surrounded their houses with great gardens and parks, such as we now see in the country. As London grew, and what had been the suburbs, or even part of the country, became part of the town, the owners of these great parks found them no longer as pleasant as they used to be, and were ready to exchange them for some country house which was further from London, and really in the country. Some of them sold their old parks and allowed houses to be built upon them; but in a few cases a happier plan was followed, and the parks were kept open for the benefit of Londoners, either in the form of private squares or of public parks.

Hyde Park was, and is still, called a *Royal Park*. In ancient days the two manors of **Neyte** and **Hyde** belonged to the Abbey of Westminster. Henry VIII. took them in exchange for other lands, and the Manor of Hyde became in time Hyde Park. It was long kept railed in as a deer park, and was used for hunting. In Charles I.'s time it was used for racing; under Cromwell the racing went on, and Cromwell himself, who was a keen sportsman, one day turned out with a coach and team of six, which he drove with more courage than success, for the horses

bolted, and the great man himself got a bad fall.

In Charles II.'s time Hyde Park had become a fashionable promenade, where fine folk rode and drove and talked about each other, and each other's dresses and horses, very much as they do now. The park being "a royal demesne," no one was allowed to encroach upon it. But though at first the Manor of Hyde had been a private pleasure ground belonging to the king, and intended for his own use and amusement, it gradually came to be looked upon as a public garden of which everyone might make use, subject to rules and regulations made for the good of all; and now it is recognised as such by the law, and the park is preserved as an open space for ever. It is managed by the Board of Works, which keeps it up for the benefit of the public, free and open to all.

Regent's Park is also a *Royal Park*, and was formerly known as Marylebone Farm and Fields. It was turned into a *Public Park* by an Act of Parliament passed in 1811. In the centre of Regent's Park are the famous Zoological Gardens.

St. James's Park was formerly part of the private gardens of St. James's Palace. The broad road through the park, known as the Mall, was at one time a very fashionable promenade for the ladies of the Court.

The Green Park was formerly larger than it now is, but a portion of it was cut off in the time of George III.[1] in order to enlarge the gardens of Buckingham House, now known as Buckingham Palace.

[1] 1737.

But besides the royal parks, there are many other very beautiful parks in London. Some of these have been bought by the Corporation of the City of London or by the London County Council, and have been opened for the benefit of all. Such are **Epping Forest**, bought by the Corporation of the City of London; **Wanstead Park**, in the north-east of London, one of the most beautiful of the London parks, which was also bought by the Corporation. **Finsbury Park, Clapton Common, Hackney Marsh,**[1] **Ravenscourt Park, Southwark Park, Brockwell Park,** and others, have been bought out of the money of the London ratepayers by the London County Council.

In some cases wealthy and benevolent men have given open spaces as a present to the people of London, and a more valuable present could hardly be given. Such are **Maryon Park**, given by Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson; **Waterlow Park**, given by Sir Sidney Waterlow, Bart., and others.

In addition to the parks, we have, fortunately, many other open spaces in London. Some of them are small; but every place in which flowers and green trees may be seen is a gain, however small it may be. Of late years many places which were formerly shut up, and of no use to the public, have been thrown open, and have been laid out as gardens. Among these may be mentioned **Leicester Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Victoria Embankment Gardens,** and many others. In some cases churchyards which have long been closed, and in which no burials have taken place for many years, have been turned into gardens, and thus made to serve as a pleasure and refresh-

[1] In part only.

ment for the living as well as a resting place for the dead.

Lastly, it must be mentioned that in almost every part of London there are little gardens and strips of land on which grass is seen and trees grow. It has been said that it is impossible to find any place, in any part of London, in which a tree is not visible. Unfortunately this is not quite true; but there are many more trees in London than many of us believe, until we take the trouble to look carefully.

On the outside of London there is a great ring of open spaces of great beauty and great extent. Most of these are on the south side, such as **Wimbledon Common, Putney Heath, Richmond Park,** and **Hampton Court**; on the north-west there is also a very splendid open space—namely, **Hampstead Heath,** from the breezy top of which nearly all London can be seen on a fine day; on the north-east is **Epping Forest,** which has already been mentioned; on the south-east and south there are **Greenwich Park, Blackheath,** and a number of open Heaths and Commons which stretch almost all the way from Greenwich on the east to Wimbledon on the west.

It cannot be pretended that any park within a great city can have all the charm of a piece of real country far away from the smoke, crowd, and the noise of the city; but it must not be supposed that the work of nature cannot be observed and its beauties admired without going outside London. On the contrary, many rare and beautiful trees are collected in the parks, many beautiful flowers are placed there during the summer months; and every Londoner is able to

enjoy that which in most parts of the country can only be obtained by a few rich people who have large parks and gardens and greenhouses of their own.

But it is not only rare trees and garden flowers which are to be seen in the London parks. The ordinary English forest trees—the *oak*, the *ash*, the *elm*, and many others—grow there in numbers; the *holly* and the *hazel*, and many other bushes, form thickets in London as they do in the country. A list of the London wild flowers has been made by a careful observer, and the number of plants which have been discovered is astonishingly large.

Nor is London without that great attraction of the country—a variety of bird life. Everybody knows the London *sparrow*, and perhaps he is not a very great attraction; no one can help noticing that active and impudent little bird, which is to be seen in every street. But there are very many other birds which are much less noticed, and some of which few of us would expect to find within the limits of a great town. The *wood pigeons* have now become very common in the parks, where they are well fed and have become very fat.

Of late years *gulls* have taken to visiting London in thousands. In a very severe winter not long ago the gulls were driven inland, and Londoners amused themselves by feeding them. The birds have never forgotten their welcome, and, having once found a place where they live so comfortably and with so little trouble, they have continued to visit us in ever increasing numbers. There are still a few *rooks* in and about London,

though the rookeries, of which there used to be several in the heart of the town, have nearly all been broken up, and the rooks have taken up their quarters in the parks in the suburbs.

The ornamental waters in the parks are safe retreats for many kinds of waterfowl. The *moor-hen* is a regular inhabitant. The *little grebe* is sometimes seen in hundreds, and sometimes builds in the parks. *Cormorants*, which we are accustomed to think of as sea birds only, have been introduced into St. James's Park, and seem to live there very contentedly. The *dabchick* breeds in London, and sometimes there pass over the city great flights of *wild geese*. *Herons* are still to be found in Richmond Park and Wanstead Park.

Some of the common country birds, however, are very rare in London—such as the *chaffinch* and the *hedge-sparrow*. The *robin* may frequently be seen, but he is not now a common London bird. There are very few rooks, and in the outlying parks, especially Hampstead Heath and the neighbourhood, the *owl* and the *woodpecker* still breed, and birds such as the *white-throat*, the *willow wren*, and the *stone-chat*, which are not common even in the country, are occasionally to be found. Happily there is no place where birds are safer than in the London parks. Neither bird's-nesting nor shooting is allowed, and in consequence the number of birds is increasing, not diminishing. Those who have studied bird life very closely believe that if a little more were done to attract the birds, and to provide them with suitable nesting places and cover in the parks, a still greater number than we now possess would come back

and take up their quarters within the limits of our great city.[1]

From what has been said of our parks, of the trees and flowers that grow in them, and of the birds that live in them, we shall see what is the answer we ought to give to the question asked by the writer of the lines at the end of this chapter, that we can truly say that London birds do not "forget to sing," that London trees, like country trees, receive the happy message of the spring, and that a London May is indeed "a pleasant thing" which London children may enjoy.

Do London birds forget to sing?
Do London trees refuse the spring?
Is London May no pleasant thing?
Let country fields
To milking maid and shepherd boy
Give flowers and song and bright employ;
Her children also can enjoy
What London yields.—*Lionel Johnson.*

[1] The facts in this paragraph are taken from "Birds in London," by W. H. Hudson, F.Z.S. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

PIGEONS AT THE GUILDHALL.

BARGES ON THE THAMES.
(By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.)

THE THAMES AT NIGHT: THE CHAPMAN LIGHT.
(*By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.*)

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE THAMES.—Part I.

FROM THE SOURCE TO THE SEA — THAMES CRAFT — THAMES TIDES — THE SILENT HIGHWAY — THE STRAND.

RIGHT through the centre of London, from west to east, runs the river **Thames**. Compared with the great rivers of the Continent, of America, Asia, and Africa all English rivers are very small, and the Thames would be considered a stream of little account by those who dwell upon the banks of the majestic Amazon, of the broad Mississippi, or even of the Rhine or of the Danube. But compared with other English rivers the Thames stands high in the order of size and importance. In length it is second only to the Severn; in importance there is no other river in the United Kingdom which approaches it. Rising at Thames Head, in the parish of Cotes, in the Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, it has already covered three-fourths of its course by the time it reaches London Bridge.

The Thames is navigable by barges from its mouth to Lechlade, and a sufficient depth of water is secured in the upper part of the river by a series of locks which dam up the stream which would otherwise be swift and shallow. The nearest lock from the mouth of the river is at Teddington, eighteen and a half miles above London Bridge, and beyond Teddington the force

of the tide which pours into the estuary from the North Sea is no longer felt.

At Richmond a "half-tide lock" has recently been built. This is a weir across the river, the gates of which are only open when the tide has been rising some hours, or during the first half of the ebb, when the water is still high. The object of this lock is to keep a sufficient quantity of water in the river between Richmond and Teddington, for at times the river bed in that part was nearly dry at low tide. The weir at Teddington prevented the water from coming down from above, and the falling tide took away the water below. At the gate of the lock the rise of the tide varies from 7 ft. 6 in. to 12 ft. 3 in., so that it is plain that in past times, before the lock was constructed, the effect of the tide was felt much further inland.

This unfortunate state of things has now been put an end to by the construction of the "half-tide lock" at Richmond.

At the mouth of the Thames is the famous light-ship called "**The Nore Light,**" and close by, marking the end of a shoal, is a buoy known to all mariners as "**The Buoy at the Nore.**"

From Teddington to the Nore is 68½ miles; throughout the whole of this distance the force of the tide is felt. Londoners do not often consider how great is this silent force, which four times in every twenty-four hours sweeps up or down the Thames. We speak of a steamer of 10,000 horse-power as being a very powerful ship, but the force of the spring tide on the Thames is equal to the power of many such steamers.

We have only to take a walk along the Thames Embankment at any hour of the day or night to

see the river doing its work. Up the river with the flood tide, down the stream with the ebb, goes the long procession of barges and lighters moved slowly but certainly and with perfect regularity from place to place. Many of the craft we see are "dumb barges," lighters which have no means of propulsion save a pair of clumsy oars, which serve more as a rudder to steer the vessel than to move her. These dumb barges are for the most part dependent upon the tide, and upon the tide alone, to enable them to accomplish their voyages from one berth to another.

In addition to the dumb barges and lighters, are hundreds of great sailing barges. Above bridge these are content to move, like the lighters, with the tide alone. Below bridge they raise their masts, and their big red sails take them out to sea, up the Medway, or into one of the many creeks that lie along the banks of "*The London River*" and of the south-east coast. But even the sailing barges are nearly as dependent upon the tide as they are upon the wind, and even in the strongest fair wind few barge captains will try to sail against the full swing of a racing spring tide.

If we wish to get some idea of the power of the Thames tide, we shall do well to watch the stream swirling round the piers of Blackfriars Bridge. Blackfriars Bridge spans the river at the narrowest part of its London course, and the walls on either side hem in the stream until the water rushes through the arches like a mill-race. In the old days when London Bridge, with its twenty narrow arches, dammed up the stream, the current round the piers was even fiercer than it is now, and hundreds of persons lost their lives in trying to

shoot through the arches in small boats. Water-wheels were placed under the bridge in Queen Elizabeth's time, and were regularly worked for many years; and drinking water for the citizens of London was here drawn out of the river by the power of the stream.

The rise and fall of the tide in the Thames varies greatly, but what is called the range of the tide at London Bridge is 13 ft. at neap tides, and 21 ft. 3 in. at spring tides.

One curious point about the Thames tide must be noticed. The average duration of the outflowing tide is seven hours, while the flood or incoming tide runs on an average five hours only. As the same amount of water has to come in on the flood as goes out with the ebb, it is plain that the volume of water entering during each hour of the flood is greater than that which goes out each hour of the ebb, and in consequence the speed or current of the flood is stronger and more rapid than that of the ebb. The bargemen, who know how to take advantage of every breath of wind and every drain of tide, manage to get eight hours at ebb tide when they go down the river to sea, and six hours of flood when they come up, for the tide turns at different times in different parts of the river, hence a barge which sails a little faster than the tide flows may "sail over the tide," or, as it were, get in advance of it all the way down or up the river.

The Thames has always played an important part in the life and history of London. In past times it perhaps played a greater part than it does at present. London is now so big that many of those who live in it rarely, if ever, see the Thames, and the number who make any use of it, either for

business or pleasure, large as it is, is small compared to the whole population of the metropolis. But when London consisted almost entirely of *The City*, and when Westminster was a separate village or small town lying outside the walls, but easily reached by water, the Thames was well known to every Londoner, young and old. Not only was it the most important, and indeed almost the only, road by which merchandise in large quantities was brought in from the country or from abroad, but it was also the "silent highway" which the citizens were accustomed to use daily, both for business and pleasure.

Nowadays the railways and roads compete with the river, and millions of tons of goods, from coal and bricks down to vegetables and fresh meat, come in by the goods trains from every part of the kingdom, and from great ports like Liverpool and Southampton, at which merchandise is landed from abroad. In the same way passengers arrive in London by rail, and dwellers in London itself have their choice of many modes of conveyance to go from place to place. The railways, the omnibuses, the cabs, and the safe and well-paved streets all make it easy for Londoners to get from one end of their great city to the other. For one person who now goes from St. Paul's to Westminster by river, thousands go by rail, omnibus, cab, or on foot.

But when railways were unknown, when roads were few and bad, when footpads roamed about the unlit streets, and highwaymen stopped the coaches within five miles of London Stone, it was only natural that many should prefer to move from place to place in boat or barge rather than

run the risk and suffer the discomfort which attended even the shortest journey by land. Accordingly, we find that for many hundred years the river formed the most important thoroughfare of London. The lower part below London Bridge was given up then, as it is now, chiefly to shipping coming in from the sea. The names of the wharves and of the streets near the river are in many instances very old, and tell us of a trade begun there centuries ago, and in some cases carried on in the same place without a break down to the present day.

Queenhithe and **Rotherhithe** (known at one time as the village of Redriff) preserve the old Saxon name of *hythe* (meaning a river bank). *Queen Hithe* was the Queen's Bank or wharf—so called, it is said, because King John gave it, together with the right to the dues on goods landed there, to his mother Queen Eleanor.

Further up, the river became more of a highway than a place of business. The stream, unchecked, as it is at present, by the high wall of the Embankment, spread out broad and shallow, and at high tide the water came up far over the muddy flats to the verge of the busy street known then, as now, as the **Strand**, but which was in days gone by really and truly the *strand* or shore of the river.

Innumerable boats plied upon the stream. The stately barges of the Lord Mayor, of the great Companies, and of the wealthy nobles whose houses were situated upon the banks were to be seen passing up and down, rowed by watermen clad in the liveries of their masters. Many of the citizens had private boats, and for those who

could not afford this luxury there were the boats of the Thames watermen, a body of men who had the sole right to carry passengers for hire upon the Thames, and who, in time, became a very powerful company, very zealous in protecting their own rights and resolute in their defence.

Sometimes the passing boats bore a sorrowful burden. For instance, on July 1st, 1535, there comes by water from Westminster to the City that good and noble man **Sir Thomas More**, Lord High Chancellor of England, returning from his trial, on a charge of refusing to recognise the supremacy of Henry VIII. over the Church. The boat stops outside the Tower, where a grating or portcullis closes the entrance to a gloomy arch. The portcullis is raised from within, and the boat enters. The unhappy prisoner has passed *The Traitor's Gate*, and has returned to his cell—a prisoner in the terrible Tower of London. He will never leave it alive, for a few days later his head falls on Tower Hill.

At a time when the river was unembanked it was not easy to get into a boat when the tide was low, and hence it came about that in many places "*Stairs*" were built which allowed persons to embark at all states of the tide. *Wapping Old Stairs*, which exist to this day, have become celebrated in a song which is still known to lovers of a good chorus.

In addition to the stairs, which were generally for public use, *Water-gates* were erected in many places. At these gates a deep water-cut allowed the boats to come in at any time, and from the little wharves which they contained, the owners of the gate could conveniently embark

in their barges or wherries in shelter and undisturbed. A fine example of these water gates may still be seen at the foot of Buckingham Street, Strand. This gate was the property of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and was used by him when living in York House, his stately home. It was built by Inigo Jones. Its present position, high and dry at the back of the Embankment Gardens, marks the distance to which the river has been driven back by the Embankment.

THE WATER GATE OF YORK HOUSE AT THE BOTTOM OF BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND.

(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

CHAPTER XXX.

THE THAMES.—Part II.

BRIDGES AND FERRIES — BILLINGSGATE — THE CUSTOM HOUSE — THE TOWER BRIDGE — THAMES TUNNELS — FERRIES — THE DOCKS — DEPTFORD MARKET.

We have already seen that London Bridge was first built as long ago as 994,[1] and, although the original bridge was destroyed, and the same fate overtook no less than two of its successors, it is true to say that for over 900 years there has always been one bridge at least across the Thames at London. For many a long year there was but one only, and as the city grew, the need for some better means of crossing to the Surrey side was, of course, greatly felt. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that the building of new bridges was long delayed by the objections of the citizens themselves, who, perhaps, believed that the defence of the city would be made more difficult if the approach to it were made more easy.

Doubtless, too, there were many persons who were interested in the ferry-boats and wherries, upon which passengers who did not wish to go as far as London Bridge were compelled to depend; they naturally objected to a change which seemed likely to interfere with their

[1] See page 11.

profits. Among the number of those who objected to new bridges on this account was no less a person than the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ever since 1197 the Archbishops of Canterbury have had a residence in Lambeth Palace. Those who have crossed the river at Lambeth Bridge have probably noticed that the street which leads down to the bridge on the north side is called *Horseferry Road.*

This street has a history, and it will be seen that the Archbishop of Canterbury comes into the story. For many hundred years there existed at this spot a ferry over the Thames. Most of the ferries were for foot passengers only; but this was on a greater scale, and a large boat carried over horses as well as men. It was this horse ferry that gave its name to the street in which the Gas Light and Coal Company's offices now stand. It happened that this ferry was kept up by the Archbishops of Canterbury, whose palace lay just across the water at Lambeth, and the tolls taken for conveying passengers and their horses all went to them. Naturally therefore the various Archbishops who succeeded each other at Lambeth were unwilling to see any bridge built which might diminish a toll which brought so good an income to their See; and on every occasion when it was proposed to build a bridge the Archbishop for the time being opposed it, and for a long time with success.

When, however, old Westminster Bridge[1] was completed in the year 1750, it was arranged that

[1] The present bridge replaced the old structure, and was completed in 1862.

the See of Canterbury should receive a payment of £2,000 to make up for the loss of the tolls of the passengers who, if there had been no bridge, would have been compelled to cross over at the "horse ferry." Even as late as the year 1862, when Lambeth Bridge was built, there was a regular ferry at this place.

Of **London Bridge**, the oldest and most famous of all the London bridges, a short description must here be given. There have been in all four bridges at the point where the present bridge now stands. The first was built in 994; the last, the handsome stone bridge with which most Londoners are familiar, was finished and opened in 1831.

But perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most picturesque London Bridge was that commenced in 1176, and which lasted 650 years, down to the reign of William IV. This famous bridge was carried on no less than twenty narrow arches, through which the stream rushed with the violence of a mill-race. On both sides of it there were houses, like a regular street. In the centre was a chapel dedicated to Thomas a' Becket,[1] and at each end were fortified gateways, on the battlements of which the heads of traitors were exposed. Till the year 1894 there was no bridge further down the river than London Bridge; but for many years great inconvenience had been felt, owing to the great growth of the population on both sides of the river—in Whitechapel and Limehouse on the north, and in Bermondsey and Rotherhithe on the south. A

[1] Thomas a' Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, known as St. Thomas of Canterbury, was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral in the reign of Henry II., 1170.

carter who wished to take his goods from Tower Hill to Tooley Street was compelled to make a journey of nearly a mile and a half to reach a spot not half a mile distant in a straight line.

Not only did these long journeys lead to great waste of time, and cause much inconvenience, but the crowd of carts and carriages meeting on London Bridge became so enormous that the streets were blocked, and whole hours were sometimes lost by those who were compelled to cross the river at this point. It became clear that another bridge must be built lower down the river. But some very important questions had to be settled before the new bridge could be begun. For 900 years the shipping entering the Thames had come freely up the river as far as London Bridge, and the ships had lain in the Pool and had discharged cargoes on the wharves and into the warehouses on both sides of the stream.

There were also two places on the river bank, just below the bridge, to which it was most important that ships should always have free access, namely, the **London Custom House** and **Billingsgate Market.** The **Custom House** is the great office which is charged with the collection of all the duties payable in the Port of London on wine, spirits, tobacco, tea, and other articles which are taxed when they come into the country from abroad. Hundreds of vessels discharge their cargoes at the Custom House Quay, and it would have been a very serious thing to have put a fixed bridge across the river, which would have prevented any sea-going ship from coming alongside the Custom House.

It was equally important that a free passage should be given to **Billingsgate**, the great fish market of London; and, although most of the craft which bring fish to Billingsgate are small, a new bridge built after the fashion of London Bridge or Westminster Bridge would doubtless have proved most inconvenient to those who brought their goods to market from the sea. It was necessary, therefore, to plan the new bridge in such a way as not to interfere with the shipping, and at the same time to serve the convenience of those who desired to cross from one side to the other at all times. This was not a very easy problem to solve. It was easy enough to build a bridge which could be opened in the middle, to allow of ships with the tallest masts passing through. Many such bridges exist, especially in Holland; but there is a French proverb which says that "a door must be either open or shut,"[1] and, generally speaking, that is true enough. And in this case it seemed at first sight that if the bridge were open for the ships to pass through, it must be closed to the carriages and the foot passengers who wished to cross over it at the same time.

But, though it was not possible to get out of this difficulty altogether, the engineers of the new bridge hit on a plan which, at any rate, greatly diminished the inconvenience. Opposite page 213 we have a picture of the **Tower Bridge**. It will be seen that the roadway on either side is carried on low arches, the tops of which are level with the streets which lead up to the bridge; but towards the centre of the

[1] "Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée."

bridge the road passes through two immense towers which rise to the height of 293 feet from the foundations, and which are joined together at the top by two small steel bridges 143 feet above the tideway.

When the bridge is closed no large vessel can pass through it. When, however, a ship or steamer whose tall masts or big funnel prevent her getting under the arch wishes to come up stream into the Pool, a signal is given to those in charge of the bridge; and in less than two minutes from the time the machinery in the towers begins to work the two great flaps or leaves which join together to form the centre arch are lifted up on a great hinge and lie flat against the towers. There is now plenty of room for the ship or steamer to pass, for the distance from the water to the small bridges at the top of the towers is 143 feet at high water.

As long as the great flaps of the centre arch are up, the road is, of course, closed to carts and carriages; but the door, though shut, is, after all, still open, despite the proverb, for in each tower there are lifts and staircases by which foot passengers can ascend to the small bridges above, and, although the carriage traffic is interrupted for a short time, the stream of foot passengers flows on without a check. Nor does the interruption of the carriage traffic ever last very long, for so rapidly does the powerful machinery work, and so delicately are the great flaps poised upon their hinges, that the bridge can be opened or closed again in less than two minutes.

There is a curious fact about the Tower Bridge that is worth remembering. The piers of

the bridge as we see them appear to be almost entirely built of stone. From the water up to the top of the great towers there is nothing but stonework, and the heavy stone arches and deep masonry windows remind us of the gates and battlements of the Tower of London hard by. But, as a matter of fact, the Tower Bridge is built of steel, and of nothing else at all. The real bridge is hidden inside a casing of stone, and the stonework, handsome as it is, might all be stripped off without injuring the bridge itself. The stone is placed where it is for ornament only, and it is the steel beams, girders, and ties which bear the whole burden.

There is no bridge over the Thames further east than the Tower Bridge; but if there were no means of getting from one side to the other below the Tower, the inhabitants of Woolwich, Greenwich, and Deptford on the south, and of Limehouse, Plaistow, East Ham, and Barking on the north would be put to very great inconvenience. Fortunately there are other ways of getting across. In the first place there is the old **Thames Tunnel,** which runs from Wapping to Rotherhithe. It was completed in 1843, took eighteen years to build, and cost £612,000. The engineer who made it was **Sir Marc Isambard Brunel.** This tunnel was the first of its kind, and, owing to the want of experience in tunnelling under water, great difficulties arose during the course of construction. On its completion the tunnel was hailed as one of the wonders of the world, medals were struck in memory of the event, and Londoners were exceedingly proud of their new passage under the river. It soon became clear, however, that

the tunnel was not of very great use. In the first place, it could only be reached by descending a deep staircase at either end; no cart or carriage could pass through it, and the inside was always damp and gloomy.

At length the tunnel came to be regarded more as a curiosity than as a useful thoroughfare: more people went to see it, and to buy tickets from the stalls which were set up at the bottom of the river, than to save the journey from Wapping to Rotherhithe.

In 1866, however, a new use was found for the Thames Tunnel. It was bought by the East London Railway Company. Tunnels were made through the land at each end, and a railway was taken through them. The line joins Shoreditch and New Cross, and thus Brunel's famous work has come once more into daily use.

In 1897 another road was laid under the Thames, through what is known as the **Blackwall Tunnel.** The spot chosen is nearly six miles below London Bridge, and the tunnel is no less than 2,066 yards long. Unlike the old Thames Tunnel, the Blackwall Tunnel can be entered by carts and carriages down a gently inclined roadway. The walls are lined with white bricks, the inside is well lighted, and the value of the tunnel is proved by the constant string of vehicles which passes through it.

In addition to the bridges and tunnels, there are two free steam *ferries* across the lower Thames—one at Woolwich, and the other at Wapping.

It is on the lower part of the Thames, below the Tower Bridge, that the docks begin. On either side of the river for many miles may be seen

a forest of masts and funnels, showing where hundreds of ships and steamers from all parts of the world are engaged in shipping or discharging their cargoes. The most important docks are the **London Docks**, the **East and West India Docks, St. Katharine's Docks**, the **Millwall Docks**, the **Victoria** and **Albert Docks**, and **Tilbury Docks** on the north side; and **Surrey Commercial Docks**, on the south side. **Tilbury Docks**, which are twenty-five miles from London Bridge, are outside the Port of London. They are chiefly used by steamers sailing for South Africa. A visit to the London Docks is always most interesting. Here may be seen the products of every land. *Grain* from North and South America, *tea* from India, Ceylon, and China, *wine* from the Continent, *wool* from Australia, *feathers*, *spices*, and *precious woods* from the East, and other kinds of merchandise too numerous to be mentioned.

At **Deptford** is the great *cattle market* to which foreign cattle are brought. All the animals brought to Deptford must be killed there, and sent to London or elsewhere in the form of butchers' meat. It is forbidden to take the animals alive into the country, lest they should carry disease with them, and thus infect our English cattle. Besides the trade in live cattle, there is also an immense trade in frozen or chilled meat, which is brought from New Zealand, Australia, Russia, and other places.

The London Docks are still the largest in the world, but it is to be feared that, unless those who own the docks, those who use them, and those who work in them agree together to improve them, the prosperity of the London Docks will

not be as great in the future as it has been in the past. In several cities on the Continent docks have been built which rival those of London. Hamburg and Antwerp especially have grown with great rapidity, and there are other ports hardly less important, such as Bremen, Rotterdam, and Havre, which all compete with our British ports.

In all these foreign harbours much trouble has been taken, and large sums of money have been spent, in order to make the docks convenient and cheap. The best machinery for loading and unloading the ships has been provided; the most convenient wharves for ships of all sizes have been built; electric light has been placed in all parts; cheap fares on the railways are given to those who ship or discharge their goods at the port; and, in short, everything has been done to attract shipping.

A FAIR WIND ON THE "LONDON RIVER."
By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE THAMES.—Part III.

THE CONSERVANCY — POLICE AND FIRE BRIGADE — SWANS — THAMES FISH — THE QUESTION OF SEWAGE.

THE importance of the Thames to London and to Londoners is so great that for hundreds of years a specially chosen body of persons has been charged with the duty of looking after the river and making rules for its navigation. This body is known as **The Thames Conservancy**. It received its powers from Henry IV., and to this day it has charge of the river and all things which move on it or run into it between its source at *Thames Head* to *Gantlet Creek*, three miles from Sheerness.

The right to appoint the Thames Conservancy Board was granted to the Lord Mayor and citizens of London by Henry IV., and Parliament afterwards passed an Act confirming the right, and giving power to *The City* to regulate the river. At the present time the Conservancy Board is composed of representatives of *The City*, of the London County Council, and of the owners of land on the banks of the river.

A special body of *Water Police* do duty on the Thames. By night and day their steam launches and rowing boats patrol the stream, searching into every back-water and dark place. They protect

the shipping from thieves, they compel masters of ships and barges to keep to their right sides when navigating, and to their proper stations when moored or at anchor. Sometimes they rescue men and women from drowning, and often they recover the bodies of those who have been drowned. The duties of the Thames Police are many, but they are always faithfully performed.

The police, however, are not the only body who protect property upon the river. Near Charing Cross Bridge, near London Bridge, and at other points may be seen the powerful floating engines of the Fire Brigade. The furnaces are always alight, and on the first alarm of fire on or near the river they steam off to the spot, and with their immense steam pumps and with a plentiful supply of water from the river are often successful in putting out the fiercest fires. It is, indeed, necessary that the Thames fire floats should be both powerful and numerous, for in the great warehouses that line the river banks are stored all sorts of combustible articles which, once alight, burn with terrible fierceness.

In 1861 a great fire broke out in Tooley Street, in Southwark, and ere long the flames spread to the warehouses in which tallow and spirit were stored. Then was seen a strange sight. The burning tallow poured out into the stream, and floating on the surface of the water carried the flames to the ships and the barges lying in the stream; for once it seemed as if the difficult task of "setting the Thames on fire" had really been performed. In this terrible fire no less than £2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed, and Mr. James Braidwood, the gallant head of

the Fire Brigade, was killed by the wall of a burning house, which fell upon him and crushed him.

The Thames, so far as that part of it which flows through London is concerned, is now of little use to any living things save the busy men and women who pass over its surface on business or pleasure. But there was a time when the Thames throughout its whole course was tenanted by many living creatures; it was full of fish, and both *salmon* and *trout* were able to pass up it from the sea to the source.

The Thames, too, was famous for the number of *swans* which made their home upon its waters. The swans were, for the most part, royal property or else the property of the great City companies. They were marked or "*upped*" with special marks to enable their owners to claim them, and they were very strictly protected by the law. In Henry VII.'s time the punishment for stealing a swan's egg was a year's imprisonment, and heavier punishments awaited those who snared or killed the birds themselves. To this day the ceremony of "upping" the young swans takes place every year on the upper reaches of the river, and luckily it has been found possible to preserve hundreds of these beautiful birds without the aid of such penalties as those which our ancestors thought necessary. Occasionally the swans may be seen far down the river in the midst of London itself, but as they live on the water, and not in it, they are not altogether dependent upon the purity of the water.

It is otherwise with the fish. As London grew the river became each year more polluted, until

at length its waters became so impure that the salmon, anxious only to hasten up from the salt water to the gravel beds in the upper reaches, would not or could not force their way through the filthy water which barred the way from Chelsea to Blackwall; and thus the Thames ceased to be a salmon river. Many other kinds of fish disappeared. The river was polluted, not only in London itself, but in many places in the valley above London, and the fish suffered in consequence.

Of late years, however, there has happily been a change for the better. In the Thames Valley above London a great deal has been done to purify the river, and the destruction of the fish has thus been stopped, and proper regulations have also been made about the fishing. Not only have the fish already in the river been protected and allowed to increase, but great numbers of fry, or young fish, have been brought from other streams and turned loose into the Thames. These young fish have in many cases taken kindly to their new home, and by degrees the river is becoming well stocked.

At present *Roach*, *Dace*, and *Barbel* are numerous in the London Thames. The *Lampernes* are making their way up from the sea; a *Trout* has actually been taken below Kew Bridge; but the *Perch* and *Chub* are absent. The *Salmon*, which used to be a common Thames fish, occasionally looks into the mouth of the river, but will not venture up; and the *Shad*, *Sea Trout*, and *Flounders*—all of whom used to be Londoners—have not yet returned to their old haunts, though they are expected and may be hoped for some day.

But it is within the limits of London itself

that the greatest change for the better has taken place, a change which has been good for the fishes, but, what is much more important, a change which is exceedingly good for the millions of Londoners who live on or near the banks of the Thames.

If we wish to see an outward sign of this great improvement, we have only to make our way down to **The Victoria Embankment**, at Westminster, or to **The Albert Embankment**, in Lambeth, and **The Chelsea Embankment**, in Chelsea, and to look a little more carefully than we are accustomed to do at the great stones of which the Embankment is built up, to mark how the granite wall goes down to the very bed of the river, and how it sweeps eastward, past Waterloo Bridge, Somerset House, and the Temple, to Blackfriars Bridge, and westward from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall on the south side, and from Chelsea Bridge to Battersea Bridge on the north. Even the most careful examination of the Embankment, however, will not tell us the story of the purification of the Thames; we must know the story in order to understand how it is that the Embankment plays such an important part in it.

Every Londoner knows the Victoria Embankment, the finest piece of stonework in London, and in the opinion of many people the finest piece of work of its kind in any city in the world. This famous work was begun in 1864, and was finished in 1870. It cost nearly two millions, but few will deny that it was worth the money. Not since the building of St. Paul's had such a splendid piece of work been undertaken at the

public cost in London, and none such has been undertaken since.

And yet, strange to say, this great improvement may almost be said to be due to an accident; and when we have learnt how it came about that the Thames Embankment was built we shall understand why a description of it naturally comes into that part of this chapter which is concerned with the purification of the Thames.

For hundreds of years the Thames served as the common sewer of London. When the city was small, compared to what it is now, no great harm was done; the daily flow of the tide was sufficient to carry away all impurities, and the flow of fresh water down the river was always fairly large and constant. As time went, however, and as the population increased, matters began to look serious. The water companies took millions of gallons of fresh water out of the upper river for drinking purposes, the new plan of draining wet land carried off the rain almost as soon as it fell; and thus, though the river soon rose in flood, its waters subsided as quickly, and during dry weather its stream, no longer fed by rivulets which formerly soaked out of the wet and undrained marsh lands, reached London in greatly diminished volume.

Meanwhile the amount of sewage and other impurities poured into the Thames increased year by year, until at last the water became so thick, offensive, and unwholesome that everyone agreed that something must be done to remedy a state of things so unpleasant in itself, and likely to prove so dangerous to health. It was one thing to decide that something must be done, it was

OLD LONDON BRIDGE IN 1756.

THE TOWER BRIDGE.

(Photo by Perkins Son & Ventmore, Lewisham, S.E.)

another matter to decide what the particular thing should be.

At length, after years of planning and deliberation, it was decided to build three great sewers to drain London, and to carry them so far down the stream that their contents would no longer pollute the water flowing through the Metropolis.

In order to carry out this great work a body of Commissioners, known as the Commissioners of Sewers, was appointed, and they in their turn appointed Mr. S. W. Bazalgette, a well-known engineer, to carry out the work. The work was splendidly done. Two immense sewers were built on the north side, and one on the south side. The northern sewers reach the Thames at Barking Creek, eleven miles below London Bridge; the southern sewer "outfall" is at Crossness Point, near Erith, in Kent. Into one or other of these sewers all the drains of London now empty themselves, not one is allowed to run direct into the Thames.

The result of this great work has been all that could be expected. Year by year the Thames has become purer, the stones which are uncovered at low tide are clean, or at most covered with harmless mud, the terrible smells which used to be noticeable in hot weather are a thing of the past. And, now that engineers have learned the best way of purifying and dealing with sewage, even at Barking and Crossness the river is far purer than it used to be. Seldom have four and a half millions been better spent than in the making of the great London sewers.

But it will be asked, "What in the world has all this to do with the Thames Embankment?"

It has really a great deal to do with it, and for this reason. When the Commissioners of Sewers came to consider the task which was set them, they soon found out that two things would be necessary. In the first place, it would be necessary to carry one of the great sewers[1] close to the bank of the river. If it were placed any higher up, it would be impossible to drain the low-lying parts of London. Then they found that to lay this sewer it would be necessary to build an embankment or wall to keep out the water.

Having got so far, the Commissioners had next to consider what kind of wall or embankment they should build, and, happily for Londoners, they had the good sense to decide that the new embankment should be beautiful as well as useful. They settled on a plan which served both purposes, and thus it came about that the beautiful Thames Embankment, of which Londoners are justly proud, came to be built by the Commissioners of Sewers.

[1] Known as the Low Level Sewer.

A THAMES SWAN.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.—Part I.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: WHAT IT IS, AND HOW IT IS ELECTED.

WHEN we remember that London contains no less than four and a half millions of people, that it covers 121 square miles of ground, that among its inhabitants are men of every race and nation on the earth, and that the lawless and violent men to be found in the great city may be numbered by tens of thousands, we cannot help wondering how so great and varied a multitude can be peaceably and wisely governed. Nor does the wonder diminish when we come to consider how much must be done every day of the year, and indeed every hour of the day, in order that this great mass of people may live at all, and carry on their daily work.

We are so accustomed to all the arrangements which are made for the protection and convenience of Londoners that we take them all for granted, and rarely ask ourselves how we could live without them, or consider how much care, ingenuity, and money are expended in order to provide them. A Londoner hardly ever thinks of water coming from anywhere except from a tap; but the water which flows so readily

from the pipe on the fourth floor of a house in Notting Hill, or in the East of London, fell perhaps fifty miles away on the hills of Oxfordshire or Berkshire, sunk into the earth, passed into some stream, from the stream to the river, or from wells sunk deep into the chalk of Hertfordshire, and thence through reservoirs and pipes which cost millions of pounds was brought underground to London.

A Londoner walks in safety through the streets by day or by night; he goes to rest in security, knowing that while he sleeps his house will be guarded. The great stream of traffic rolls through the streets over roads which have cost millions of pounds to make, and which are kept in order at a cost of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

In so great a city as London many crimes are committed, and many acts of violence are performed; but nevertheless it is true to say that London is one of the most peaceable and safest cities in the world. Among such a vast population there must always be a certain amount of disease and sickness, and yet it is true to say that London is one of the healthiest of the great towns of the world. We have become so accustomed to all these things that we take them for granted, and yet, of course, it is quite plain that the peace and good order, the lighting, protection, and paving, and the supply of a hundred other conveniences of every-day life do not come naturally like the flowers in spring, but are the result of forethought, of trouble, of care, and of ingenuity.

That so great a city as London should be peaceably and quietly governed is really a wonderful thing; and it is well worth while giving up a chapter to a short description of the way in which London

is governed, of the people who govern it, and the methods by which they do their work.

Who governs London? The answer to that question is a simple one. The people of London govern the city in which they live. In no other way could such a great body of Englishmen be ruled. It is to the interest of all Londoners that the city in which they are compelled to live and work should be peaceable, well ordered, and convenient; and as the citizens themselves are masters in their own city, it is natural that they should be ready to obey the laws which they themselves make, and to pay for those things which they themselves have declared to be necessary.

This is the real secret of the government of London. Unless the great majority of the citizens were peaceable, law-abiding people, the wisest laws and the best planned regulations would be insufficient to keep so large a population in order, and some 17,000 police and less than 5,000 soldiers would be powerless against the great multitude of people who surround them.

Fortunately the people of London have long learnt to look upon the police and soldiers as their friends and protectors, and not as armed men employed to keep them down; and it is the good sense and good will of the people that really preserve peace and order in London.

It is fortunate that this is so, for it cannot be said that the arrangements for the government of London have always been very wise ones, or that at the present time they are so good that they cannot be improved. But we are not concerned in this chapter with the ways in which London was governed in the past. We have only to do with the

way in which it is governed at the present time. Even this is a very big subject, and we must be content with a very short description of the most important arrangements.

There is only one body which has to do with the government of the whole of London, namely, **The London County Council.** The London County Council consists of 137 members and a chairman. Its meetings take place in Spring Gardens, close to Charing Cross.[1]

Of the 137 members of the County Council nineteen are called **Aldermen,**[2] the rest are **Councillors.** The chairman is sometimes chosen from among the aldermen, but the Council, if it chooses, may make a person chairman who is not either an alderman or an elected councillor.

The members of the County Council are elected by the ratepayers of London. A councillor when elected keeps his seat for three years. When all the councillors have been elected, they choose from among their number nineteen persons as aldermen. The aldermen keep their seats for six years.

The powers of the London County Council extend over "The County of London," which is a great piece of country, including parts of the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent. "The County of London" is divided into fifty-seven districts or divisions, each of which elects one or more members to the County Council. **The City of London** elects four members. The districts which elect members to the County Council are to be

[1] New offices for the London County Council are shortly to be built.

[2] An alderman may be chosen or "co-opted" by the Council without being elected.

found in the following list. The number opposite each name shows the number of members which each district has the right to send.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL DIVISIONS.

City of London	4	Hackney (N.)	2	Norwood	2
Battersea	2	Hackney (S.)	2	Paddington (N.)	2
Bermondsey	2	Haggerston	2	Paddington (S.)	2
Bethnal Green (N.E.)	2	Hammersmith	2	Peckham	2
Bethnal Green (S.W.)	2	Hampstead	2	Poplar	2
Bow and Bromley	2	Holborn	2	Rotherhithe	2
Brixton	2	Hoxton	2	St. George's, Hanover Sq.	2
Camberwell (N.)	2	Islington (E.)	2	St. George's-in-the-East	2
Chelsea	2	Islington (N.)	2	St. Pancras (E.)	2
Clapham	2	Islington (S.)	2	St. Pancras (N.)	2
Deptford	2	Islington (W.)	2	St. Pancras (S.)	2
Dulwich	2	Kennington	2	Southwark	2
Finsbury (Central)	2	Kensington (N.)	2	Stepney	2
Finsbury (E.)	2	Kensington (S.)	2	Strand	2
Fulham	2	Lambeth (N.)	2	Walworth	2
Greenwich	2	Lewisham	2	Wandsworth	2
Hackney (Cent.)	2	Limehouse	2	Westminster	2
		Marylebone (E.)	2	Whitechapel	2
		Marylebone (W.)	2	Woolwich	2
		Mile End	2		
		Newington (W.)	2		

METROPOLITAN POLICE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.—Part II.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL: ITS DUTIES—THE EQUALISATION OF RATES—THE CITY OF LONDON.

THE County Council has many very important duties to perform. It is charged with **improving and widening the streets**, seeing that no unfit or dangerous houses are built, taking care that the **gas and water mains** are properly laid, and protecting the people of London from disease and from such dangers as an improper storage of explosives such as petroleum, and also from the ever threatening danger of **fire**. But this is not all or nearly all that the London County Council has to do. It regulates the **tramway and omnibus lines**, and of late has begun to run tramways and omnibuses of its own. The County Council is bound to see that the **weights and measures** used throughout London are true, and that no one is cheated by false measures which would give under weight or short measure. The Council has to inspect **factories** and **shops**, in order to make sure that the laws which Parliament has made for the comfort and protection of the workers are carried out. The great **sewers** of London are now looked after by the County

A SITTING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.
(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

MAP OF LONDON'S PARKS AND OPEN SPACES

Council, so also are the great **asylums** to which lunatics and idiots are sent.

Then the Council has another very important duty, namely, to provide as far as possible **good and healthy buildings** for the working men. Most of the **parks** in London are under the charge of the County Council, and so are a great many of the **public gardens** throughout London.[1]

We have not yet come to an end of the duties which the London County Council has to perform, but enough has been said to make it quite clear that the work the Council does is of the greatest importance to Londoners, and that it can only be well done if sensible and experienced men are elected to the Council by the ratepayers of London.

There is one very interesting thing to be told about the *Rates* which are collected by the London County Council. Everyone who knows London at all well is aware of the fact that, while some parts of it are for the most part inhabited by wealthy or well-to-do people, there are other parts in which by far the greater number of the inhabitants are very poor, or at any rate are not rich, and only succeed with difficulty in earning a livelihood. The London County Council, as we know, has the power to make, or as it is called to **levy, a rate,** which has to be paid in the same proportion by the ratepayers all over London. It has been thought, however, a fair and a just thing to make an arrangement by which the rich districts of London

[1] Hyde Park, Regent's Park, St. James's Park, the Green Park, and some other open spaces are "royal parks," and are not looked after by the County Council, but by the Board of Works, a Department of the Government.

shall bear a larger burden than the poor districts; in other words, that the rich shall help the poor.

In order to do this laws have been passed by which the County Council is allowed to levy a rate of 6d. in the £ all over London, and then to pay back the amount so raised to the different districts; each district receives a sum which is large or small accordingly as the district be a poor or a rich one. The poor districts get the largest amount, the rich districts get the smallest, and in some cases get nothing back at all.

It would not, however, be just if the poor districts which received this money from the richer ones were allowed to expend it exactly as they pleased. The law declares that they must spend it upon such improvements as are likely to make the district healthy and to free it from disease. This is a most reasonable plan, because it does a great deal of good to the district itself, and at the same time does good to all the other parts of London, because anything which diminishes disease in one part of the great city must be good for every other part.[1]

But the County Council is not the only body which has to do with the government of London, though it is the only one which has to do with the whole Metropolis. We have already learnt something about *The City of London*. *The City of London* sends four members to the County Council, and in some matters, such as the drainage and the prevention of fire, the County

[1] This has been done by an Act of Parliament called "The Act for the Equalisation of Rates," 1894.

Council exercises power within *The City* as well as over the rest of London; but as a rule the Corporation of *The City* regulates all matters within the limits of *The City* in its own way, without interference by anyone.

The City has its own police and its own markets, makes its own rules for the regulation of the traffic, and is in many respects unlike any other part of London in the matter of government.

Outside *The City* different arrangements exist. We have seen that the County Council is composed of members elected in fifty-seven divisions, and that it has authority in certain matters over the whole of London.

FIRE! FIRE! THE METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE AT WORK.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.—Part III.

THE VESTRIES — THE BOROUGH COUNCILS — THE GUARDIANS OF THE POOR.

We read in the last chapter of the County Council, which had power over the whole of London. But there are some matters which concern one district and not another, or which ought not to be treated in exactly the same way in all districts. There are also many kinds of business which can be done better by those who have a particular knowledge of the district in which the business has to be done than by a great body, such as the County Council, made up of members from all parts of London. Work of this kind may be called "local business." And in order that it may be well done by people who are well acquainted with each locality, special arrangements have been made, and special bodies are charged with the duty of doing it. Of these bodies something must now be said. The first to be mentioned are the **Vestries.**

For a very long time the Vestries were the most important governing bodies in London. But, though they were the most important and by far the oldest, they did not always do their work well, nor were they fitted to govern so great a

city as London has become. In the year 1899 an Act of Parliament was passed taking away from the Vestries most of the powers which they had possessed, and giving these powers to other bodies called "**Borough Councils.**" In order to give time for the change to be made from the old way of government by the Vestries to the new way by the Borough Councils, it was arranged by the Act of Parliament that the Borough Councils should not take the place of the Vestries until the month of November, 1900, and it is from that date that the Borough Councils commence their duties.

London has been divided into twenty-eight boroughs, each of which has a Council.[1]

The members of these Councils are elected, like the members of the County Council, by the

[1] The following is a list of the London boroughs (the City of London is not included, as its powers are not altered in any way by the Act of Parliament of 1899):—

Battersea.	Greenwich.	Lewisham.
Bethnal Green.	Hackney.	Paddington.
Camberwell.	Hammersmith.	Poplar.
Chelsea.	Hampstead.	Shoreditch.
Deptford.	Holborn.	St. Marylebone.
East and Central Finsbury.	Islington.	St. Pancras.
	Kensington.	Woolwich.
Fulham.	Lambeth.	Wandsworth.

The parishes of Mile End Old Town and St. George's-in-the-East; and the districts of the Limehouse and Whitechapel Boards of Works, including the Tower of London and the Liberties of the Tower.

The parishes of St. George-the-Martyr; Christ Church, Southwark, St. Saviour's, Southwark; and Newington.

The parishes of Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Horselydown, and St. Olave's and St. Thomas', Southwark.

Westminster, including the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster; the parish of St. George, Hanover Square; the parish of St. James, Westminster; the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; and the District of the Strand Board of Works, including the Close of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster, and the Liberty of the Rolls.

The parish of Stoke Newington and part of South Hornsey.

ratepayers of the boroughs. As in the County Council, there are Aldermen and Councillors, the former being elected for six years, the latter for three. At the head of each Borough Council there is a Mayor. The principal duties of the Borough Council are to look after the making, paving, cleaning, and watering of the streets; to take care of the health of people living in the district, and to see that houses are properly drained, that people with infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever and smallpox, are removed to proper hospitals, and that the houses in which they have been living are disinfected, so as to prevent the disease spreading further. The Borough Councils also look after the lighting of the streets, the putting up of public baths and wash-houses, and they may, if a sufficient number of the ratepayers in the district agree, build free public libraries.

Another very important duty which the Borough Councils have to perform is to see that the food and the drugs which are sold within the district are pure, and are really what those who sell them declare them to be.

Lastly, the Borough Councils are charged with the duties of levying the rates which are necessary to pay for all the work which has just been described.

It will be seen from what has been said that the County Council, the Corporation of the City of London, and the Borough Councils, or the Vestries up to November, 1900, between them perform a great part of the work which has to be done for the protection, the comfort, and convenience of the people of London. But some very important matters have not yet been men-

tioned, because they do not form part of the duties of any of the bodies of which we have been reading.

In London and, indeed, in all parts of the United Kingdom—there are, unfortunately, many persons who by accident, misfortune, old age, or by their own fault have been reduced to poverty, and are unable to support themselves. It is part of the law of England that every person has a right to be supported if he is altogether without any means of livelihood, and if he will accept the terms and conditions upon which the law allows aid to be given to the poor. In order to carry out the "Poor Law," the country is divided into divisions or districts called Poor Law Unions. In each district there is a workhouse, and the workhouse and all the arrangements for dealing with the poor are entrusted to a body called Poor Law Guardians, or Guardians of the Poor. In London there are thirty Unions, each of which has its Board of Guardians, and these Boards of Guardians decide in what way the Poor's Rate, which is collected from all the ratepayers, shall be spent.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PEACE OF LONDON.

THE LONDON POLICE — LAW AND JUSTICE — THE POLICE COURTS—CIVIL COURTS.

We now come to a very important part of the government of London, that which has to do with keeping up the *Police*. Of the four bodies that have been mentioned, only one is charged with the keeping up of a police force. *The City of London* raises and pays for its own police. The police throughout the rest of London are known as *The Metropolitan Police*. They are not under the orders of the County Council, but of the Home Secretary. They are paid for partly by the ratepayers of London, and partly by the taxpayers of the whole of the United Kingdom.

The reason why the Metropolitan Police are under the orders of the Home Secretary, and not of the County Council, is this.

London is not only a very great and wealthy town, but it is the capital of England, the capital of the United Kingdom, and the capital of the British Empire. Although the County Council is a very important and powerful body, it is not the most important and powerful public body in London, because the Imperial Parliament always meets, and the work of the King's Government is always done, in London. It has been thought wise, therefore, to keep the Metropolitan Police under the orders of the Government.

Luckily there is never any quarrel between the Government and the Londoners, and the Metropolitan Police perform the double duty of protecting Parliament and all the Government offices on the one hand, and of keeping peace and order and putting down crime throughout the whole County of London on the other. There is no better police force in the world than the police of London. The police in many foreign towns are armed with swords or pistols; in London the police carry only a wooden truncheon; and yet they never fail to preserve order, and are very successful in detecting crime. Their power lies neither in their numbers nor in the arms they carry, but in the fact that they have on their side the good will of most of the citizens, and that Londoners look upon them as faithful servants, not as masters.

The law compels every citizen to aid the police in the discharge of their duties; and anyone who fails to do so when called upon in the King's name may be punished, and rightly so. But Londoners have a much better reason than mere fear of the consequences which should prevent them from refusing aid to a constable; the constable is the protector of their own liberties, and it is to his vigilance and courage that they largely owe the peace and good order which they enjoy.

We must not omit from a chapter which has to do with the government of London all mention of the **judges** and **magistrates**, who settle disputes and who try persons charged with committing offences against the law. In every nation, and in every age, it has been found that nothing was

more important to the cause of good government than good laws and just judges. Indeed, it is much more important to have just judges than to have good laws; for a just judge may continue to do what is right and fair, even though the laws be bad; while if the judges be unfair or dishonest, it matters not how wise and good the laws may be, injustice and dishonesty will be the rule, and discontent and disorder are sure to follow.

The laws under which Londoners live are on the whole good laws, meant to be equal and fair to all; but, whether the laws are good or bad, they have been made by Parliament, and as London sends no less than fifty-nine members to the House of Commons,[1] they have not much right to complain of laws which they have had a great hand in making, and which they could probably alter if they desired.

But, fortunately, not only are the laws under which Londoners live fair and reasonable, but the judges who administer the law are just, honourable, and well-trained men. In a book about London it is not necessary to speak about the judges of the land, for, although they generally sit in London, they are not concerned with London matters only, but try cases from all parts of England.

But there are certain judges and magistrates who do all their work in London, and who are really London judges, and of these something must be said. In the first place there is the **Recorder** of the City of London, who is a judge.

[1] Including one member for the University of London, and two for West Ham.

He sits at the **Old Bailey**, and tries prisoners who are accused of serious crimes.

In *The City*, too, there is the **Mayor's Court**, an ancient court which is held at the Mansion House under the authority of the **Lord Mayor**. The Mayor's Court is for the trial of disputes, or "civil causes" as they are called, and not like the Recorder's Court, which is a criminal court, and in which persons are tried who are accused of committing offences against the law.

In order that a dispute may be tried in the Mayor's Court it is necessary that "the *cause of action*," that is to say, the matter about which the two parties to the suit are disputing, should "arise within *The City*."

Then there are the **County Courts**, of which there are no less than fourteen in London, and each of which has two judges, who take turns to sit in court. These are civil courts; they are always open, and the fees or payments which have to be made by those who seek to have their disputes settled in them are very low. It is most important that those who are compelled "to go to law" in order to obtain justice should not be prevented from doing so by being made to pay heavy fees. The County Courts, therefore, are very cheap. Disputes of all kinds may be settled in the County Courts as long as the amount of money in dispute does not exceed £50. If the claim be for more than £50, then the claimant has to go to the higher courts, and his case will be tried by one of the judges in the Royal Courts of Justice.

The County Courts are very necessary to the good government of London, but important as they are there are other courts which perhaps

play an even more important part. These are the **Police Courts**, of which there are sixteen in London.[1] In each of these courts there sits a Metropolitan Police Magistrate. Like the County Courts, they are open all the year round. It is in the police courts that all persons who are arrested in London for offences against the law are brought. If the offence be a very serious one, the person charged is sent on to be tried at the *Quarter Sessions*, or before a judge and jury at the **Central Criminal Court** at the **Old Bailey**. But such cases only form a small proportion of the number that are brought before the police magistrates.

In the greater number of cases the prisoners are charged with small offences, and the evidence against them and in their favour is heard by the magistrate, who decides then and there whether the persons charged be guilty or not guilty, and fixes the punishment they are to receive if they be guilty. Sometimes the prisoner has to pay a fine, sometimes he is sent to prison. In the case of a first offence he is usually let off with a warning, which is a very wise and kind plan, for a single warning is sometimes enough to keep the prisoner out of a police court for the rest of his life. Whereas, if he had been sent to prison, he would have lost his character, he would have been shut up with men worse than himself, and would have lost almost every chance of turning over a new leaf.

But the time of the police magistrate is not entirely taken up with trying prisoners. Many small disputes are settled in the police court. It

[1] Including West Ham, the Mansion House, and Guildhall.

is in the police court that soldiers who have just joined the Army take the "Oath of Allegiance," and swear to be true to the King; for the law says that the oath must be taken before a magistrate.

And, lastly, it is to the police court that many poor people who are in difficulty or distress come for advice and guidance. Very often the advice of the police magistrate is asked about very foolish things to which he can give no answer, and sometimes he is asked for help in matters which are quite outside his powers; but it often happens that he is able to give real help to those who come before him, and the experience of most of the London police magistrates is so great that as a rule they are able to give very good advice.

It is fortunate that so many people should come to the magistrates for help, for it shows that, though the magistrates have to carry out the law, and though they have to punish many of those who come before them by fine or imprisonment, yet that the people of London as a whole, and the poor people especially, believe that the magistrates are fair and just, and have confidence in them and trust them.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

EDUCATION IN LONDON.—Part I.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION—THE SCHOOL BOARD—"VOLUNTARY" SCHOOLS—CONTINUATION SCHOOLS—HIGHER BOARD SCHOOLS.

No Londoner nowadays ought to grow up without receiving a certain amount of schooling. It is now the law, not only in London but throughout the whole of England, that a parent or any other person to whom the care of a child is entrusted must send the child to school or must see that it is properly educated at home. It would be unfair and useless to make a law compelling parents to send their children to school if there were no schools, or not enough schools, for the children to go to. At one time there were not nearly enough; and, indeed, when the law which compelled all children to go to school was first passed there were not nearly enough schools in London, and if every parent had tried to obey the law directly it was passed it would soon have appeared that there were far more children in London of an age to go to school than there were school places to receive them.

This is not wonderful when we consider how big London is, and what an immense number of children live in it. At the present time there are probably not less than nine hundred thousand children under fourteen years of age in London, and of these 616,000 attend school. In order to provide schools for all the children, and in order to see that the children were sent to the schools

when they were built, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1870[1] by which a body called **The London School Board** was formed. Most Londoners know something about the School Board. It is composed of fifty-five members,[2] who are elected every three years by those who pay rates. The School Board has the right to make people pay a rate called the *School Board Rate*, which is spent in building and keeping up the schools, in paying the teachers, and in buying books, maps, and prizes. In 1899 the amount of the rate collected by the School Board was £2,049,000.

The School Board had no sooner set to work than it discovered that, if it was to do its work properly and was to send all children of school age to school, many new schools must be built. Accordingly during the past thirty years 472 schools have been built or acquired by the School Board in London, and now it can very seldom be said that any parent who wishes to send a child to school cannot find a place for it. But so quickly does London grow that there is really no end to the building of schools, and every year fresh ones have to be erected to keep pace with the growth of the population.

There were 438,434 children attending the schools of the London School Board in 1899.[3] But there are far more than 438,434 children of school age in London, and it must not be supposed that the thousands who do not go to Board schools get no schooling. Ever since London has been a town it

[1] This Act was the work of Mr. W. E. Forster, whose statue stands in the Embankment garden in front of the London School Board Offices. The Act is called "The Education Act" of 1870.

[2] And a Chairman.

[3] The total attendance at public elementary schools was 616,378.

has had schools; and when the School Board was started there were hundreds of schools already open, which were kept up in various ways. Some were kept up by money given for the purpose by good and charitable men and women, who thought they could not serve the city in which they lived better than by giving part of their wealth to be spent on the education of London children.

A great many schools were kept up by those who belonged to the different Churches, and who wished to have their children taught religion in the same way in which they themselves had been taught. And, lastly, there were schools which were kept by those who made their living as teachers, and who earned money by giving education to boys and girls, and receiving payment from the parents for doing so.

Since the School Board was set up many of these schools have been closed, and some have been given over to the School Board, and are now paid for out of the School Board rates; but a great many are still open, and attended by a great number of children. These schools are called "*Voluntary Schools*," because they are partly paid for by money given "voluntarily" by those who are interested in keeping them up, and receive no help from the School Board rate.

But though the Voluntary schools receive no money from the School Board rate, both they and the Board Schools receive large sums of money every year from the Government. This payment is called the *Government Grant*, and it comes not from the ratepayers of London, but from the taxes paid by the people of the United Kingdom. But there is one rule made with respect to the Government

Grant, and a very wise rule it is. The *grant* is only paid to those schools in which a good education is given, and in which there are proper teachers and proper apparatus.

In order that the Government may know whether the school is a good one, and whether the teaching given is of a proper kind, *Inspectors* are appointed, and it is the duty of these inspectors to visit every school, and to look at the buildings, the books, and the apparatus, and above all to examine the children to see that they are well taught, and have all reached the proper standards. If an inspector reports that the school is not in good order, and that the children in it are not well taught, the Government may refuse to pay the grant to that school until it has been improved. This is quite right, for it would clearly be a great mistake if the taxpayers of the country were made to pay for keeping up schools which were unhealthy or badly managed, or in which the children were carelessly or insufficiently taught.

All the schools about which we have read thus far are what are called "*Elementary Schools*," that is to say, schools in which the very beginning or elements of education are taught. The elementary schools are intended for children from three to fifteen years of age. Many children grow up to be men or women without receiving any more schooling than that which they can get in an elementary school. As far as book-learning goes, their learning comes to an end when they leave Standard V., VI., or VII., as the case may be. In London a child between twelve and fourteen cannot be excused attendance at school until he or she has passed the Seventh Standard.

In most countries the school age is higher than our own; and in some countries, especially in those in which education is most valued and the people are best taught, few parents are content that their children's schooling should end when they are thirteen or fourteen. In Germany and in Switzerland there are very good schools to which the children go after they have left the elementary schools, and these schools are partly paid for by the Government, and are examined by Government inspectors just as the London Board schools are. There is a very large attendance at these schools, and no one in these countries thinks that a child's education is finished by the time he is fourteen.

It must not be supposed that there are not schools of this kind in London; probably there are a great many, and the number is growing every year.

Many of the Board schools have now been termed "Higher Grade Schools," where more advanced teaching is given than in the ordinary Board schools. Children who have passed the seventh and ex-seventh standards can also go to the Evening Continuation Schools to be found in many parts of London, and in which they can *continue* the studies they began in the Board schools.

An Act of Parliament passed in 1903 has transferred the control of the schools of London to the County Council, and has also decreed that the voluntary schools shall be supported by the ratepayers. In the future, then, we shall have no School Board, and the schools will be Council and not Board schools; but it is hoped that the work of education will be done even better in the future than it has been done in the past.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

EDUCATION IN LONDON.—Part II.

CONTINUATION SCHOOLS AND CLASSES—POLYTECHNICS—THE GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF LONDON—THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON—THE EDUCATIONAL LADDER: HOW TO CLIMB IT—SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE, LAW, ART, AND MUSIC.

We must not close our account of the schools to which London boys can go after they have left the elementary schools without saying a word about the classes which are now held in every part of London, and to which scholars can go while they are engaged in learning or practising the trade or business in which they hope to make a living. It is not possible for all children, or for nearly all, to give up three or four years to schooling after they have left the Board school. Those who can do so are very fortunate, and are to be envied. But it often happens that a boy's parents cannot afford to keep him at school when he might be earning wages or learning a trade, and in some trades a boy must be apprenticed by the time he is fourteen.

It would, however, be hard upon those who wish to learn, and who believe that learning will be of value to them in their work and a pleasure to them during their lives, were they never able to get any education after leaving the Board school. Luckily there are now many ways in

which a willing scholar can go on with his education after he has left school. All over London there are classes, held at convenient hours during the day or in the evening, in which a great variety of subjects are taught by properly trained teachers. There are the *Evening Continuation Classes* and the higher classes of the Technical Education Committee, which works with the help of the County Council.

In many parts of London there are now great buildings called *Polytechnics*, in which classes are held, and instruction is given in drawing, chemistry, metal working, many of the arts and sciences, and in foreign languages. Such are the great "**Polytechnic**" in **Regent Street**, **The Borough Road Polytechnic**, and **The South-Western Polytechnic**, Chelsea, **The Birkbeck Institution**, and other similar places.

To all these classes, and to others which have not been named, those who are determined to learn can go; and in them they can be taught by practised teachers, and can have the use of costly apparatus. It is, no doubt, better to spend four or five years at a good school than to attend evening classes during the same time and to work at a trade or business during the day; for very long hours are not good for boy or man, and it is only very strong people who can do the very best work with their brains after a long and tiring day spent in an office or a workshop. But not everybody can afford either the time or the money which are needed to attend school till he is eighteen, and for these the classes, of which so many are now held in London, are of the greatest possible value.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.
(*Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited*)

A GREAT LONDON BOARD SCHOOL: THE HUGH MYDDELTON SCHOOL, CLERKENWELL.
(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

Besides the schools about which we have been reading, there are in London some great *Public Schools* of which special mention must be made. In the first place there is the ancient public school of **Westminster**, which was founded in 1560, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The home of Westminster School is at the back of Westminster Abbey, and it is entered through Dean's Yard, which leads out of Broad Sanctuary, opposite Westminster Hospital.

There is **St. Paul's School**, more ancient still, but scarcely less famous than Westminster. It was founded in the year 1509, by Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, a great friend of Sir Thomas More, the great and good Lord Chancellor who was executed by order of Henry VIII. St. Paul's School stood for many years under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral; but in 1884, in order to get more space, and to take the boys out of their quarters in the City, which had become too small and cramped, the school was removed into fine new buildings in the Hammersmith Road.

The City of London School was founded in 1442, and is older than any other public school in the country except Winchester (1387) and Eton (1441). It accommodates nearly 700 scholars, and the teaching given there is very good.

Christ's Hospital, formerly situated in Newgate Street, is sometimes called the "Blue Coat School" because the scholars still wear the picturesque dress which was worn by the first scholars when the school was founded in the reign of Edward VI. Christ's Hospital has been moved from its old London home to Stammersham, near Horsham, in Sussex.

At one time there were other great public

schools in London, namely, the **Charterhouse School**, of which we have already learnt something. The Charterhouse was founded in 1611 by Thomas Sutton. In 1872 the school was moved out of London, and was established in a great and beautiful building near Godalming, in Surrey.

In addition to these great schools there are others which, though founded at a later date, give the same kind of education. Such are **Dulwich College**, **University College School**, **King's College School**, and others.

Finally, there are schools which are called "*Secondary*" or "*Intermediate*" schools, because they fill a place between the great schools about which we have just read, and the "*Primary*" or "*Elementary*" schools. Such are the **Camberwell**, **Hammersmith**, **Islington**, **Bethnal Green**, and **Greenwich** Schools; and of much the same kind are the girls' schools which are under the care of *The Girls' Public Day School Company*.

There are many students who, after they have finished their time at school, wish to give up still further time to study, and wish to receive a more complete education than can be given to boys of seventeen or eighteen, even in the best schools. For these students there is the famous **University of London**. The word "*university*" means a place in which all branches of knowledge are taught and studied, and the University of London answers to this description. It is only quite lately, however, that the London University has had anything to do with the work of teaching.

From the time when it was founded, in 1836, down to the year 1899 the University did not undertake to do more than *examine* students, and judge

whether they had been well and properly taught. To those who proved in the examination that they were thoroughly taught and were well acquainted with the subjects in which they were examined the University gave *certificates* or *degrees*. The London examinations are conducted with great care, and the examiners decide upon the value of the papers sent in to them with perfect fairness; and thus the certificates and degrees of the University of London have come to be much sought after, and valued by those who obtain them. This is especially true with respect to the more difficult examinations, such as that which must be gone through by students who wish to obtain the degree of *Master of Arts*.[1]

It is safe to say that anyone who has a right to call himself a *Master of Arts* in the University of London has given up a considerable time to study, and has some real knowledge of the subjects to which he has devoted his attention.

But there are many who think that no University ought to be content with examining only, but that a University ought to *teach* as well as to encourage teachers to prepare pupils; and now, fortunately, a change has been made which will enable the students to be *taught* as well as to be *examined* by Professors and Teachers who are members of the London University and who are approved by it.

The chief buildings of the University of London used to be in **Burlington House**, Piccadilly; but a new home has been found in the great pile of buildings in South Kensington formerly known as **The Imperial Institute.**

[1] Master of Arts—Latin, *Magister Artium*—usually written M.A.

It must not be supposed, however, that either Burlington House or the Imperial Institute is or will be the whole University. The buildings named are only the places where most of the examinations are held, and in which a great deal of the business of the University is carried on. The students of the University are to be found throughout the whole of London, and indeed throughout the whole of the United Kingdom. Very many of them still prepare for their examinations under teachers who have nothing to do with the University. Others attend lectures given by teachers appointed by the University or approved by those who govern it.

By an Act of Parliament which was passed in 1899 several great colleges and places in which the best teaching was given were made parts of the University of London. Among these are **King's College, University College, Bedford College,** and others.

Thus it will be seen that every kind of education, from the highest to the lowest, is provided in London, and that the most ignorant beginner and the most advanced student can obtain the kind of teaching he requires.

At one time it would not have been true to say that every Londoner who wished to learn could learn. Education is a very precious thing, and, like most precious things, it has had to be bought at a great price by those who desired to obtain it. It would not be true to say even now that it is as easy for a poor man to get a good education as for a rich one, but it is much more nearly true nowadays than it ever was before. In the first place, nearly every elementary school

in London is free to all the pupils who attend it; nothing whatever has to be paid by the parents for the good education which their children now get. The schools to which children can go after leaving the elementary schools are not free, but in many of them the fees that have to be paid are very low indeed, and the teaching given is very good.

The same thing is true of the classes which are held in the *Polytechnics*, the evening continuation schools, and those which are conducted by the County Council. Very few parents who can afford to keep their children at school till they are sixteen or seventeen are prevented from doing so by the cost of the teaching only.

But this is not all. There are at the present moment hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of children who have gained a "Scholarship" or an "Exhibition" by their own industry and their own intelligence, and who thereby save their parents the whole or part of the expense of keeping them at school. At one time it was not easy for children in the elementary schools to get such scholarships or exhibitions; but now a great change for the better has taken place. Every year a number of scholarships are given to those children who have passed the best examination in the elementary schools, and those who win these scholarships are enabled to continue the schooling in some of the best schools in London.

Nor is this all. There is no reason why a clever and hard-working scholar who has started in an elementary school, and who has taken a scholarship which enables him to go to a higher school, should rest contented when his second term of scholarship has come to an end. If he continue

to be industrious, and if he succeed as well in the higher school as he did in the lower one, he has a very good chance of winning a scholarship or an exhibition which will enable him to finish his studies at one of the great Universities, at the University of London, at Oxford, or Cambridge. Thus it will be seen that there is now a ladder by which even the poorest Londoner may ascend from the lowest standard of an elementary school, to the highest degree of a famous University. The boy who has industry and ability may now hope to win his way into the foremost rank, and receive the best teaching which the wealth and wisdom of the great city in which he lives can provide.

It must not be supposed that when we have spoken of the Schools and the University we have mentioned all the places in which Londoners may learn, and receive good teaching. There is not a single branch of knowledge in which instruction cannot be obtained in London. There are the great *Medical Schools* at all the hospitals; there are **The London College of Physicians** and **The London College of Surgeons**, which govern the two great professions of medicine and surgery.[1] There are the **Law Schools** at the **Inns of Court**. There are the **Art Schools** at the **Royal Academy** and at **South Kensington**, in which students of drawing and painting have the advantage of the best masters. There are the **Royal College of Music** and the **Guildhall School of Music**, and the great *Technical* Schools of **The City and Guilds of London** at South Kensington. There are special schools of every

[1] The College of Physicians and The College of Surgeons examine only, and do not teach.

kind, and there are skilled teachers in every subject, every craft, and every art. It will be seen, therefore, that a book about London which gave no chapter to education would be a very incomplete one.

But we have not quite got to the end of this chapter yet. It happens that in past times the education of *Boys* was considered much more important than the education of *Girls*, and, though large sums were often given, or left in people's wills, to found and keep up schools for boys and colleges for men, very little money was given to found or keep up schools for girls.

Nowadays, fortunately, people's ideas have changed, and Londoners, like other people, are coming to understand that girls have as great a claim to receive a good education as boys. The boys, it is true, have got a long start. They have many more schools open to them than the girls, but the position of the girls is improving.

In the elementary schools the girls, of course, have the same chances as the boys, and very good use they make of them. It is when we come to the higher schools and public schools, to which girls might go after they leave the elementary schools, that we find they are not as well provided for as they ought to be.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LONDON AS A CAPITAL.

THE CAPITAL OF ENGLAND—THE LAW COURTS—THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES—THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM—THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE—THE ROYAL COURT—THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT—THE NAVY AND THE ARMY—AN IMPERIAL COURT OF JUSTICE—THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

LONDON is the **Capital of England.** In London are situated the **Law Courts**, in which the judges of England sit, under the presidency of the Lord Chief Justice of England. Here, causes from all parts of England are tried.

In London are to be found the great public offices, in which the work of the public service of England is carried on. There is the office of the **Local Government Board,** at the head of which is the President of the Local Government Board, who is always a member of the Government. It is the duty of this office to look after the public health, to inspect the workhouses, to see that the laws for the relief of the poor are properly carried out, to examine the accounts of public bodies throughout the country, and to do many other things which are necessary for the carrying on of good government in England.

There is also the **Education Office,** at the head of which is the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education. The Education Office

is charged with the management of matters connected with elementary schools throughout England, the appointment of inspectors, and the payment of grants. In 1899 an Act of Parliament was passed which gives to the Education Department still more work to do; and by the same Act it was decided to change the name of the Minister at the head of the office, who will now be "The Minister of Education."

But London is not only the capital of England, it may fairly be called the **Capital of the United Kingdom** also. Of course, it is true to say that the ancient cities of Edinburgh and Dublin are the capitals of Scotland and Ireland respectively, just as London is the capital of England. The Scottish law courts are in Edinburgh, and the Irish law courts in Dublin. There are offices in Edinburgh in which the business connected with Scottish Education and Scottish Local Government is conducted, just as there are similar offices in London for the management of English education and English local affairs. In Dublin there are offices for the conduct of Irish local business.

But while the three capital cities are alike in these respects, London differs from the other two in some very important matters, and it is because of these differences that London may rightly be called the capital of the United Kingdom.

In the first place, the Imperial Parliament is in London, and in London alone. In old days this was not the case. Until the year 1707 the Parliament of Scotland sat in Edinburgh, but by the Act of Union, passed in that year, it was agreed that sixteen Scottish peers should be elected to sit

as peers in the Parliament of Great Britain, and that forty-five Scottish representatives should sit in the House of Commons, and since that time the Scottish representatives have always attended the Parliament at Westminster.

A similar change has taken place with respect to Ireland. In 1800 the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland was passed. The Irish Parliament ceased to sit in Dublin, and the Irish representatives were given the right to sit in the Imperial Parliament, or Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, held at Westminster.

But it is not only because Parliament sits at Westminster that London may be called the capital of the United Kingdom. There are many other reasons why it may be so regarded. We saw that each of the three kingdoms has its own law courts and its own judges. In each of the three countries, moreover, there is a court of great dignity and importance known as "**The Court of Appeal,**" to which those suitors who are not satisfied with the decisions given in the courts to which they first take their cases may *appeal.*

But, over and above the three great Courts of Appeal in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin respectively, there is a still higher court, to which suitors from any one of them can go, and before which they can state their case once more. This higher court is the **House of Lords,** which sits at Westminster. It is the highest judicial court in the Empire, and from it there is no appeal.

Then again, there are many important offices in London which are charged with the affairs of

all three kingdoms alike. There is the **General Post Office**, under a Postmaster-General. The business of the General Post Office is to look after the conveyance and delivery of the mails and the despatch and receipt of telegrams throughout every part of the United Kingdom. There is also the **Home Office**, which, although it is concerned chiefly with English matters, has to deal with questions arising in Scotland and Ireland as well.

Then there is the **Admiralty**, at the head of which is the Board of Admiralty, composed of the First Lord, three Sea Lords, the Civil Lord (who is a member of Parliament, and usually not a sailor), and a secretary. The Admiralty looks after the whole of the Royal Navy, enlists men and boys in every part of the kingdom, and regulates all matters connected with the sea service both at home and abroad. There is the **War Office**, under the Secretary of State for War, which manages the affairs of the Army, the Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers in all parts of the United Kingdom, and regulates the movements of British troops in all those colonies in which they are stationed.

In addition to the offices which have been referred to, there are others of less importance which are situated in London, and which deal with matters arising in all parts of the United Kingdom. It is clear, therefore, that London may be called "The Capital of the United Kingdom."

Lastly, we must remember that London is not only the capital of England and of the United Kingdom, but is also and beyond all doubt **The Capital of the British Empire.**

In London is the palace of *The Sovereign*,

where **The Royal Court** is held. Seated in the centre of a circle of princes and princesses, of Ministers and other high officers of State, the Sovereign receives the salutations of his own subjects and of foreigners from all parts of the world. First there come by right the *Ambassadors* of foreign States. An ambassador is looked upon as standing in the place of the ruler who has sent him, and the same honour and respect which would be paid to the monarch or president of the country from which the ambassador comes are paid to the person chosen to represent him.

To the Royal Court there often come the *Governors*, *Prime Ministers*, and *Ministers* of the great self-governing colonies, such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape of Good Hope. Here, too, may be seen the native princes of India, in their splendid dresses, come to do homage to the King of England, the Emperor of India. Statesmen, men of letters and science, soldiers, and sailors, whose life's work has been done in every part of the globe, attend the Court in London to pay their duty to the King. Young men, too, who are just beginning their life's work are glad to attend, as a sign of their devotion to the King whose commission they bear, before leaving the country to fight the battles of the Empire, to maintain the King's peace, or to administer the law in the name of the King-Emperor in distant lands.

Nor, in speaking of the Royal Court, must we forget the ladies, without whose fair faces and beautiful dresses it would be dull and formal.

It is in London, the capital of the Empire, that the Court is held, and it is proper, there-

fore, to speak of it in this place, for the Court has a real meaning and use. In every country and at all times it has been found a good thing to have some centre to which all those who were called upon to serve the country could look, and to choose out one person from whom or through whom honours and rewards for service done to the country should be given.

In the United States of America, and in France, countries which have no king or queen, but which elect a president to be chief of the State, it is found convenient, and it is thought desirable, to do much the same thing as is done in our country and in other monarchies. The president, like the sovereign, receives ambassadors, bestows honours and favours, and is looked upon as the person entitled to be honoured as the head of the nation. Although the word "court" is not used in Washington or Paris, a court really is held in both places.

But it is not only or chiefly because the Court of the Sovereign is usually held at Buckingham Palace that London has a right to be called the capital of the Empire. There are many other circumstances which give it the right. The fact that **Parliament**, which includes the representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland, sits at Westminster marks London as the capital of the United Kingdom, but none the less truly does the sitting of Parliament within its limits mark out London as the capital of the Empire.

In the newspapers we may see every day during the session a report of the proceedings, not of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, but of "*The Imperial Parliament*," and the description is a very

just one, for there is no part of the Empire which does not feel in some degree the influence of the Parliament in London. It is true that the great self-governing colonies, which have Parliaments of their own, are free from any interference by the Imperial Parliament; but so many matters are dealt with by that assembly which are of interest to, or in some way concern, our kinsmen in the colonies, that the work done at Westminster is often of great importance to people living in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape Colony.

Here is an example. In the year 1869, owing to the courage and skill of the great Frenchman M. de Lesseps, the famous Suez Canal, which connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, was completed and opened for the passage of ships. The canal route is the shortest route from Europe to the East, to India, China, East Africa, and Australia. The great mail steamers from Europe to Melbourne and Sydney pass through it; so also does the whole of the European trade to India and China.

But although Australia is a British country, although India is a British possession, and although the greater part of the trade of China and East Africa is in British hands, neither Great Britain nor Australia, nor India, nor the British traders in China and East Africa had any right to interfere with or control the management of the Suez Canal. The canal was entirely in the hands of Frenchmen, who are our trade rivals, and who sometimes have been our enemies. Such was the state of things until the year 1875. In that year the Government of the United

Kingdom bought from the Khedive of Egypt shares in the canal to the value of £4,000,000.[1]

It was the Parliament of the United Kingdom that voted the money to buy these shares, it was the taxpayers in the United Kingdom alone who paid the money; but the expenditure of this money, which was voted by the British Parliament and paid by the British taxpayer, proved to be of the greatest value, not only to the United Kingdom, but to Australia, to India, and to British traders throughout the East, for it gave the British Government the right to interfere in the management of the canal, and to protect the interests of British shipowners and merchants in every part of the Empire.

The acts of the British Government and the votes of the British Parliament are of importance to all parts of the Empire in many other ways. For instance, subjects of the King who live in the British colony of Queensland, in Australia, enjoy exactly the same protection for their trade, for their ships, and for their home as do the people of the United Kingdom. The *Navy* and *Army* of the United Kingdom, and especially the Navy of the United Kingdom, guard them from attack. Many hundred ships leave Brisbane with rich cargoes every year. They are safe from attack, and no nation dare touch them, because of the power of the British Navy.

But though the benefit has been shared alike by the Colonists and by the people of the United Kingdom, the cost has hitherto been unequally divided. The whole cost of the British Army, and nearly the whole cost of the British Navy, has hitherto been paid by the people of the

[1] These shares have now become worth £21,435,000.

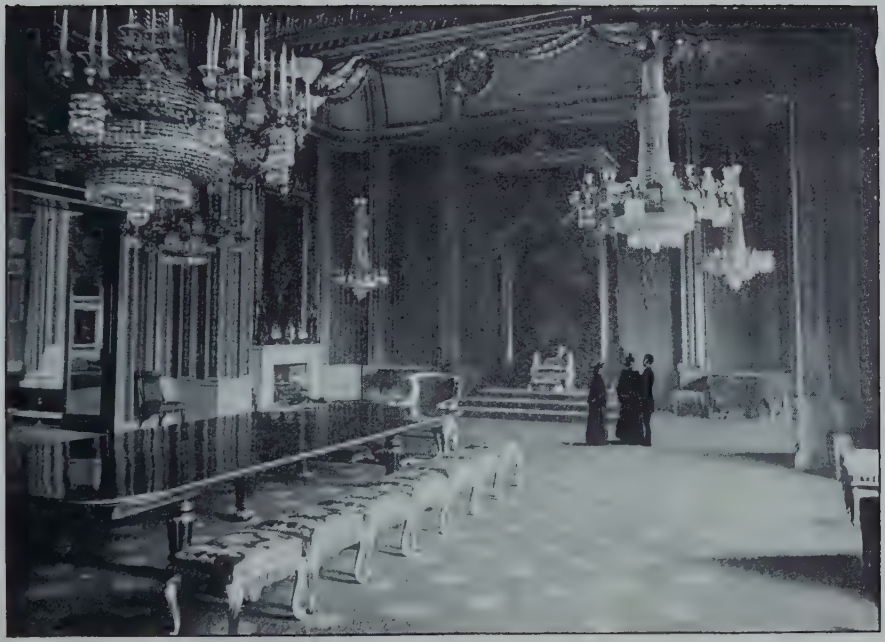
United Kingdom. Now, however, a great and fortunate change has taken place. In the year 1899 war broke out between the British Empire and the Boers of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State. It soon became clear that the help of the great British Colonies would be very welcome to those who were fighting the battles of the Empire in South Africa. No sooner was the need known than from all the Colonies, great and small, from Canada, from New South Wales, from Victoria, from South Australia and West Australia, from Queensland and from New Zealand, came offers of help, and thousands of well-armed, well-trained soldiers were sent across the sea to fight for the old flag.[1]

Two British Colonies were invaded by the enemy, Cape Colony and Natal. The British in the Cape and Natal were not content to be helped by others without helping themselves. Thousands of men were raised both in the Cape Colony and in Natal, and their knowledge of the country, their skill in arms, and their bravery soon gave them the reputation of being among the most useful of all the troops engaged. Thus the world learnt for the first time that Britons could stand together and could fight together when their interests were threatened and any part of the Empire was invaded by an enemy.

Now that it is clear that our brethren across the seas are willing to bear their share in defending the Empire, it is certain that those who

[1] London was determined not to be behindhand, and over 2,000 Volunteers were sent from the great City. The Corporation of the City itself raised and equipped an entire regiment, known as the C.I.V., or "City of London Imperial Volunteers."

A GREAT GOVERNMENT OFFICE: SOMERSET HOUSE.
(Photo by York & Son, Notting Hill, W.)



THE THRONE ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
(Photo by York & Son, Notting Hill, W.)

have to govern the Empire, in London or elsewhere, will have to make new arrangements, in order that the help which was so freely offered can be used to the best advantage. Not only will they have to make arrangements by which the soldiers of the Colonies may be made of use in time of war, but they will also probably have to make some arrangement by which the Colonies will be enabled to take their share in keeping up the Royal Navy.

If the Colonial troops are of great value to the United Kingdom, it is equally true that the Navy is of great value to the Colonies. For instance, if the Parliament of the United Kingdom were to vote no money for the Royal Navy, the people of Queensland would be quite defenceless, and would be at the power of any country which had a strong navy, such as France, Germany, the United States, or even Italy or Japan.

Thus it will be seen that, though the Imperial Parliament does not make laws for the people of our great self-governing Colonies, its acts and its decisions are of great importance to the inhabitants of the Colonies.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the Prime Minister and the Ministers who form the Cabinet are members of the Imperial Parliament, and it is they who have to settle the policy and direct the affairs of the Empire as a whole. British Ministers, sitting in the Imperial Parliament, can advise the Sovereign to declare a war in which every part of the Empire will have to share, or to make some peaceful arrangement from which every part of the Empire derives benefit.

Thus we see that the fact that the Imperial Parliament sits at Westminster does clearly help to mark out London as the capital of the Empire.

Some day, no doubt, a time will come when the Parliament at Westminster will be enlarged, and the Colonies will say that if they give men and money for the defence of the Empire, and if they have to take part in the Empire's wars, they must be consulted before war is declared, and they must have their due share in managing the Navy and the Army. It certainly seems fair and reasonable that when the proper time comes they should be given what they ask.

Again, there is a very curious, a very important, but a very little known institution in London. It is a court of justice which is like no other court in the world, and which does work such as no other court is called upon to perform. This court is known as **the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.** It is generally composed of twelve or fourteen judges, some of whom have served most of their lives in different parts of the Empire, and some of whom have learnt their work as trained lawyers at home.

To this court cases are brought for trial from every part of the Empire, and so wise and fair are its decisions held to be that even great countries such as Canada and the Australian Colonies are content to submit the settlement of important questions to it, and to accept its judgment. There are many different kinds of law within the Empire, and indeed even within the United Kingdom itself. The *Law of Scotland* is altogether different from that of England, the *Law of Ireland* differs in many respects both from that of England and that of

Scotland. Outside the United Kingdom the differences are much more numerous. The *Law of Canada* is in many respects the same as that of England, but differs from it in some important respects.

The same thing is true of the various Australian Colonies and of New Zealand. Again, the *Law of India* is a separate law, so is that which is administered in the Crown Colonies such as Singapore and Hong-Kong. Gibraltar, as a fortress always in danger from the enemy, is governed to a great extent by *military law*. In the Cape Colony the *Dutch law* prevails.

Old *French laws* are still in force in Canada and in the island of Mauritius. The Channel Islands keep to this day the ancient *Norman laws* and customs which have come down to them from the days when they formed part of the Duchy of Normandy under Duke William, the Conqueror of England; and in many parts of the Empire native, and sometimes savage, customs have been allowed to remain, and have the force of law because they are found to be suitable to the needs of the country.

Thus it happens that the work of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which has to hear cases from all parts of the Empire, is strangely varied; and in a single year the judges of that court are sometimes called upon to try cases under the Scottish or Irish law; cases in which the Mohammedan law or the customs of the Hindus have to be taken into account; cases in which the old Norman laws of William the Conqueror, the French law in the time of Louis XVI. or of Napoleon Buonaparte, the Roman

law as used by the Dutch, or even the customs of an African tribe, must be studied.

There is, indeed, scarcely any institution which more plainly marks out London as being the capital of a vast and varied Empire than this quiet, little known court, to which men come from all lands to submit their differences to judges whom they know will be honest, and to receive the decisions of a tribunal which is respected and trusted throughout the whole of the wide dominions of the King.

Nor is it only because the Royal Court, the Imperial Government, and the Imperial Parliament are all to be found within it that London is to be regarded as the capital of the British Empire. Our Empire lives largely by trade and commerce, and in order that trade and commerce may be successfully carried on, great sums of money are required. London is the centre of all the *banking* of the Empire, and it might almost be said of the whole world. The famous **Bank of England**, in Threadneedle Street, is the most important of all the banks; but there are many others which carry on their business within the city, and whose wealth, energy, and good management have made them known throughout the whole of the Empire. London is the centre of British commerce, and it is looked upon by Britons throughout the world as the natural capital of the Empire in which they live. Thus a Londoner may feel that he is indeed "a citizen of no mean city," for he lives in the Capital of England, the Capital of the United Kingdom, and the Capital of the British Empire.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LONDON AS IT MIGHT BE.

IS LONDON HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL?—LONDON "ÆDILES"—A LESSON FROM THE GREEKS—FOREIGN CITIES—LONDON DIRT AND LONDON SOOT—STREET ARCADES—LONDON SPEECH.

We have read enough about London to know that it is a very great and important city, that it contains many treasures, and that while some of its inhabitants are very rich, there are also many tens of thousands within its limits who are in extreme want, and whose life is one long struggle against poverty and misery. London is, in fact, so big that it is almost impossible to find any description which is true of the whole of it. If we ask whether London be a rich town or a poor one, the answer must be that it is both, and that the greatest extremes of wealth and poverty are to be found side by side in its streets. If we ask whether London be a healthy or an unhealthy town, it is equally impossible to give an answer which will convey the truth. Compared with other great towns, and taken as a whole, London is undoubtedly healthy: that is to say that out of every thousand persons living in it, a smaller number die in each year than in such cities as Paris, Berlin, and New York.

At the same time, while London as a whole may be described as a healthy city, it must be remembered that the figures which we rely upon to prove that it is so, are really *an average* taken over the whole of the County of London. It is by no means true that all parts of the Metropolis, or all classes of persons living in it, are healthy. On the contrary, there are districts and streets which are specially liable to disease, and in which deaths are frequent. There are also trades and occupations which are most unhealthy, and which are injurious to those who take part in them.

Then, again, it is hard to know what answer to give to anyone who asks whether London be beautiful or ugly, whether it be well built, its streets well planned, and the

means of getting about ample and well arranged. There are certainly parts of London which are beautiful. For instance, there is the view of the river from Waterloo Bridge, or the view across St. James's Park looking towards Whitehall; and there are many other parts of London which are really beautiful in themselves or which look beautiful at a distance on account of their surroundings or their foreground.

On the other hand, there are miles and miles of streets in London which are dingy and ugly. There are a few streets which are well planned, and there are many handsome and well-designed buildings. But the majority of London streets are uninteresting; many of the most important ones are inconvenient, narrow, and mean in appearance; and there are hundreds of buildings which, so far from being beautiful, are ill designed, ill built, and ill placed.

But, though it is not easy to give any general description of London, and to say things about it that are equally true of all parts of it and of all people in it, there are some points with regard to our great city on which we can all agree. In the first place, we can all agree that there is room for *improvement* in every direction. What is bad can be destroyed and replaced by what is good; what is good can be made still better.

There have been many important cities in the past, and there are still some existing at the present time, in which all improvements were made or are made by the direction and with the approval of some one powerful person—an emperor, a king, or other ruler. In ancient Rome the making of streets and the control of buildings were entrusted to special officers called *Ædiles*, who were elected by the people for that purpose. There is much to be said for the plan of entrusting the control of the streets and the plan of the buildings in a great city to one or two persons who are specially fitted, by their knowledge and taste, for the work which they have to do. The laying out of a city is an art which has to be studied, and which is not possessed by everyone. Moreover, those who build houses for themselves and those who lay out streets for their own convenience do not, as a rule, think of the convenience of

A BEAUTIFUL SQUARE IN PARIS. THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.
(Photo by X., Paris.)

A SQUARE IN LONDON WHICH MIGHT BE BEAUTIFUL THE S.W. CORNER OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE
(Photo by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

others, or care much about the beauty of the town in which they live as a whole. Nor would it help matters much if they did. It is not enough to build beautiful houses or to plan broad and convenient streets in order to make a beautiful and convenient city.

It is possible that two very able architects might each of them plan a building which, standing by itself, would be beautiful and suitable; but it might also very easily happen that if these two buildings were placed side by side they would both look out of place, and even ugly—there would be a want of harmony between the two. We can see many examples of the truth of this if we keep our eyes open as we walk about the streets of London. There are many cases in which two really good buildings are both spoilt by being set side by side; and there are cases, even more numerous, in which a handsome and well-designed building is spoiled by being joined to other buildings which are mean and ugly, or by being placed in a situation in which it cannot be properly seen. It is very little use for an architect to design a broad, well-proportioned street if he has nothing to say concerning the buildings which are to be placed on either side of it. The best planned street may be completely spoiled by erecting along it ill-designed and unworthy houses.

Sometimes, also, the value of a fine street is lost because it has been planned without any regard to the streets or public places which it connects, or to the public buildings to which it leads. Anyone who stands at the south end of Northumberland Avenue can see in a moment that the value of this fine street has been greatly diminished because it does not run in the right direction. If it had been directed a little more to the east, it would have led straight into Trafalgar Square, and the Nelson Column would come in the centre of it. As it is, a great opportunity has been lost, and there seems to be no reason whatever for the direction taken by the street.

Something of the same kind may be seen on Ludgate Hill. When Sir Christopher Wren built St. Paul's Cathedral it was his wish that the great central door at the west end should be in a line with the centre of Ludgate Hill, and

that the front of the church should look down that busy street. It happened, however, that the shape of the ground available and the position of the old crypt did not allow this plan to be carried out, and in consequence the great western door of the Cathedral, instead of looking down Ludgate Hill, looks askew across the street, and the whole front of the Cathedral cannot be seen by anyone ascending Ludgate Hill until he is almost in St. Paul's Churchyard.

These examples are given to show how difficult it is to ensure that the buildings and streets of a city shall be beautiful or well arranged, unless authority be given to one or two people who not only know what is harmonious and beautiful, but who have the power to prevent people doing what is in bad taste or ugly.

But, however desirable it may be to have such persons as these in London, however advantageous it might be to give them power to do what they pleased, it is quite certain that such a plan as that suggested will never really be adopted in this country. For hundreds of years the people of London have been accustomed to manage their own affairs, and to resent interference by anybody. Nor are Londoners more ready to admit of interference nowadays than they used to be. It is true that certain powers are given to the City Corporation, to the London County Council, and to the Borough Councils, enabling those bodies to regulate the building of houses and to settle the width and direction of new streets. But in practice these powers are chiefly used to make the streets wide enough for traffic, to ensure the houses being fairly well built and properly drained ; little is attempted in the direction of making the houses beautiful and harmonious, and still less is really done. The fact is that the people of London are ready to join together and to take trouble to secure improvements which they consider are very important, and likely to be useful to them in their daily life ; but up to the present time the great majority of Londoners have not learnt to regard beauty and harmony as being at all necessary to their comfort or enjoyment.

The ancient Greeks inhabiting the city of Athens two thousand years ago had a most extraordinary love of what was beautiful ; their poets, their architects, their painters,

were not only the most famous of their time, but are still reckoned among the most famous the world has ever produced. Never, probably, has there been a city in which all the citizens had a greater love of what was beautiful, or a better understanding of what was artistic, than the city of Athens in the third century before Christ.

It was painful and disagreeable to an Athenian to have ugly things about him, and he no doubt thought it just as important that the temples of Athens should be stately and beautiful, and that the statues in public places should be perfect in form, as a Londoner does that he should be able to get quickly from Hampstead to *The City*, or that he should have a letter box at the corner of every street, and proper pavements and proper drains.

Londoners, no doubt, have many good qualities which the Athenians, or, at any rate, most of the Athenians, did not possess, and they enjoy many conveniences and comforts which were quite unknown to the people of Athens; but there can be no doubt that in the matter of knowing what was beautiful and graceful, and being able to enjoy it, the Athenians were a long way ahead of the people of London. It is the fashion sometimes to speak as if it were impossible to have both what is beautiful and what is convenient; and that as long as we who live in London have good drains, cheap trains and omnibuses, well-paved streets, and houses which will not fall down until their lease is at an end, we have all that we need; and that to take thought and to spend money in order to make our houses attractive, our streets stately and well proportioned, and our public buildings beautiful is merely a waste of time.

But really this is not so at all; and there is no reason why Londoners should not some day live in a beautiful city as well as in a fairly clean and fairly convenient one.

Of course, no great change of this kind can be made very suddenly, and no great change will be made until those who are concerned—that is to say, the people of London—really wish it to take place. Only those who know what a beautiful thing is, and who love what is beautiful, will care to spend time or money for the sake of making the town they live in beautiful. Fortunately, every year a greater

number of people are learning the value of what is beautiful. There are many schools in which they may learn. In the schools of art they can study beauty of form, and beauty of colour, and thus they will learn to dislike ugly buildings and gaudy colourings. In our museums, and in other countries, they can look at the beautiful work which was done in ancient times by the people of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome for the adornment of their cities ; in our schools of music they can learn the science of beautiful sounds, to love harmony and to hate discord. And when they have learnt these things they will be more ready to protect Londoners from the inharmonious sounds and the unmelodious music to which they are too often obliged to listen ; and they will do their best to provide the people of London with the opportunities of hearing good music, remembering that there is a beauty which appeals to the ear as well as a beauty which appeals to the eye.

Then, in these days when travelling has become easy and cheap, it is possible for tens of thousands of Londoners to learn by travelling abroad how much may be done to make a city beautiful as well as convenient. Englishmen are accustomed to think a great deal of their own ways, and to imagine that they have little to learn from foreigners ; but it is impossible to travel much, to visit such beautiful cities as **Paris, Geneva, Zurich, Vienna, Milan, Dresden, Stockholm, Buda-Pesth,** and many others, and not feel that Englishmen have a very great deal to learn in the matter of making a city beautiful and convenient.

When a Londoner goes to such a town as Zurich, in Switzerland, a town which is small and poor compared with London, and sees how much has been done there to beautify the streets, to furnish good water, good lighting, good and cheap railways and tramways, to furnish electric power for manufactories, to create a cheap and useful system of post office arrangement, to give every child, rich and poor, a splendid education at trifling cost, to enable everyone to hear good music and to enjoy good acting, he will feel ashamed of the backwardness of his own city, and will wonder why Londoners have waited so long before attempting to follow the example of the citizens of Zurich.

A GREAT ITALIAN ARCADE. THE GALLERIA VITTORIA EMANUELE, MILAN.
(*Photo by Brogi, Florence.*)

AN ARCADED STREET IN PISA. THE VIA DEL BORGO.

It would be no use to try to lay down in this book a set of rules which Londoners ought to follow in order to make London more beautiful and more convenient than it is. But there are some things which are so plain, some things which if they were done would so clearly make London a pleasanter place to live in than it is, that they may be mentioned here. One of the greatest of all the enemies with which Londoners have to fight is *Dirt*. It is very little use erecting stately buildings, carving exquisite statues, or adorning our streets with bright colours, if the buildings are to be defiled, the statues blackened and smeared, and the colours tarnished, by the terrible London soot.

Those who live in London and have never seen the great city under a clear sky and in a keen air, have little idea how wonderful some of our London buildings might be if they could be carried away by a magician's wand, washed, and set down in a clean place. But the London soot and dirt grimes and degrades everything we put up. In a clean city the Marble Arch would gleam beautiful and white, as the marble did in the famous quarries of Carrara. St. Paul's, instead of being covered with splotches of slimy black, would show the clear outline of its columns and carvings in the natural colour of the bright Portland stone. In a clean London the exquisite carving which in hundreds of our buildings has been worked out with art and labour would still be an ornament to the building and a pleasure to those who pass by ; instead of being, as it is now, unnoticed and unadmired because it is choked with soot.

Under our gloomy sky bright colour, whether in brick, in enamel or paint, is always pleasant to look upon and cheerful to the eye ; but a few weeks, or at the outside a few months, are enough to dull the brightest colour and destroy the best work.

Nor do these few examples give us an idea of one-half of the mischief London dirt does. The smoke in our air is not only stifling and dirty, it not only hides and spoils, but it destroys. Thousands of tons of *sulphuric acid* are yearly discharged into the air of London, which steadily eats away the stonework of our buildings. While all this mischief is done to our buildings, still greater mischief is

done to those who live in them. In the first place, Londoners are condemned to live in a city in which no beautiful thing on which art and trouble have been bestowed can long keep its beauty. In the second place, they are compelled to live in a city in which they are for ever fighting an unsuccessful battle against dirt. Who does not know the dirt of London? How it sticks on our windows, spoils our clothes, kills our flowers, spoils everything that is bright, finds its way into every corner and every crevice, chokes us as we breathe, and depresses us while we live.

London lies not far from the sea, and from the sea there sometimes rolls in over the Kent and Essex marshes a white sea-fog, borne in by the east wind. A sea-fog is not the best of friends either at sea or on land. The sailor cannot follow his course through its thick curtain, and to the landsman it strikes chill and damp; yet the sea-fog, as it comes from the sea and over the marshes, is a pure, clean, natural thing, not without its beauties. But when this same sea-fog touches the great cloud of London smoke it ceases to be harmless, it ceases to be natural; it becomes at once an ugly, unhealthy, hideous thing, which makes the life of Londoners miserable while it lasts, which chokes them, which makes their eyes smart, which covers all they possess with a coating of dirty slime, which turns day into night, and which makes London for the time being a city of misery and discomfort. All this is due to *London soot*.

For two hundred years the plague has been getting worse and worse, and practically nothing has yet been done to put a stop to it. But there is no doubt at all that the soot plague can be stopped if the people of London are wise enough to make up their minds to stop it. In the reign of Edward I. a man was hanged in London for burning sea coal.[1] We have come to depend so much upon this sea coal that if we were to hang every man who was caught burning it there would be very few Londoners left; and so some other remedy must be tried. But, to tell the truth, it is not those who burn the coal who are the real offenders, it is those who do not burn it; for the black smoke which

[1] *Sea coal*, coal brought by sea, as opposed to charcoal.

is cast up into the air of London every day from a hundred thousand chimneys is, after all, only coal which ought to have been burnt and which has not been burnt. Every bit of smoke we see means so much coal wasted ; and if only every man could be made to burn his coal, and burn it thoroughly, there would be no need to hang anyone, and we might hope to have a clear sky over London.

Can we hope that this great change will ever come about? Undoubtedly we can. Every year some new method of burning coal properly, so as to avoid making a quantity of smoke, is being discovered and being used ; indeed, there are already laws which are supposed to prevent manufacturers from allowing the chimneys of their mills to give out large quantities of black smoke, and, though these laws are not as strictly put in force as they ought to be, some improvement has already been made in regard to mill chimneys.

Then, again, we may hope that as electricity comes to be used more and more for running trains, and for other purposes, the number of furnaces discharging smoke into the air will be diminished. But London will never become a really clean city until the smoke from the house chimneys has been stopped. All the mill chimneys in London may cease smoking, but from the tens of thousands of houses a black cloud will ascend which will still make London, above all great capitals, a dirty city, until some plan has been found by which coal can be burnt in houses without making smoke ; and until Londoners have decided that everyone who does not follow such a plan shall be punished it will be idle to hope for a clean London.

But there is no reason to despair. As soon as Londoners once get to understand how much more beautiful their city might be, and how much cleaner, and how much more comfortable if the soot could be got rid of, there is little doubt but that, somehow or other, they will find out a way of getting rid of their enemy.

Probably the clearing away of the dark smoke cloud that hangs over our heads would be the greatest improvement that could be made in London. But there are many other things which might be done to make it a brighter,

happier, and healthier town than it now is. There is one thing which might be done without much difficulty, the doing of which would no doubt make a great change for the better. Those who have travelled in the north of Italy know that in many of the towns there are streets with a deep Arcade or covered passage over the footway on either side. These arcades are not built for beauty, though often the views down them are very beautiful; but they are built to serve a useful purpose.

In the towns of which we are speaking the inhabitants have two enemies to fear—the *snow* in winter, and the *sun* in summer. In the winter the snow lies thickly even in towns as far south as Bologna, and when the fall comes and the drifts begin, the townspeople find it most convenient to be able to walk in shelter under their arcades. In summer, when the fierce Italian sun beats down upon the white, dusty roads, it is delightful to pass from the glare and the heat into the dead, cool shadow of the arched arcade. In towns further south there is but one great enemy—the sun; and to protect themselves from the sun's rays, dwellers in southern towns have always followed the plan of building very narrow streets, so narrow that, except when it is almost exactly overhead, the sun can never reach the roadway, which lies in the dark shadows thrown by the tall houses on either side.

Surely Londoners may learn a lesson from the architecture of northern Italy and of the sunny towns of the South! It is true that the enemy we have to contend with in London is neither snow nor sun. Sometimes, indeed, we have more of both than we care for; but heavy snow may be expected only on three or four days of the year at most. And as to the sun, although we occasionally grumble at it, and think we are too hot, we much more often complain that we do not see enough of it. But the enemy in our uncertain and changeable climate is undoubtedly *rain*. The average number of days in the year on which rain falls in London is 165; and, except in very dry years, which occur but seldom, we may fairly expect that twelve days out of twenty-seven in London will be rainy days.

Rain is an excellent thing in moderation, and a heavy

shower in the country generally does a great deal of good and no harm. People who work out in the fields must expect to get wet now and then, and the wetting does them no harm, for both their clothing and their habits are such that they are not likely to suffer. But in a great town a heavy shower of rain is a much more serious thing than it is in the country. It interferes greatly with business, it soaks those who are not able to get under shelter, it drives off the streets all those who can get under cover, and it keeps indoors many thousands who would otherwise be out upon business or pleasure.

Now it is probable that when a heavy storm of rain breaks over London in the busy time of the day, or on a Monday or Saturday night when people are out shopping, there are at least half a million people walking in the streets, and out of this half-million tens of thousands are far from their homes. The only place in which most of them can take shelter is in the public-house, and thither many of them go, not because they want refreshments, but because they want to get out of the rain. This is most unfortunate. But there are other misfortunes which follow a London shower. Tradespeople who have taken pains and have spent money to make an attractive display in their shop windows are disappointed to see the streets empty and all the customers they had hoped for kept away by the rain. To them bad weather often means bad trade, and the loss of a great deal of money.

It would certainly seem, therefore, a good plan to try to give foot passengers in the London streets some protection against their enemy the rain.

In Bologna the arcades along the streets are built of stone, and are very solid, and shut out much of the light. In London we want all the light we can get, and we also want as much space as possible in our narrow and crowded streets. If, therefore, we put up arcades in London, they ought to be very light ones supported on steel pillars with a glass roof, and lit at night by electric light. Such arcades as these over the pavements would enable foot passengers to go about their business dry and clean in any weather. A wet afternoon would be an opportunity for shopping, and

no one would ever be driven into a public-house to escape a wetting. Those who devote themselves to the cause of temperance in London should be the first to welcome such a change.

It is to be hoped that some day the experiment of putting such arcades in a number of our London streets will be tried. They will certainly make our city pleasanter, healthier, and better than it is at present; many people will be much better off than they are now, and no one, except perhaps the umbrella makers and keepers of public-houses, will be the worse.

There are many other things in which we might have great improvements. In "London as it Might Be" Londoners would have learnt to speak the English language correctly. Wherever we meet a "cockney" throughout the world, we can always tell him by the way in which he mispronounces the King's English. What is known as the Cockney form of speech is not only very unmusical and unpleasant to listen to, not only wrong and incorrect, but is a mark everywhere of ill-educated persons.

The English language is a very perfect and stately language, and there is a proper way in which it should be pronounced. When we hear people say "lidy" when they mean "lady," "biby" when they mean "baby," or make any of the other mistakes which are so common in London speech, we know at once that they are persons who have not been properly educated, and who do not know how to use the great language which ought to be the common possession of all Englishmen.

But we will leave our readers to make this chapter as long as they like; there is no end to the improvements which might be made in our great City. It is to be hoped that there are many young citizens now growing up who will make plans for the improvement of London, and will live to see those plans carried out. A great writer once gave a very valuable piece of advice. He said, "*By all means build your castles in the air, then put the foundations under them.*"[1]

[1] Ruskin

APPENDIX TO "OUR GREAT CITY."

VISITS OF INSTRUCTION.

BY A PRACTICAL TEACHER.

Now that the Code permits teachers to take their scholars on visits of instruction during school hours, there is no excuse for that regrettable ignorance of "Our Great City" that has been so common amongst children living in London and its suburbs. Teachers need have no fear as to the danger of crossing streets, etc., for they will always find the City policeman willing, and even anxious, to assist them by stopping the traffic, and by protecting them in every possible way; moreover, the same applies to other officials and functionaries almost without exception. An application to the Canon in Residence at St. Paul's, for example, will always obtain permission for the children to visit the Crypt, the Whispering Gallery, and the Stone Gallery, together with the aid of an attendant who is courtesy itself.

The Monument-keeper will always allow two children to pass in for the single admission fee, and the warders at the Tower will do their best to make everything clear to the children. Furthermore, there is never any objection to the teacher's speaking a few words and driving home to the children's minds the particular historical incident under consideration. It is to be hoped then that the children armed with "Our Great City" will learn its contents in the best possible way by seeing for themselves what is treated of in its pages. To assist teachers in carrying

out these "visits," the following programme for six such visits has been drawn up; but it will be much better to double the visits, if possible, since hundreds of them would not suffice to exhaust the interest inherent in the capital of the Empire.

FIRST VISIT.

SMITHFIELD.	BOW CHURCH.
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH	GUILDHALL.
MARTYRS' MEMORIAL STONE	MANSION HOUSE.
ST. PAUL'S.	BANK.
POST OFFICE.	ROYAL EXCHANGE.

St. Paul's is open daily from 2 to 5. Write to Canon in Residence for permit. Arrive at about 3 p.m., and so avoid service, which begins at 4 p.m.

SECOND VISIT.

LONDON STONE (CANNON STREET).	LONDON BRIDGE.
MONUMENT.	TOWER.

TOWER BRIDGE.

The free days at the Tower are Saturday and Monday, when it is open from 10 to 4, excepting from May to September, when the hours are 10 to 6.

All parcels, including the children's lunches, have to be given up; hence they should have the names of their owners distinctly written upon them to avoid confusion.

After leaving the Tower the children should lunch on the Tower Quay, where they will be interested in seeing the opening and closing of the Tower Bridge, and in viewing the loading and unloading of the ships. In this, as in all the visits, teachers should make arrangements for the use of lavatories, or some inconvenience and even pain will ensue.

THIRD VISIT.

HYDE PARK.	IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.
ALBERT MEMORIAL.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.
ALBERT HALL.	NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

Lunch in Hyde Park.

The Imperial Institute is open free on weekdays. Summer from 11 to 5; in winter from 11 to 4.

The Victoria and Albert Museum is opened to the public free of charge on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, from 10 to 10.

The Natural History Museum (admission free) opens daily (except on Sunday, Good Friday, and Christmas Day) at 10, and closes at 4 from November to January, at 4.30 in February, at 5.30 in March, at 6 from April to August, at 5.30 in September, and at 5 in October. From May 1st to the middle of July it remains open, on Monday and Saturday only, till 8, and from the middle of July to the end of August till 7. On Sunday it is open from 2.30 to 7 from May to August inclusive, and during the rest of the year from 2 to weekday closing time.

FOURTH VISIT.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CROSS (CHARING CROSS RAILWAY STATION).
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
NATIONAL ART GALLERY.
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.
GOVERNMENT OFFICES (PARLIAMENT STREET).
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
ST. JAMES'S PARK.

The Galleries are open free every weekday, except Thursdays and Fridays, from 11 to 5 in summer, and from 11 to 4 in winter.

Visitors may go over the Houses of Parliament on Saturdays, and also on Monday and Tuesday of Easter and Whitsun weeks from 10 to 4.

The Abbey is open free on Mondays and Tuesdays from May to August until 6, in April and September until 5.30. From November to February the Abbey is closed immediately after afternoon service. The daily services are 8.30, 10, and 3.

Lunch in St. James's Park.

FIFTH VISIT.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

The whole of the Exhibition Galleries of the Museum are open (free) every weekday from 10 to 6, except that after 4 p.m. in January, February, November, December, and after 5 p.m. in March, September, October, only certain

of the galleries remain open, viz. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, Exhibitions of Manuscripts, Printed Books, Prints and Drawings, Porcelain, Glass, and Majolica, Prehistoric, British, Anglo-Saxon, Mediæval, and Ethnographical Collections; on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, the Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman Galleries (exclusive of the Vase Rooms and Bronze Room), Religious and American Collections, and the Waddesdon Room. The evening opening of certain of the Galleries has been abandoned. On Sunday the Museum opens as follows: January, February, November, and December, from 2 till 4; October, 2 till 5; March and September, 2 till 5.30; April, May, June, July, and August, 2 till 6.

SIXTH VISIT.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AND REGENT'S PARK.

Free admission is granted to schools on days other than Mondays and Saturdays and public holidays. One teacher must accompany every twenty-five children, and the whole must leave the grounds by noon.

Lunch in Regent's Park.

*** *A systematic Guide to London is furnished in "Cassell's Guide to London," published at 6d., or in cloth, 1s., which is fully illustrated. Those who desire to study London more fully are referred to "Old and New London," in Six Volumes; "Greater London," in Two Volumes; and "Living London," in Three Volumes.*

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